

When You Are Old

W. B. Yeats

William Butler Yeats (13 June 1865 – 28 January 1939) was an Anglo-Irish poet and dramatist. He studied poetry in his youth and was fascinated by Irish legend, occultism and mysticism. He is famous for raising the ghosts. Yeats was an average student at school, but he emerged to be one of the greatest poets of English Literature. He was one of the pivotal figures of 20th-century literature. He was born and educated in Dublin. Yeats was a driving force behind the Irish Literary Revival, and along with Lady Gregory and Edward Martin founded the Abbey Theatre, and served as its chief during its early years. In 1923, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. Yeats is generally considered one of the few writers whose greatest works were completed after being awarded the Nobel Prize; such works include *The Tower* (1928) and *The Winding Stair* (1929). Yeats is pioneer of modern poetry.



Yeats was madly in love with Maud Gonne, an Irish revolutionary who never responded to his love. Yeats' unrequited love finds expression in many of his intensely emotional poems.

This poem is addressed to Maud Gonne, the poet's beloved. Maud Gonne was an Irish revolutionary who never responded to Yeats' love. This lyric is an expression of Yeats' intense emotions.

The speaker of the poem dramatizes his unrequited love by offering a future command for the addressee, i.e., his beloved to take down his book of poems and read it. He imagines that his poem will appear in a collection of his published poems. He wants the addressee, after she has become 'old and grey and full of sleep' to read his poem and think about his love for her.

The poet leaves no stone unturned to convince his beloved that he loves her from the depths of his heart. Yeats is not just fascinated by Maud Gonne's physical charms and the external beauty that forms the basis of the lover's passion. The poet's love is above all these parameters. One can genuinely find an elegance of spirituality in this poem. The poem has been taken from *The Rose* addressed to Maud Gonne.

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love – false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,





And loved the sorrows of your changing face;
 And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid face amid a crowd of stars.

**Maud Gonne****Glossary**

moments of glad grace /glæd/ɡreɪs/	youth and beauty
pilgrim soul /ˈpɪl.ɡrɪm/səʊl/	pure heart/soul of Maud Gonne
glowing bars /gləʊ.ɪŋ/bɑːrz/	fireplace
murmur /ˈmɜːməːr/	to speak softly

Thinking about the poem

1. How is the journey from youth to old age described in the poem?
2. What does the phrase 'full of sleep' mean?
3. How is the poet's love different from that of others?
4. What is Maud Gonne reminded of in the poem?
5. 'But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you'. Explain.
6. Write a short paragraph of 150 - 200 words on the emotions portrayed in the poem.

Learning about the Literary Device/s

- What images does the poet use in the poem?
- What is the rhyme scheme of the poem?

Suggesting Reading

- *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* by Yeats
- *The Journey of Magi* by T. S. Eliot
- *Sonnet CXVI* by William Shakespeare
- Poetry by Pablo Neruda

Quote to remember

Love doesn't make the world go round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile.

(Franklin, P. Jones)



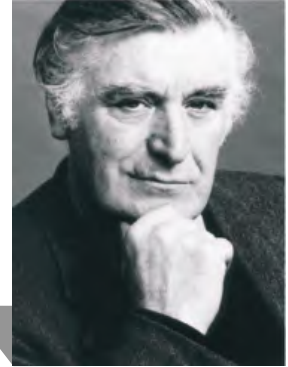
Snowdrop

Edward James Hughes or Ted Hughes

Edward James Hughes or Ted Hughes (pronounced like "hues") was born in 1930 in the West Riding region of Yorkshire. His father William James participated in World War I. His accounts of fighting in World War I made a permanent impression on the memory of Ted Hughes. Later he reflected this cruelty of war, death and nature in his poems.

Hughes was born in a rural area. He developed love for animals and birds. This interest in animals, dating from his childhood, remained with him throughout his life, and it accounts for a large number of animal poems which he subsequently wrote.

He was married to Sylvia Plath, a famous poetess. Hughes' collected works include *The Hawk in the Rain*, *Lupercal*, *Wodwo*, *Crow* and *Moor Towns*. Hughes' *BooksForChildren* include poems and plays for children.



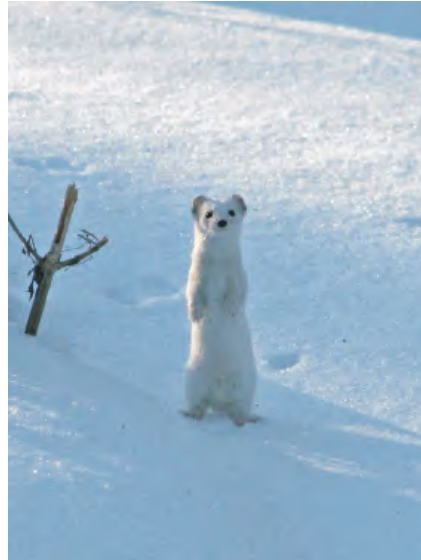
Hughes presents a very tough and cruel image of nature. He creates an atmosphere of a hard winter and uses images from nature to portray the toughness and brutality that a severe winter brings. The poet describes in a few words the way the winter has reduced the horizon of many creatures. He says that the world has shrunk and many outdoor creatures are on the verge of death. They no longer scurry or fly as they used to.

Now is the globe shrunk tight
Round the mouse's dulled wintering heart



Weasel and crow, as if moulded in brass,
Move through an outer darkness
Not in their right minds,





With the other deaths. She, too, pursues her ends,
Brutal as the stars of this month,
Her pale head heavy as metal.

Glossary

globe /gləʊb/

snowdrop is metaphorically called globe because of its roundness

dulled wintering heart /dʌld /wɪn.tə'ɪŋ/hɑ:t/

severe winter has reduced the functioning of the mouse's heart

Weasel /wi:z ə l/

a small mammal with reddish brown fur and a long body, which can kill other small animals such as mice and birds for food

moulded in brass /məʊldəd/ɪn/bra:s/

frozen stillness of creatures compared to brass. It depicts their immobility

other deaths /'ʌð.ə 'deθs/

severe winter cold which is the cause of death

she too pursues her endz

nature knows how to achieve her goals

/ʃɪ:tu:/pə'sju:z/hɜ:r/endz/

Thinking about the Poem

1. How has nature shrunk the globe?
2. What has dulled the mouse's heart?
3. What sufferings do the animals undergo in winter as portrayed in the poem?
4. Write a short note of 50-100 words on Hughes' view of nature.
5. 'Her pale head heavy as metal'. Explain.



Learning about the literary Device/s

- **Pick out the images from the poem. (One is done for you.)**

- a) Nature mouse, weasel, _____ _____
- b) Universe globe, _____ _____ _____
- c) Metal _____

- 'Weasel and Crow, as if moulded in brass'. Explain the simile used by the poet.
- Assonance is the similarity in vowel sound between two syllables that are close together, created either by the same consonants but different vowels (e.g. 'hit' and 'heart') or by the same vowels but different consonants (e.g. 'back' and 'hat').

Trace two lines in which 'ou' sound is used. Also write down the words with 'ou' sound.

- Alliteration is used especially in poetry, of the same sound/s, especially consonants, at the beginning of several words that are close together.
e.g. 'Round the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran' uses alliteration.
(or) She sells sea shells on the seashore.

Pick out two examples of alliteration from the poem.

