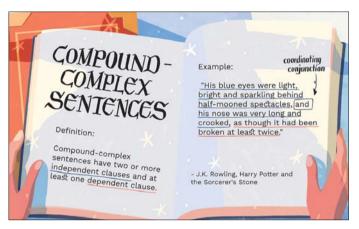
राष्ट्रदुत

# Fascinating **Linguistics Terms**

Cutthroat compounds are less bloodthirsty than they sound





fixes and suffixes) so that the

resulting word is longer than

what you had before. From

friend, you can make friendly,

it doesn't always work that

way. Back-formation is the

process of creating a new

Plenty of compound words

include the subject (also

known as the head) within the

compound itself. Watermelons

are melons, bluebirds are

birds, and bedrooms are

rooms. But there are also exo

centric compounds, in which

the head isn't part of the actu-

friendship, and befriend, But

best to send you off into the world with at least a cursory understanding of language works. Maybe, you can tell

your dependent clauses from word by removing affixes. vour independent ones and English is full of surprising back-formations. Burglar, your transitive verbs from for example, didn't arise from our intransitive ones. burgle. Burglar came first, distinguishing and people then created burgle as a verb to describe what a burglar does. And legislate devices, hyperbole versus oxymoron, simile versus isn't the stem for legislation, metaphor, and that sort of legislator, or legislative, all hree actually predate it.

But unless you majored in linguistics in college or routinely spend your free time reading grammar blogs, there's a whole world of words to describe language mechanics that you're probably not aware of. Here are some of our favourites, from formal terms like 'amphiboly' to colloquial ones like 'eggcorn.'

al term. A specific class of these compounds involves an action (verb) being performed Amphiboly, or amphibology, occurs when a sentence or on an object (noun). A cutthroat, for example, isn't an phrase's grammatical structure lends itself to multiple actual cut throat. It's a person interpretations. There are who cuts a throat, literally or countless ways in which this figuratively. Scarecrows scare kind of ambiguity can hapcrows, daredevils dare the pen. Maybe, the placement of devil, and so on. Though a prepositional phrase makes they're formally called 'agen it unclear what that phrase is tive and instrumental exocenmodifying, as Groucho Marx pounds,' historical linguist, exploited in this classic joke, "One morning, I shot an ele-Brianne Hughes, gave them a phant in my *pajamas*. How he much catchier nickname. cut got in my pajamas, I don't throat compounds. And while they're not super common in Or maybe, it's not obvious English, you might start noticwhich part of speech a cering them in unexpected

tain word is functioning as. which happens fairly often (and sometimes to hilarious effect) in headlines. In "Eye Drops Off Shelves," for example, drops is a noun, but the neadline takes on a different meaning, if you mistake it for a verb. Ambiguous headlines are their own subset of amphiboly, colloquially called 'crash blossoms.

## **Back-formation**

We usually think of word formation as taking a root word and adding affixes, (like pre-

Base

Donation

**Emotions** 

**Television** 

Insertion

expressions that actually make sense, e.g. deep-seeded instead of the technically correct version, deep-seated, and free reign rather than free rein. The term, coined by lin-

places. Technically, William

surname

## counts as a cutthroat compound, 'one who shakes a

Shakespeare's

guist Geoffrey Pullum, is a nod to acorn's history of being misheard as eggcorn.

**Backformation** 

Donate

**Emote** 

**Televise** 

Insert



Sunayan Sharma

nature, I am a wan-

derer, and blessed to

get 'forestry' as profes-

sion. Postings in

Mewar region, during

initial years of service,

Those days in 1970s,

these Mewar forests.

falling under Forest

Divisions of Udaipur.

Sirohi, Banswada, Dungarpur and

Chittorgarh, were pretty rich in

these forests were inhabited by trib-

als, the real *adivasis*, very different

in culture and values compared to

us, the so-called 'civilized city-bred

ture, life was pretty tough those

days. At Deogarh, there was no elec-

tricity, no proper residence. An ordi-

nary room without any toilet facili-

ty, located adjacent to my office

room, was my bedroom. So, it was

like permanent camping at my

headquarters. But I enjoyed this

the finest 'teak and bamboo forests'

Mahua Trees: Important part of Tribals' life system.