Suggesting Reading

- *Terror of Death* by John Keats
- *Ode to the West Wind* by P.B. Shelley
- *After Apple Picking* by Robert Frost

Quote to remember

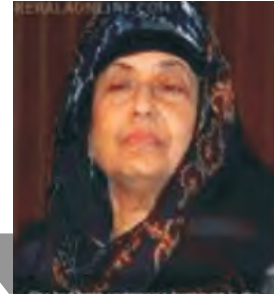
Adopt the pace of Nature. Her secret is patience.

(R. W. Emerson)



My Mother at Sixty-six Kamala Das

Kamala Das (1934–2009) was born in Malabar, Kerala. She is recognized as one of India's foremost poets. Her works are known for their originality, versatility and the indigenous flavour of the soil. Kamala Das has published many novels and short stories in English and Malayalam under the name "Madhavikutty". Some of her works in English include the novel *Alphabet of Lust* (1977), a collection of short stories *Padmavati the Harlot and Other Stories* (1992), in addition to five books of poetry. Kamala Das embraced Islam in 1999 and since then was Suraya, but later she reverted again, and died in 2009. She is a sensitive writer who captures the complex subtleties of human relationships in lyrical idiom. *My Mother at Sixty-six* is such an example.



My Mother at Sixty-six is a short poem, without a full stop. The poem is like a long sentence punctuated by commas but overflowing with thought process. The poet uses many poetic devices to put across her ideas. This poem revolves around the theme of aging and the fear that adheres to its loss and separation. It is a sentimental account of the mother's approaching death through the lens of a daughter. The daughter is deeply disturbed with the thought of imagining life without her mother. The poet is on her way to the airport to Cochin with her mother sitting beside her. Her mother looks pale which makes the daughter realize about the numbered days of her mother.

To drive out her negative feelings, the poet looks outside the window and finds children full of life and vitality. Here the poet uses the device of contrast to show the declining days of her mother. As she bids goodbye to her mother at the airport, the image of the old and worn out mother in the twilight of years strikes her again but she manages to hide her pain, and bids adieu to her mother with the hope to see her soon.

Relationship is the nucleus of the poem and its love that creates an unfading relationship between two people. The silent agony of the poem reaches its climax when the airport hums, as the passengers are requested to filter through the security checkup and a helpless mother with a wrenching heart and a swelling emotion, bids a helpless goodbye to her helpless daughter.

Driving from my parent's home to Cochin last Friday morning,
I saw my mother, beside me,
Doze, open mouthed, her face ashen like that
Of a corpse and realized with pain
That she was as old as she looked but soon
Put that thought away, and looked out at Young
Trees sprinting, the merry children spilling
Out of their homes, but after the airport's





security check, standing a few yards
 away, I looked again at her, wan, pale
 As a late winter's moon and felt that old
 familiar ache, my childhood's fear, but all I said was, see you soon, Amma;
 All I did was smile and smile and smile

Glossary

doze /dɔːz/	to sleep lightly
ashen /æʃːn/	pale
corpse /kɔːps/	a dead body
sprint /sprint/	a short fast race
spill /spɪl/	to (cause to) flow, move, fall
wan/wɒn/	colourless



Thinking about the Poem

- How does the poet describe her mother in the poem?
- Why does the poet look outside? What activities does the poet see outside the car window?
- Why are the young trees in the poem described as sprinting?
- Why is the mother compared to the late winter's moon?
- What childhood fear do you think the poet is referring to in the poem *My Mother at Sixty-six*?
- What does Kamala Das do after the security check? What does she notice?
- but all I said was, see you soon Amma; all I did was smile and smile and smile...*
 - What does the poet actually feel at this moment?
 - Why did the poet say 'see you soon Amma'? What does the poet actually mean by 'smile and smile and smile...'? What kind of smile is it?
- Driving from my parent's home to Cochin last Friday morning,*
I saw my mother, beside me,
Doze, open mouthed, her face ashen like that
Of a corpse and realized with pain
That she was as old as she looked but soon put that thought away
 - Where was the poet driving to? Who was sitting beside her?
 - What did the poet notice about the mother?
 - Why did the mother's face look like that of a corpse?
- Discuss mother-daughter relationship as described in the poem.
- My Mother at Sixty-six* is an emotional account of the poet towards the numbered days of her mother. Discuss.



Learning about the Literacy Device/s

- The poet compares her mother to many things. Pick out two similes which reinforce this comparison.
- What image does the poet use to describe death in the poem?
- Cite an example of one device of contrast that the poet uses in the poem.
- *Smile and smile and smile...* is a poetic device. What is it called?

Suggested Reading

- *My Grandmother's House* by Kamala Das
- *Mother's Dream* by Allama Iqbal

Quote to remember

My mother had a great deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it.

(Mark Twain)



An Evening Wet with Rain Ved Pal Deep

Ved Pal Deep born in 1929, was an eminent Dogri writer. His publication *As Te An Banjare Lok* was awarded by J&K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages. He died in 1995.

The poet remembers an evening wet with rain. It is an atmosphere of complete silence.

The poet draws numerous images from nature to heighten the effect of silence and solitude. The poet seems to be depressed, perhaps for loss of hope that has darkened the evening of his life. The poet is reminded of his childhood when he stood alone in the courtyard listening to the sound of cymbal. He regrets that the days gone by do not return. In Dogri, the poem is called *Badalai Nay Sijjiri Sanjaan*.

An evening wet with rain
As I walk through the lane
The heart beckons the hands to hold them with love
The mind also knows subtle signals of the breeze
Should I stand on the ground or waft with the wind?



Windows, doors, awnings of the house are wet
Cool breezes stir the leaves of the yonder banyan tree
The collar of my coat is also wet with drops of rain
All around reigns silence.





My feet are cold with water seeping through my shoes
My eyes are heavy with sleep, or is it fever?
The ground is very slippery; there is no place to stand.
The mind is exhausted, looks for some spot to rest.

Loss of hope has darkened the evening of my life too
And clouds gathering in the mind shed tears as they pass
The evening of troubles, my companion, is also depressed
And takes me along, holding me by the arm.

In childhood, I stood alone in my courtyard
And waves of air brought the sound of cymbals
We regret that the days gone by don't return
How to call back times past and gone!

The evening prepares to go to sleep in the lap of night
Slowly, softly just as the sky's feet touch the ground
Shadows of trees rest in the dark tank
As some passing cloud casts a shadow over hills.





There is activity in the houses lit with electric bulbs
 Moonlight laughs holding the hem of the moon.
 Where is my destination? Where is the hurry?
 Light of the earthen lamp in a wayside modest inn awaits me.

(Translated from Dogri by Shiv Nath)

Glossary

waft /wɒft/	to (cause to) move gently through the air
beckon /ˈbɛk.ən/	to summon; to call
subtle /ˈsʌt.l/	not loud, noticeable or obvious in any way
awning /ˈɔːnɪŋ/	a sheet of canvas, stretched on a frame as a shelter against the sun or rain
yonder /ˈjɒn.dəː /	over there; at some distance in that direction
reign /reɪn/	to rule over; to be predominant; prevail
seep /siːp/	to ooze out; to percolate
cymbal /ˈsɪm.bəl/	a flat round musical instrument made of brass, which makes a loud noise when hit with a stick or against another cymbal

Thinking about the Poem

1. What are the memories that the poet talks about in the poem?
2. What kind of atmosphere is created in the poem?
3. What makes the poet tired?
4. What has darkened the evening of the poet's life?
5. Discuss the poet's regret in the poem.

Learning about the literary Device

- Comment on the imagery used by the poet in the poem.

Suggested Reading

- *Jewel of Blood and Sunrise* by Ved Rahi
- *Wrinkles* by Arvind
- *Birds of Memories* by Abhi Shaap

Quote to remember

Memory is the diary that we all carry with us.

(Oscar Wilde)



The Tale of Custard the Dragon Ogden Nash

Frederic Ogden Nash (August 19, 1902 – May 19, 1971) was an American poet well known for his light verse. He was born in Rye, New York.

After graduating from St. George's School in Middletown, Rhode Island, Nash entered Harvard University in 1920, only to drop out a year later. He returned to St. George's to teach for a year and left to work his way through a series of other jobs, eventually landing a position as an editor at Doubleday publishing house, where he first began to write poetry.

He worked as a writer of the streetcar ads. Nash had a fondness for crafting his own words whenever rhyming words did not exist, though admitting that crafting rhymes was not always the easiest task. At the time of his death in 1971, the New York Times wrote his droll verse with its unconventional rhymes made him the country's best known writer of humorous poetry.

In 1931, he published his first collection of poems, *Hard Lines*, earning him national recognition. Being America's most accomplished writer of light verse, Ogden Nash applied his love of language to poems, stories and lyrics. A versifier who invented and misspelled words to create unexpected rhymes. Nash's fables on human foibles continue to delight and inspire people worldwide.



Have you ever heard or seen a person who is often teased or looked down upon for being lazy and coward, but who sometimes/ later turns out to be courageous or heroic? Read this poem which is a ballad, a poem that narrates a story, about Custard the Dragon who is teased for being a coward but who later proves brave by saving the life of those who used to look down upon him.



Belinda lived in a little white house
With a little black kitten and a little grey mouse,
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,
And the little grey mouse, she called him Blink,
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard.
But the dragon was a coward, and she called him Custard.



Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath.
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
And realio, trulio daggers on his toes.



Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him Percival,
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.





Belinda giggled till she shook the house,
And Blink said Wreck! which is giggling for a mouse,
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

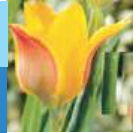
Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,
And Mustard growled, and they all looked around.
Miaow! cried Ink, and ooh! cried Belinda,
For there was a pirate, climbing in the winda.



Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,
His beard was black, one leg was wood;
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried Help! Help!
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the household,
And little mouse Blink strategically mouseholed.

But up jumped Custard, snorting like an engine
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm,
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.



The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,
 And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,
 He fired two bullets, but they didn't hit,
 And Custard gobbled him, every bit.
 Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,
 No one mourned for the pirate victim.
 Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate
 Around the dragon that ate the pirate.



But presently up spoke little dog Mustard,
 I'd have been twice as brave if I hadn't been flustered.
 And up spoke Ink and up spoke Blink,
 We'd have been three times as brave, we think,
 And Custard said, I quite agree
 That everybody is braver than me.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,
 With her little black kitten and her little grey mouse,
 And her little yellow dog and her little red wagon,
 And her realio, trulio little pet dragon.



Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,
 And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,
 Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,
 But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

Glossary

wagon / ^ˈ wæɡ.ən/	a vehicle with four wheels, usually pulled by horses or oxen
realio, trulio	rhyming words.
dagger / ^ˈ dæɡ.ə /	a short pointed knife which is sharp on both sides
tickle / ^ˈ tɪk.l/	to touch (part of one's body) lightly so as to cause uneasiness or laughter
Percival /pɜːsɪvəl/	a character in folklore who is supremely innocent, brave and succeeds in getting the Holy Grail
winda /wɪndə/	window or verandah. ('winda' is used to match the rhyme with 'Belinda')



yelp /jɛlp/	to make a sudden, short, high sound, usually when in pain
trickle /ˈtrɪk.l/	to move or go slowly
pirate /paɪ.rət/	a person who sails in a ship and attacks other ships in order to steal from them
snort /snɔ:t/	a loud sound made by forcing air through the nose when sleeping
clatter /ˈklæt.əˀ /	to make continuous loud noises by hitting hard objects against each other
clank /klæŋk/	to make a short loud sound like that of metal objects hitting each other
jangling/dʒæŋ.glɪŋ/	the noise of metal hitting metal
squirm/skwɜ:m/	to move from side to side in an awkward way because of nervousness, embarrassment or pain
gulp /gʌlp/	to eat or drink food or liquid quickly by swallowing it in large amounts
grog /grɒg/	strong alcohol
flagon /flæg.ən/	a container especially for alcoholic drink
gobble /gɒb.l/	to eat food too fast
gyrate /gʒaɪ'reɪt/	to turn around and around on a fixed point, usually quickly; to dance
flustered/flʌs.tərd(adj)/	upset and confused

Thinking about the Poem

1. Who are the characters in this poem? List them with their pet names.
2. Why did Custard cry for a nice safe cage?
3. Why is the dragon called cowardly dragon?
4. “Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful ...” Why?
5. Do you find *The Tale of Custard the Dragon* a serious or funny poem? Give reasons in support of your answer.

Learning about the Literary Device/s

- What is the rhyme scheme of the poem?
- Pick out the lines from the poem that contain similes.
- What images does the poet use in the poem?
- Which line/stanza is used as a refrain in the poem?

Suggested Reading

- *This is Going to Hurt Just a Little Bit* by Ogden Nash
- *The Tale of the Melon City* by Vikram Seth

Quote to remember

**Courage is what it takes to stand up and speak;
courage is also what it takes to sit down and listen.**



Last Lesson of the Afternoon

D. H. Lawrence

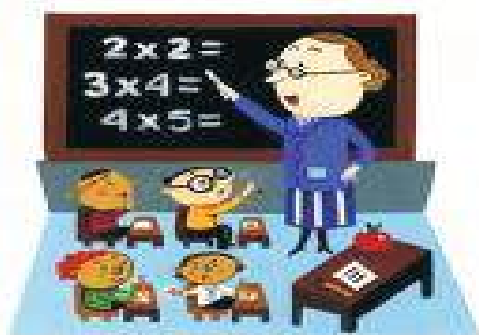
David Herbert Richards Lawrence (11 September 1885-2 March 1930) was an English novelist, poet, playwright, essayist, short story writer and literary critic. His collected works represent a reaction against the Industrial Revolution and the modern civilization which he believed had dehumanized mankind. Lawrence confronts issues relating to emotional health and vitality, spontaneity, human sexuality and instinct.



Lawrence's opinions earned him many enemies and he endured official persecution, censorship, and misrepresentation of his creative work throughout the second half of his life, much of which he spent in a voluntary exile which he called "savage pilgrimage." At the time of his death, his public reputation was that of a pornographer who had wasted his considerable talents. However, E. M. Forster, in an obituary notice, challenged this widely held view, describing him as, "the greatest imaginative novelist of our generation." Later, the influential Cambridge critic F. R. Leavis championed both his artistic integrity and his moral seriousness, placing much of Lawrence's fiction within the "great tradition" of the English novel. Lawrence is now regarded as one of the finest novelists in English Literature. His major works include *The White Peacock*, *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Last Lesson of the Afternoon expresses a mood of bitter desperation at the thanklessness of a teacher's work. The speaker of the poem who happens to be a teacher compares his students with hounds, who hate to chase knowledge. The teacher has failed to inspire them. He thinks that his teaching and the pupils' learning are both purposeless as he can no longer haul them and urge them any more.