For want of basic infrastruc-

was another blessing

IFS (Retd.), Ex field

Director, Projec

falling under his jurisdiction. The in the entire state of Rajsthan. Protection of this open wealth forest under his charge, bordering Chhoti Sadari range, was most vulwith very little staff, was a huge challenge and this demanded round nerable for theft of teak wood and the clock vigil at my level, which bamboo. The entire *Deogarh* and meant treading the jungles 'tire-Chhoti Sadari ranges were inhabited by tribals, largely dependent lessly' on foot. It could be regarded as a punishment posting for many upon earning their livelihood but a boon for me, 'the wanderer, through selling these produces, into the *jungle* lover.' I was very well neighbouring markets of *Chhoti* aware that this opportunity is Sadari and Badi Sadari, from where available only till I am a bachelor, the timber smugglers used to smuggle them out to townships/ cities this fully. Most of days and nights I Mandsaur, Nimbaheda, Chittorgarh and spent camping in different parts. Thanks to excellent network of chowkies and nakas spread over the entire range by my predecessors.

Stopping this 'illicit felling' by the tribals was a herculean task because tribals, involved in this crime, were too many and fellings were being done in a scattered way by individuals. Also, they were car-

rying these produces to the mar-

kets on their head, using several

footpaths, passing through valleys.

cliffs plateaus nullahs and rivers

I had only a small bunch of staff

' he forest under his charge, bordering Chhoti Sadari range, was most vulnerable for theft of teak wood and bamboo. The entire Deogarh and *Chhoti Sadari* ranges were inhabited by tribals, largely dependent upon earning their livelihood through selling these produces.

stavs in tents have left some immortal memories on my mind. I remember that it was a day in mid-February, on which the Nakedar Saripipali, an interior posting to my heart's content as most *naka*, met me at my Deogarh range office. He gave extensive Deogarh, a huge range, had one of report about various forest beats

At places with no such facilities, I

pitched tents in the heart of the

*jungle* or by the side of the river.

but mostly at scenic sites. These

at Saripipali and Barawarda, the adjacent *naka*. Only 15 days back, I ran a drive to check this illicit felling and transportation, employing staff from other nakas too. It was a week's long expedition. Mostly, I camped at Saripipali naka, except at 2-3 occasions, when I took shelter at huts of some trusted tribals, who also helped us in our operation. These short stays opened a new chapter of knowledge about these tribals, about whom people living in cities have very little

I learned that they are purehearted people and have no greed like city denizens. Their needs are very little and they cut/ sell trees, only when they have nothing to eat. Learning this fact, on one hand, duty-bound, I caught several of them and penalized as per law but

# #WILD



switch over to other ways like selling minor forest produce items, especially herbal drug material to be used in *ayurvedic* medicines. The results of our persuasion were pretty encouraging. This also helped in mproving our relations with them. As I had come back to my headjuarters, merely a week back, I was

not expecting the *nakedar* Saripipali to appear before me so soon with worries on his face. In fact, this time. he had come with a different problem. For last 4-5 days, a *leopard* had been a source of chaos in the tribal villages under his jurisdiction. Several dogs, goats and calves

injured from the wood-shrub fenced enclosures at various houses. People have suffered financial loses and are now worried about their own safety, as in more than two cases, the carnivore had lurked upon the tribal youths, trying to save their livestock. Fortunately they escaped any serious injuries and survived, but these incidences had spread panic in the entire area. in-charge, Saripapali Mathuralal, tried hard to locate the cat but had no success, except findcating the maturity of the animal. Most of the carcasses of the victim animals were recovered from tall grasses or nullah patches, con-

playing too smart. Sensitivity of the Nakedar towards peoples' genuine problem was something which mpressed me very much.

In a meeting with some elderly staffers, having much more field experience, I charted out a plan to trap this big cat on prowl in Saripipali-Barawarda belt. I made three groups from the

available staff and included 3-4 tribal youths in every group. The 1st group was to camp at Saripipali and 2nd one at Barawarda to comb the concerned forests, surrounding the adivasi settlements, having cattle stock large enough to attract the predator. I decided to camp at the 3rd site, located close to the under construction Jakham Dam. Today, this dam is an important part of the Sitamata Sanctuary, very famous for flying squirrels, but those days, t was merely a part of *Bhairava* Reserve Forest Block.

Mathuralal was in this 3rd group, led by me. He was a young and highly energetic boy, who loved climbing hills and treading rough forests. We spent around seven hours in search of some evidence

indicating presence of the leopard. Though, we found number of carcasses at different locations but none could give clue to presence of the cat that we were looking for. In fact, most of these carcasses seem as well. They eat out most of the bones as well, which, otherwise, are not consumed by any other carnivore. Also, the footprints of hvaena are different from pads of eopard and this, too, helped us a lot in conclusively deciding whether the particular prev was

victim of leopard or not. The 1st night we spent at one of the quarters, built to house staffers of this important dam being con structed over Jakham, an important ver of this area. During the night 2-3 times, the dam site dogs raised their familiar bark. We checked the surrounding area with the torches and lanterns but found none except some stray dogs. In the morning again, we started the search and combed the area thoroughly, but little milk but that didn't bother Sukhiya. These forest dwellers are altogether different from the town people, especially with regards to wealth creation. It was about 3 P.M. and still lough sunlight was glaring one

part of this hillock. Sukhiva spread a cot for me and brought an empty tin canister to work as a table. Not very far from us was the open chulha (hearth), on which his wife cooked handmade tikkad (chapati) maize. In the meantime, Mathuralal had prepared a spicy chatani, using garlic, onion and red chilly. Sukhiya also served 2-3 glasses of homemade chhachh (buttermilk). This entire arrangement did not take more than half-an-hour and till then. I relaxed on this small bamboo cot, taking a little nap

he 1st night we spent at one of the quarters, built to house staffers of this important dam being constructed over Jakham, an important river of this area. During the night, 2-3 times, the dam site dogs raised their familiar bark. We checked the surrounding area.

Saripipali and a zig-zagged seasonal river flowing, here, cuts the fairweather motorable track at several points connecting these two forest villages. During rains, this shallow river covers a huge width, creating several tiny icelands, full of smallbig water, beaten around roundshaped boulders. We could not return to any of our chowkies for lunch and then, Sukhiya, the tribal vouth assisting us in the operation since morning, insisted to have makka roti (maize bread) at his place. I was reluctant to bother him but on Mathura lal's persuasion accepted this invitation. His kelu posh (local-tiled) kachcha hut had two rooms and a verandah, on a middle-sized hillock. During monsoon, he used to grow just one crop of maize, hardly enough to fulfill his family's annual requirement. He also had three cows, totally dependent on the forest for feed. Such nutrition-deficient cows yield very

found no clue of the animal.

Barawarda is just 6 kms East of

under this lukewarm sunlight. From whenever I can remember. I've been very fond of ghee, especially on maize and baiara (pearl millet) bread but how could I expect this luxury here? Among tribals, less than one per cent people get to

To be continued. eat ghee and other nutritious food.

### They survive on nature and the forest produce growing in their neighbourhood. Yet, they bear no complaints as long as they are not disturbed by the so-called 'civilized town people,' in the name of devel-

Peculiarly, the tribals like to live, not in clusters but at distance from others. They prefer to take separate hillocks for their huts. Children after marriage do not live with their parents and therefore make their huts on separate hillocks, even prior to their marriage. My staffers used to joke that these tribals, in this regard, are just like the British, who used to live in bungalows placed at distances from others.

The dry tikkad, with mouthburning *chatani* and buttermilk had filled my tummy to optimum, and its tranquilizing effect made me dozing once again. But I was not lucky enough to continue this siesta long as two tribal youths appeared, with the news of a fresh carcass of a cow's calf at Kala Khet, at about a kilometer from this hut. Without losing any time, we immediately started with them. On the way also, I found a nearly finished carcass. Perhaps, this victim too was a cow's calf. Further half-a-kilometer from here towards Jakham, we reached Kala Khet and found the carcass for which the tribals had come. This half-eaten carcass was lying on a small Island, formed by the seasonal river. Also, there was a shallow pool of water in this stream in three small pockets. We thoroughly checked and at one place found not only pug marks of this clever predator but also its body marks, to tell the tale that the leopard had not only rested here once but several times.

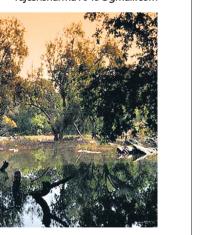
We searched for the animal, following its pug marks but the trail ended in the thickets of the mixed jungle, dominated by all-size teak trees. The floor, full of hand fan like huge dry teak leaves, had concealed the leopard's trail.

Either the leopard had hidden, seeing us approaching this side or had moved from this unfinished prey, hours back, to appear back on the kill after dusk.

The 1st dwelling was about halfa-kilometer from this carcass and I decided to enquire from people there, if the leopard had mauled any tribal. The route was undulating but highly picturesque. There, on a hillock, we found a small hut and Sukkha, its owner, who too had seen few kills of cow's calves in recent past in his vicinity. Shortly, 3-4 other eighbours gathered on Sukkha's who too confirmed what Sukkha stated but added that in last fortnight, several dogs had disappeared mysteriously. I knew for sure it meant only one thing that the poor dogs had fallen victim to none else but the leopard on prowl, in this part of the forest for last fortninght or so. doing cat things. My assumption was based on the **A Short Hike** knowledge that dogs are a favourite Where to play: Mac,

Learning that the killer had not attacked any human being gave me a great relief, after all in jungles like these, bereft of wild animals including rhesus or hanuman languors. the leopard is bound to thrive on anything in sight, preferably these cattle and dogs. But the high number of kills, in such a short period of time, was a puzzle for me. Maybe. there were more than one predator Tonight could be helpful in unfolding this mystery

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Sitamata Wildlife Sanctuary river inundates huge forest area during monsoon.

## **#WHAT TO PLAY**

# Keep the Good Vibes going

## The best cozy games to play right now



Cozy games" are a right now, because at the end of the day, who doesn't like being cozy? While some games focus visceral combat or

thrilling narratives, cozy games often focus on creating a comfortable or fulfilling place for players to hang out. Instead of swinging a sword or slaying foes, players can focus on creating the perfect flowerbed, or befriending the kind golem, next door.

Where to play: Mac, Nintendo Switch. PlayStation 4. PlayStation 5. Windows PC, Xbox One, Xbox Series X

Nintendo Switch.

PC, Xbox One

PlayStation 4, Windows

Despite its name being an

accurate description of its

offering, it clocks in at just a

few hours before the credits

roll, 'A Short Hike' stands as

tall as the mountain vou're

summiting in the pantheon of

cozy gaming classics. This

2017 charmer from developer

Adam Robinson-Yu helped

ignite the cozy game craze.

You play as a young bird on

summer vacation on an

island, tasked with reaching

the summit to take an impor-

vou farm, vou fish, vou mine 'A Little to the Left' is a But you also explore an under puzzle game about organizing water kingdom full of merfolk household items. It's inherand the town events, all have a ently satisfying while also South East Asian flair to being low-stakes, making it a them, like mooncakes at the perfect game to play when Harvest Festival. Also, there you're looking for something are so many gorgeous, datable cozy. The puzzles are stuff like organizing tools, removing labels from fruits, and stacking books, all while keeping an eve on a mischievous cat.

## Where to play: Nintendo

Switch, Windows PC 'Dorfromantik' is a

you'll meet friends, take on

quests, and generally, just

hang out. Rendered in big

chunky pixels and viewed

from an isometric camera. A

Short Hike leaves a dreamlike

impression of long summer

days, childhood anxieties, and

Where to play: PlayStation

Cozy gaming always

includes farming sims, and

there are very many out there

reinvent the formula, but

expands it. The basic game

play mechanics are familiar

'Coral Island' doesn't seek to

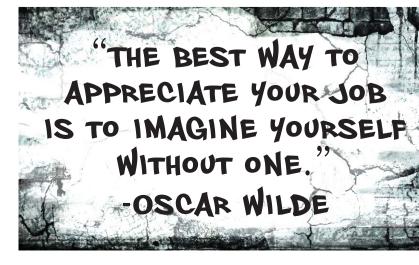
the thrill of autonomy

5, Windows PC, Xbox

Series X

German word, expressing a kind of aching nostalgia for the countryside, and Toukana Interactive game is like a peaced-out Catan, a game about placing hexagonal tiles with no goal other than to make pretty maps of forests, winding rivers, jolly towns, and patchwork fields. There's no economy or tech tree to worry about no population making demands of you. It's iust vou, searching for harmo ny in the growing landscape Dorfromantik is an exquisite hard-edged design that blends the best of strategy and puz zle gaming, and finds a perfect balance between mental chal

## THE WALL



## **BABY BLUES**

WHAT DID IT SAY? YOU GO IN THE KITCHEN AND SEE WHAT TIME DON'T KNOW IT 15? DIFFERENT LANGUAGE.

### By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman