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?
 How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart
 My pack of unruly hounds! I cannot start
 Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt,
 I can haul them and urge them no more.





No longer now can I endure the brunt
 Of the books that lie out on the desks; a full threescore
 Of several work that they have offered me.
 I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?
 What good to them or me, I cannot see.

So shall I take

My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul
 And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume
 Their dross of indifference, and take the toll
 Of their insults in punishments? – I will not –

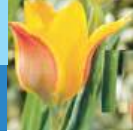


I will not waste my soul and my strength for this.
 What do I care for all that they do amiss?
 What is the point of their teaching of mine, and of this
 Learning of theirs? It all goes down the same abyss.
 What does it matter to me, if they can write
 A description of a dog, or if they can't?
 What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!
 And yet I'm supposed to care, with all my might.

I do not, and will not, they won't and they don't and that's all!
 I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well
 Why should we beat our heads against the wall
 Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

Glossary

tug /tʌg/	to pull
leash /liːʃ/	a leather strap for holding or controlling hounds
strain apart /streɪn/ ə'pɑ:t/	make an intense effort to break away
hound /haʊndz/	(kind of) dog used for hunting and racing
quarry /kwɒr.i/	person, animal, bird, etc. being hunted or looked for



haul /hɔ:l/	to pull (with effort or force)
urge /ɜ:dʒ/	to push; to persuade
brunt /brʌnt/	the main force of something unpleasant; strain or stress
threescore /θri:skɔ:ʳ/	sixty
dross /drɒs/	anything considered to be worthless mixed with something else
amiss /ə'mɪs/ (adj.)	wrong
abyss /ə'bɪs/	hole so deep as to appear bottomless
it is all my aunt /ɪt/ɪz//ɔ:l//maɪ/a:nt/	I don't care
beat our head /bi:t/aʊəʳ/hed/	
against a wall /ə'geɪntst/ə/wɔ:l/	attempt to do something that is clearly impossible

Thinking about the Poem

1. What is the tone in the opening line of the poem?
2. Who is the speaker of the poem?
3. What are the pupils regarded as? Why has the teacher failed to 'haul them and urge them' any more?
4. Which words and phrases in stanza 2 convey the mood of the speaker?
5. Why doesn't the speaker want to consume his fuel anymore?
6. What do you think 'take the toll of their insults in punishment' means?
7. Why does the teacher feel that his teaching and the pupils' learning are both purposeless? Pick out words and phrases which show that he shares his pupils' indifference to their work.
8. Do you find any connection between the beginning and the ending of the poem?
9. After reading this poem, write an account of your opinion / idea in 100 - 200 words about this poem?

Learning about the Literary Device/s

- What is the metaphor used by the poet in stanza 1?
- Identify the metaphor in stanza 3.

Suggested Reading

- *Beautiful Soup* by Lewis Carroll
- *The song of Quoodle* by G. K. Chesterton
- *The Old Gumbie Cat* by T. S. Eliot
- *The Rest of School* by D. H. Lawrence
- *A Snowy Day in School* by D. H. Lawrence

Quote to remember

A teacher who is attempting to teach without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn is hammering on cold iron.

(Horace Mann)



The Necklace

Henri Rene Albert Guy de Maupassant

Henri Rene Albert Guy de Maupassant (5 August 1850 – 6 July 1893) was a popular 19th-century French writer, and considered as one of the fathers of the modern short story.

A protégé of Gustave Flaubert, Maupassant's stories are characterized by their economy of style and their efficient, effortless dénouement. His well knit plots greatly influenced Somerset Maugham and O' Henry. Many of the stories are set during the Franco-Prussian War of the 1870s and several of them describe the futility of war and the innocent civilians who, caught in the conflict, emerge changed. He also wrote six short novels.



In 1880, he published what is considered his first masterpiece, *Boude Suif*, which met with an instant and tremendous success. Flaubert characterized it as "a masterpiece that will endure." This was Maupassant's first piece of short fiction set during the Franco-Prussian War, and was followed by short stories such as *Deux Amis*, *Mother Savage*, and *Mademoiselle Fifi*.

The decade from 1880 to 1891 was the most fertile period of Maupassant's life. Made famous by his first short story, he worked methodically and produced two or sometimes four volumes annually. He combined talent and practical business sense, which made him wealthy.

In 1881, he published his first volume of short stories under the title of *La Maison Tellier*; it reached its twelfth edition within two years; in 1883, he finished his first novel, *Une Vie* (translated into English as *A Woman's Life*), 25,000 copies of which were sold in less than a year. In his novels, he concentrated all his observations scattered in his short stories. His second novel *Bel-Ami*, which came out in 1885, had thirty-seven printings in four months.

His editor, Havard, commissioned him to write new masterpieces and Maupassant continued to produce them without the slightest apparent effort. At this time he wrote what many consider to be his greatest novel, *Pierre et Jean*.

With a natural aversion to society, he loved retirement, solitude, and meditation. He travelled extensively in Algeria, Italy, England, Brittany, Sicily, Auvergne, and from each voyage he brought back a new volume.

Matilda is unhappy because she has been living a poor life. She has big dreams but no means to realize those dreams, which is the cause of her unhappiness. Matilda is invited to a grand party. She had a beautiful dress but no jewellery. She borrows a necklace from a friend and loses it. What happens then is really ironical.

Read out the story and find out the course of events that later shape Matilda's life.



She was one of those pretty, young ladies, born as if through an error of destiny, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no hopes, no means of becoming known, loved and married by a man either rich or distinguished; and she allowed herself to marry a petty clerk in the office of the Board of Education. She was simple, but she was unhappy.

She suffered incessantly, feeling herself born for all delicacies and luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her apartment, the shabby walls and the worn chairs. All these things tortured and angered her.

When she seated herself for dinner opposite her husband who uncovered the tureen with a delighted air, saying, "Oh! The good potpie! I know nothing better than that..." she would think of elegant dinners of shining silver; she thought of the exquisite food served in marvellous dishes. She had neither frocks nor jewels, nothing. And she loved only those things.

She had a rich friend, a schoolmate at the convent, who she did not like to visit. She suffered so much when she returned. She wept for whole day from despair and disappointment.

One evening her husband returned elated bearing in his hand a large envelope.

"Here," he said, "here is something for you."

She quickly drew out a printed card on which were inscribed these words:

*The Minister of Public Instruction
and
Madame George Ramponneau
ask the honour of M. and Mme Loisel's company. Monday
Evening January 18, at the Minister's residence.*

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation spitefully upon the table murmuring, "What do you suppose I want with that?"

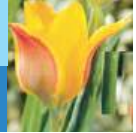
"But my dearie, I thought it would make you happy. You never go out and this is an occasion and a fine one! Everybody wishes one and it is very select; not many are given to employees. You will see the whole official world there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye and declared impatiently, "What do you suppose I have to wear to such a thing as that?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered, "Why, the dress you wear when we go to the theatre. It seems very pretty to me..." He was silent, stupefied, in dismay, at the sight of his wife, weeping. He stammered, "What is the matter? What is the matter?"

By a violent effort, she had controlled her





vexation and responded in a calm voice, wiping her moist cheeks, "Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this affair. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better fitted out than I."

He was grieved but answered, "Let us see, Matilda. How much would a suitable costume cost, something that would serve for other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected for some seconds thinking of a sum that she could ask for without bringing with it an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk. Finally she said, in a hesitating voice, "I cannot tell exactly, but it seems to me that four hundred francs ought to cover it."

He turned a little pale, for he had saved just this sum to buy a gun that he might be able to join some hunting parties the next summer, with some friends who went to shoot larks on Sunday. Nevertheless, he answered, "Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. But try to have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball approached and Mme Loisel seemed sad, disturbed, and anxious. Nevertheless, her dress was nearly ready. Her husband said to her one evening, "What is the matter with you? You have acted strangely for two or three days."

And she responded, "I am vexed not to have a jewel, nothing to adorn myself with. I shall have such a poverty-stricken look. I would prefer not to go to this party."

He replied, "You can wear some natural flowers. In this season, they look very chic."

She was not convinced. "No", she replied, "there is nothing more humiliating than to have a shabby air in the midst of rich women."

Then her husband cried out, "How stupid we are! Go and find your friend Mme Forestier and ask her to lend you her jewels."

She uttered a cry of joy. "It is true!" she said. "I had not thought of that."

The next day she took herself to her friend's house and related her story of distress. Mme Forestier went to her closet, took out a large jewel case, brought it, opened it, and said, "Choose, my dear."





She saw at first some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, then a Venetian cross of gold and jewels of admirable workmanship. She tried the jewels before the glass, hesitated, but could neither decide to take them nor leave them. Then she asked, "Have you nothing more?"

"Why, yes. Look for yourself. I do not know what will please you."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds. Her hands trembled as she took it out. She placed it about her throat against her dress, and was ecstatic. Then she asked, in a hesitating voice, full of anxiety, "Could you lend me this? Only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She fell upon the neck of her friend, embraced her with passion, and then went away with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme Loisel was a great success. She was the prettiest of all elegant, gracious, smiling and full of joy. All the men noticed her, asked her name, and wanted to be presented.

She danced with enthusiasm, intoxicated with pleasure, thinking of nothing but all this admiration, this victory so complete and sweet to her heart.

She went home around four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been half asleep in one of the little salons since midnight, with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying themselves very much.

He threw around her shoulders the modest wraps that they had carried whose poverty clashed with the elegance of the ball costume. She wished to hurry away in order not to be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in rich furs.

Loisel detained her. "Wait," said he. "I am going to call a cab."

But she would not listen and descended the steps rapidly. When they were in the street, they found no carriage; and they began to seek for one, hailing the coachmen whom they saw at a distance.

They walked along toward the river, hopeless and shivering. Finally, they found one of those old carriages that one sees in Paris after nightfall.

It took them as far as their door and they went wearily up to their apartment. It was all over for her. And on his part, he remembered that he would have to be at the office by ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps from her shoulders before the glass, for a final view of herself in her glory. Suddenly she uttered a cry. Her necklace was not around her neck.

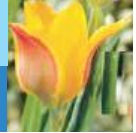
Loisel already half undressed, asked, "What is the matter?"

She turned towards him excitedly, "I have no longer Mme Forestier's necklace."

He arose in dismay, "What! How is that? It is not possible."

And they looked in the folds of the dress, in the folds of the cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

He asked, "You are sure you still had it when we left the Minister's house?"



"Yes. I felt it as we came out."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, it is possible. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, did you notice what it was?"

"No."

They looked at each other utterly cast down. Finally Loisel dressed himself again.

"I am going," he said, "over the track where we went on foot, to see if I can find it."

And he went. She remained in her evening gown, not having the force to go to bed.

Toward seven o'clock her husband returned. He had found nothing. He went to the police and to the cab offices, and put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a reward.

She waited all day in a state of bewilderment before this frightful disaster. Loisel returned in the evening, his face pale; he had discovered nothing.

He said, "Write to your friend that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and that you will have it repaired. That will give us time."

She wrote as he dictated.

At the end of a week, they had lost all hope. And Loisel, older by five years, declared, "We must replace this jewel."

In a shop of the Palais Royal, they found a chaplet of diamonds, which seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was valued forty thousand francs. They could get it for thirty-six thousand.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs, which his father had left him. He borrowed the rest. He made ruinous promises, took money from usurers and the whole race of lenders. Then he went to get the new necklace, depositing on the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme Loisel took back the jewels to Mme Forestier, the latter said to her in a frigid tone, "You should have returned them to me sooner, for I might have needed them."

Mme Forestier did not open the jewel-box as Mme Loisel feared she would. What would she think if she should perceive the substitution? What should she say? Would she take her for a robber?

Mme Loisel now knew the horrible life of necessity. She did her part, however, completely, heroically. It was necessary to pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They sent away the maid, they changed their lodgings; they rented some rooms in an attic.

She learned the odious work of a kitchen. She washed the dishes. She washed the soiled linen, their clothes and dishcloths, which she hung on the line to dry; she took down the refuse to the street each morning and brought up the water, stopping at each landing to catch her breath. And, clothed like a woman of the people, she went to the grocer's, the butcher's and the fruiterer's, with her basket on her arm, shopping, haggling to the last sou of her miserable money.

The husband worked evenings, putting the books of some merchants in order and nights he often



did copying at five sous a page. And this life lasted for ten years. At the end of ten years, they had restored all.

Mme Loisel seemed old now. She had become a strong, hard woman, the crude woman of the poor household. Her hair badly dressed, her skirts awry, her hands red, she spoke in a loud tone, and washed the floors with large pails of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would seat herself before the window and think of that evening party of former times, of that ball where she was so beautiful and so flattered.

How would it have been if she had not lost the necklace? Who knows? How singular is life, and how full of changes! How small a thing will ruin or save one!

One Sunday as she was taking a walk in the Champs Elysees to rid herself of the cares of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman walking with a child. It was Mme Forestier, still young, still pretty, and still attractive. Mme Loisel was affected. Should she speak to her?

Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She approached her, "Good morning, Jeanne."

Her friend did not recognise her and was astonished to be so familiarly addressed by this common personage. She stammered, "But, Madame – I do not know – you must be mistaken"

"No, I am Matilda Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry of astonishment, "Oh! My poor Matilda! How you have changed!"





“Yes, I have had some hard days since I saw you; and some miserable ones and all because of you....”

“Because of me? How is that?”

“You recall the diamond necklace that you loaned me to wear to the Minister's ball?”

“Yes, very well.”

“Well, I lost it.”

“How is that, since you returned it to me?”

“I returned another to you exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us who have nothing. But it is finished and I am decently content.”

Mme Forestier stopped short. She said, “You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?”

“Yes, you did not perceive it then? They were just alike.”

And she smiled with proud and simple joy. Mme Forestier was touched and took both her hands as she replied, “Oh! My poor Matilda! Mine were false. They were not worth over five hundred francs!”

Glossary

incessantly /ɪnˈses. ə nt.li/	continuously, especially in an annoying or unpleasant way
delicacies /ˈdel.i.ke.si:s/	things, especially, rare or expensive that are good to eat
tureen /tjʊri:n/	a large bowl, usually with a lid, from which soup or vegetables are served
exquisite /ɪkˈskwɪz.ɪt/	very beautiful; delicate
elated /ɪˈleɪ.tɪd/	extremely happy and excited
M./em/	abbreviation for 'Monsieur' (form of address for a man in French)
Mme	abbreviation for 'Madame' (form of address for a woman in French)
spiteful /spaɪt.f ə l/	full with feelings of anger
dearie /dɪə.ri/	(exclamation) used in expressions of annoyance, disappointment, sadness or surprise
stammer /stæm.ə ˚ /	to speak or say something with unusual pauses or repeated sounds
stupefy /ˈstju:pi.fai/	to make someone tired and unable to think clearly
dismay /dɪˈsmeɪ/	a feeling of sadness
vexation /vekˈseɪ.ʃ ə n/	worry or annoyance
franc /fræŋk/	currency/money used in France
lark /lɑ:ks/	a skylark; a small brown bird known for its singing
chic /ʃi:k/	stylish and fashionable



closet /kloʊz.ɪt/	a cupboard or a small room with a door, used for storing things, especially clothe.
salons /sæl.ɒnz/	shops where one can obtain particular services, especially connected with beauty or fashion
wraps /ræps/	coverings
cab /kæb/	a taxi
ruinous /ruː.ɪ.nəs/	causing great harm and destruction
usurers /'juː.zjʊ.rəʒz/	money lenders
odious /'əʊ.dɪ.əs/	extremely unpleasant
haggle /hæɡ.l/	to attempt to decide on a price or conditions which are acceptable to the seller as well as the buyer
sou /suː/	a very small amount of money
awry /ə'raɪ/	not in the intended way; twisted
pail /peɪl/	a bucket

Thinking about the Text

1. The course of the Loiseles' life changes due to the necklace. Comment.
2. What was the cause of Matilda's ruin? How could she have avoided it?
3. What would have happened to Matilda if she had confessed to her friend that she had lost her necklace?
4. If you are caught in a situation like this, how will you deal with it?
5. Draw a character sketch of Matilda.

Language Work

These are the notes about starting a new hobby in Gestalt Public School.

Read them and complete the information below.

NOTES

New Club	:	The Caravan.
Aim	:	Understanding and enjoying nature.
Activities	:	Fortnightly hiking trips or expeditions to neighbouring woods, hills, countryside.
Membership	:	Classes IX to XII.

Preliminary discussion in Common room on August 20th after school hours, interested students can sign up.

Permission granted by the Principal.



The school is planning _____ . The aim of the club will be _____ and activities include _____ .

Membership of the new club will be open only to students of classes IX to XII.

On August 20th at 2.30 p.m. Interested students are welcome _____

The Principal has granted permission for the new club.

Make notes from the following news report:

In an unprecedented space tragedy, the U.S space shuttle Columbia, carrying an Indian born American astronaut Kalpana Chawla and six others, broke apart in flames as it streaked over Texas towards its landing strip on Saturday, 1 February, 2003 killing all the seven on board.

The shuttle lost contact with NASA at about 9.a.m. (19.30 hrs IST) as it came in for landing. It was flying at an altitude of over 200,000 feet and traveling at over 20,000 kms per hour when ground control lost contact with the shuttle.

Columbia had lifted off on 16 January, 2003 from the Kennedy Space Centre, Florida. It has stayed in Orbit for 16 days and the seven-member crew conducted 80 experiments before it began its downward journey, which ended in the tragedy. This was Columbia's 20th Space Flight and the shuttle was said to be good for 100 flights.

Following are the notes about the Bactrian camel found in Ladakh. Develop a paragraph of about 100-150 words from these notes:

Zoological Name	: Camelus Bactrianus.
Herbivore	: Prefers grass leaves and shrubs but will eat dry vegetation and salt bush that other mammals avoid.
Habitat	: Grassland, valleys and mountainous areas.
Life Span	: 40 years.
Description	
Length	: 10 feet.
Height	: 7 feet.
Weight	: 1500 pounds.
Appearance	: Light to dark brown coat, short in summer with thin manes on chin, shoulder, hind legs and humps. Winter coat longer, thicker and darker.



Adaptations : Snow shoe effect prevents sinking in sand, long legs allow camel to travel long distances easily. Two humps contain 36 kgs of fat to be used when food is scarce.

Status : Endangered.

Writing Work

1. What are the things that are important to you to make you happy in life?
2. Write a short paragraph on 'We Should Be Content with What Life Gives Us.' You may write for or against the given topic.

Discussion

1. This story is interesting because of the surprise ending. Do you propose a different ending to the story? Work in groups and try and think of another ending.

Listening Skills

The teacher will narrate the following passage from the story with proper stress, pauses and intonation:

Then her husband cried out.....All the men noticed her, asked her name, and wanted to be presented.

The teacher will prepare the following exercise on the blackboard after the narration:

Work sheet

Who said this?

1. I had not thought of that.....
2. Have you nothing more.....
3. I do not know what will please you.....
4. Why, yes, certainly.....
5. How stupid we are!

Suggested Reading

- *The Dowry* by Guy de Maupassant
- *A Cup of Tea* by Katherine Mansfield
- *The Bet* by Anton Chekov





Abhiley Abdul Ghani Sheikh

Abdul Ghani Sheikh (1936) wrote his first story while he was a veterinarian stock assistant in Srinagar. He has worked as a school teacher, screenplay writer and journalist. Changes wrought by development are recurrent themes in his writings. With psychological intuition, his stories probe the social problems of common people coping with a world in which justice is not always the outcome of action and are pragmatic, ironic and tinged with realism.



Recognized as one of the foremost scholars of Ladakh, Abdul Ghani Sheikh has, apart from creative fiction, written on varied subjects—literature, history, philosophy and comparative religion. Among his books are two collections of short stories, *Zojila Ke Aar paar* and *Do Raha*, a biography on the famous Ladakhi pioneer, Sonam Norbu, a historical novel *Wah Zamana* and romantic novel *Dil Hi To Hai*, which won the Jammu and Kashmir Cultural Academy's Best Book Award. His non-fictional books, *Ladakh ki Kahani* and *Kitabon ki Duniya*, won second and third place in a State Competition held for the Children's Centenary Year in 1986.

Nowadays both boys and girls pursue modern education in science and technology for a better life. Younger generation does not hesitate to travel abroad in pursuit of higher education. Ladakh is no exception to this trend. But the reaction of oldies to this trend of the older illiterate women in particular, is debatable.

Abhiley also reacts to Rukshana's pursuit for education at Srinagar in her own way in addition to cinema and motor transport. Go through the short story and see for yourself whether or not Abhiley is justified in her reaction. Do your grandparents react to such situations in your expected manner? This story by Abdul Ghani Sheikh portrays the problems of generation gap.

When Abhiley heard the news of the earthquake in Turkey, her face turned ashen. Choked with tears, she said, “Oh Protector, you are Rahim va Karim, so merciful and benevolent. Have pity on my grand daughter Rukshana. Keep her safe!”

All of us burst out laughing. Kaga, my elder brother, said, “Abhi, Rukshana is in Srinagar. The earthquake has hit Turkey which is thousands of miles away from Srinagar.”

But tears rolled down Abhiley's sunken cheeks. It is not an easy task to cajole our Abhi or make her understand. How can one explain that the world has nearly two hundred countries and that all places are not like our village with its mere forty, fifty houses?

She had become increasingly apprehensive since the evening Rukshana departed to Srinagar. The bus in which Rukshana was travelling had broken down near Kargil. Abhiley argued that if the bus had broken down, it must mean that Rukshana had not survived. To convince her otherwise, we had to use our eloquence to the utmost.



Kaga consoled her. “Abhiley, if the bus stopped working it doesn't mean that it has had an accident. Buses often break down during a journey. Sometimes the oil freezes due to the cold. Sometimes nuts and bolts of the engine don't function or a certain part stops working. The driver parks the vehicle on one side of the road, repairs it, and then the vehicle takes off.”

We also had to take extreme precautions before commenting on the news in front of Abhi. The mention of daily happenings, like the rolling of a bus into a ditch at such and such place, the derailing of a rail cart, the disappearance of an aeroplane, or the firing of a bullet at some procession or other was enough to trigger an interminable series of questions. “Is my Rukshana safe? Was Rukshana travelling in that bus? Rukshana is very curious. She must have gone to see that procession.”

We would start laughing and Abhi would admonish us yet again for sending Rukshana to Srinagar. When she expressed her helplessness, we comforted her, saying that Srinagar is a mountain resort, that it's called Paradise on Earth, and every year thousands of tourists visit Kashmir to explore it. We tried to make her understand that Rukshana was in Srinagar not out of some desperation but to get further education and seek a better life. When we promised that next spring we would take her to Srinagar too, Abhi fell silent. If we had brought up the subject of her visiting Srinagar before Rukshana left, she would have risen in anger and pursed her mouth, declaring, “I won't leave my children and grandchildren to go anywhere.”

Srinagar aside, our Abhi has not even ventured beyond a distance of ten miles from our village. Two years ago, after a gap of eight years, she had made it to Leh town for the annual Dosmoche festival, held every winter to purge the town of evil. She saw masked dancers and musicians leading a procession from the palace through the main bazaar. She came across monks burning effigies and making crosses of thread to trap harmful spirits and hungry ghosts of the old year. There was much hustle-bustle. But that evening, when Abhiley returned home, she could only complain, “Oh dear, my head is spinning. There were so many people there that the breath was squeezed out of me. I will never go again.”

During those days, a daughter of a distant relative came to visit us in our village. She lived in Delhi. Abhiley did not recognize her and kept staring at her. We stifled our laughter and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Finally, when Abhiley was told that this was Dolma, she was astonished. “La Dolma, I was wondering from where this memsahib had descended upon our house. What kind of clothes have you put on?”

Dolma smiled.

“Where have you come from, Dolma?”

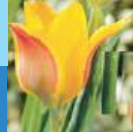
“I live in Delhi, Ama.”

“Oh, then you must be meeting Rukshana every day!”

“Ama, Delhi is very far from Srinagar.”

“Have you never met Rukshana?” Abhiley sighed in disappointment.

“I spent two days in Srinagar on my way here. I tried to meet Rukshana but couldn't locate her house, Ama.”



“Oh, what have you done!” Abhiley was miffed. “You were in Srinagar and couldn't find the house of my granddaughter.”

“It's a big city,” my sister-in-law interrupted. “It has a population of five to six lakhs, Abhiley. How will people know where someone lives unless they have the complete address?”

“Everyone says the same thing.” Abhiley's tone became serious and her eyes filled with tears.

I remember another funny episode regarding my Abhi. I was very young those days. My uncle sometimes came to the village to hunt. Once, my uncle returned to the town but left his double-barrelled gun behind. Agu had kept his gun in the kitchen where a big battalion of children of various relatives and in-laws often gathered. Abhiley was so tense that she couldn't sleep for two nights. She guarded the kitchen all day to make sure no child touched the gun, convinced that as soon as it was touched, the bullets would explode instantly and everyone would die. She would have locked the door if it had been any other room, but how could she close off the kitchen? When Aba and Agu returned to the village on the third day and heard about the situation, they rolled on the floor with laughter.

I must confess that I take advantage of Abhiley's simplicity. The army of children always present at our home often tears my notebooks to make kites and boats, ripping the sheets to shreds with scissors-like fingers. I put on a tearful face before Abhi and tell her that these papers are official. If they are torn, I will be penalized. These words work like magic on her and she preserves my papers with such intense care that no child would dare to even look at them. Not stopping at that, she saves all sorts of scraps and titbits even when I am away and when I go to the village, she presents them to me. Among them are papers from the grocer and snuff-seller for wrapping spices and snuff.

All grandmothers, despite their varied backgrounds, are similar, particularly in their reaction to modern technology like one of the grandmothers in our neighbourhood. When she refers to an aeroplane, she switches to honorific speech. “The plane-sahib has arrived,” “The plane-sahib must be facing a lot of difficulties,” (on hearing it make noises) and “Today, plane-sahib was very big.” They say that when another Abhi saw a plane for the first time, she went to greet the plane with bundles of grass in her basket.

There is another episode associated with our Abhi. She and another Abhi from our community went to see a film. It was their first film and will probably be their last one. With their weak eyesight the moving images on the screen held no more truth for them than a dream. They watched the film less and complained more of headaches and nausea. Shortly, with my elder sister's help, they understood that one of the important themes in the film was about a mother-in-law's harassment of her daughter-in-law. The next day saw both Abhis sitting on the roof tops of their houses spewing venom on the mothers-in-law of the world. God save us from their wrath! Incidentally, a girl from our neighbourhood had been married into a household where she did not get along with her mother-in-law.

So from then on, whenever anyone mentioned the film, the two Abhis would immediately start rebuking all mothers-in-law bitterly.

The neighbouring Abhi is of the same age as our Abhiley. She is a frightening woman indeed. When she is annoyed, she roars like a lioness. She has her own style of relaying all matters ranging



from politics to domestic tales. A few months ago, when I was leaning on the staircase, reading a book, I heard the two Abhis telling each other their stories, the same everyday talks with which my ears were familiar. “Surely, it's an omen signalling that the day of judgement is near.” They must have been referring to a fatal accident or to the simultaneous death of two men. Or “Demon! Disgrace! Ignoramus!” all aimed at chastising a well dressed woman.

During the conversation, the next door Abhi asked about Rukshana's well-being and before Abhiley could reply, she informed her that there were severe floods in Srinagar. I closed the book I was reading in dismay, and awaited Abhiley's reaction.

“La,” screamed Abhiley. “Floods. Where did you hear this news, Hajira?”

“It was on the reldi yesterday.” The next door Abhi always referred to the radio as Reldi.

“Wallah, no one told me about this.”

“Didn't Bashir tell you?”

Abhiley sighed, “You don't know how my sons are.”

After a few moments, she said, “I will go down, Hajira. My heart is thumping loudly.” I heard the echo of her footsteps. Now calamity has befallen us, I thought and sped down, leaping across the stairs. The echo of Abhi's weak footsteps could soon be heard on that part of the staircase where I had been reading a few moments ago. As soon as she came down, she stormed at us, “Did I not say not to send Rukshana to Kashmir? But no one paid heed to my words.”

“What's the matter?” asked Kaga.

“There are floods in Srinagar. Floods!” Abhiley waved her hands in agitation.

“So what?” Kaga was irritated. “It's a big city. Floods come. Storms come. Fire blaze.”

“Enough, enough. I have heard enough.” She placed both her hands on her ears. Her eyes brimmed with tears.

For several days, Abhiley's doubts did not abate and she became very quiet.

She decided to accompany Kaga and I on a trip to Srinagar. On the way, she was very uncomfortable with vomiting and dizziness. We spent the night in Kargil and reached Srinagar the next day.

Kaga said, “Abhi, you were worried about Rukshana. See how hale and hearty she looks. Her face is fair and her cheeks have turned red.”

Abhiley clung to Rukshana and wept a lot. After resting for two days, Rukshana took her for a tour around Srinagar. “Abhi, look what a big and beautiful city Srinagar is! This is the Dal Lake. This is Nishat Bagh. These are the Shalimar Gardens. Nehru Park. Char Chinar ...”

Four days passed without incident. On the fifth day, Abhiley declared, “I will return to Leh. I miss the children. I miss my daughter Jamila. My granddaughter Halima. I miss little Javed.”

She insisted on this in such a manner that on the very same evening we had to purchase return tickets to Leh for ourselves and our Abhiley.



Glossary

ashen /'æʃ. ə n/	ash-coloured; deadly pale
choked /tʃəʊkt/ (adj.)	unable to speak as one is upset or frightened
Rahim va Karim /rəhi:m/ və/kəri:m/	(Arabic) Merciful and Benevolent
cajole /kə'dʒəʊl/	to persuade or coax with false promise or pleasant talk
eloquence /el.ə.kw ə nts/	fluency
console /kən'səʊl/	to soothe the grief
admonish /əd'mɒn.ɪʃ/	to warn gently; to rebuke
purge /pɜ:dʒ/	to purify from sin
stifle /'staɪ.flɪd/	to prevent something from happening
miffed /mɪft/	annoyed and hurt
nausea /'nɔ:.zɪ.ə/	sickness of the stomach with a desire to vomit
wallah /'wɒl.ə/	(Arabic) By God
abate /ə'beɪt/	to put an end to; to lessen

Thinking about the Text

- Do you think that Abhiley represents the simplicity of Ladakhi women? Cite two examples of her innocence and ignorance from the text.
- Why did Abhiley call Dolma a memsahib?
- How will you estimate Abhiley's response to modern technology?
- What are the major themes of the short story 'Abhiley'?
- Abhiley was always worried about Rukhsana but why did she not opt to stay at Srinagar with her?

Language Work

- Match the following:

Abhiley	Father
Kaga	Uncle
Agu	Grandmother
Aba	Elder brother
Achey	Aunt
- Give the meaning of the following and use in your own sentences:

sunken cheeks;	broken down;	pursed her mouth;
spewing venom;	hale and hearty;	



Writing Work

- i) Write a short paragraph on 'generation gap'. How can the communication barrier be minimised?

Discussion

- i) How will you relate backwardness to illiteracy?
ii) What type of response do you expect from your grandparents to modern technology and pursuit there of by you?

Suggested Reading

Forsaking Paradise by Abdul Ghani Sheikh

Kashmir in Sunshine & Shade by C. E. Tyndale Biscoe





The Servant

S.T.Semyonov

Semyonov was born in 1868 in a peasant family in Russia. He died in 1922. In his works, sincerity is chief characteristic because it deals with the most important class of Russia, the peasantry, which Semyonov knows as only a peasant, who himself lives the hard life of a peasant, can know. The form of the stories fully corresponds to the contents: it is serious and simple, and the details are always correct; there are no false notes. What is particularly good is the figurative language of the persons in the stories, which is frequently quite new, and always artless and strikingly powerful.

This is a touching story of a peasant lad. Gerasim comes to Moscow to find himself a place, and with the influence of a countryman of his, a coachman, who is living with a wealthy merchant, he here gets the position of assistant janitor. This place was formerly occupied by an old man. It was by the advice of his coachman that the merchant sent away the old man and in his place put the young lad. The lad arrives in the evening to begin his work, and in the yard hears the old man's complaints in the servant's room, for having been discharged for no cause whatsoever, only to make room for the young fellow. The lad suddenly feels pity for the old man and is ashamed to have pushed him out. He reflects for a moment, wavers, and finally decides to give up the place, which he needs and which has pleased him so much. Learn about his humility in the story.

I

Gerasim returned to Moscow just at a time when it was hardest to find work, a short while before Christmas, when a man sticks even to a poor job in the expectation of a present. For three weeks the peasant lad had been going about in vain seeking a position.

He stayed with relatives and friends from his village, and although he had not yet suffered great want, it disheartened him that he, a strong young man, should go without work. Gerasim had lived in Moscow from early boyhood. When still a mere child, he had gone to work in a brewery as bottle-washer, and later as a lower servant in a house. In the last two years he had been in a merchant's employ, and would still have held that position, had he not been summoned back to his village for military duty. However, he had not been drafted. It seemed dull to him in the village, he was not used to the country life, so he decided he would rather count the stones in Moscow than stay there. Every minute it was getting to be more and more irksome for him to be tramping the streets in idleness. Not a stone did he leave unturned in his efforts to secure any sort of work. He plagued all of his acquaintances; he even held up people on the street and asked them if they knew of a situation all in vain. Finally Gerasim could no longer bear being a burden on his people. Some of them were annoyed by his coming to them; and others had suffered unpleasantness from their masters on his account. He was altogether at a loss what to do. Sometimes he would go a whole day without eating.

II

One day Gerasim betook himself to a friend from his village, who lived at the extreme outer



edge of Moscow, near Sokolnik. The man was coachman to a merchant by the name of Sharov, in whose service he had been for many years. He had ingratiated himself with his master, so that Sharov trusted him absolutely and gave every sign of holding him in high favour. It was the man's glib tongue, chiefly, that had gained him his master's confidence. He told on all the servants, and Sharov valued him for it. Gerasim approached and greeted him. The coachman gave his guest a proper reception, served him with tea and something to eat, and asked him how he was doing.

"Very badly, Yegor Danilych," said Gerasim. "I've been without a job for weeks."

"Didn't you ask your old employer to take you back?"

"I did."

"He wouldn't take you again?"

"The position was filled already."

"That's it. That's the way you young fellows are. You serve your employers so-so, and when you leave your jobs, you usually go back to them. You ought to serve your masters so that they will think a lot of you, and when you come again, they will not refuse you, but rather dismiss the man who has taken your place."

"How can a man do that? In these days there aren't any employers like that, and we aren't exactly angels, either."

"What's the use of wasting words? I just want to tell you about myself. If for some reason or other I should ever have to leave this place and go home, not only would Mr. Sharov, if I came back, take me on again without a word, but he would be glad to, too."

Gerasim sat there downcast. He saw his friend was boasting, and it occurred to him to gratify him.

"I know it," he said. "But it's hard to find men like you, Yegor Danilych. If you were a poor worker, your master would not have kept you twelve years."

Yegor smiled. He liked the praise.

"That's it," he said. "If you were to live and serve as I do, you wouldn't be out of work for months and months."

Gerasim made no reply.

Yegor was summoned to his master.

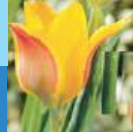
"Wait a moment," he said to Gerasim. "I'll be right back."

"Very well."

III

Yegor came back and reported that inside of half an hour he would have to have the horses harnessed, ready to drive his master to town. He lighted his pipe and took several turns in the room. Then he came to a halt in front of Gerasim.

"Listen, my boy," he said, "If you want, I'll ask my master to take you as a servant here."



"Does he need a man?"

"We have one, but he's not much good. He's getting old, and it's very hard for him to do the work. It's lucky for us that the neighbourhood isn't a lively one and the police don't make a fuss about things being kept just so, else the old man couldn't manage to keep the place clean enough for them."

"Oh, if you can, then please do say a word for me, Yegor Danilych. I'll pray for you all my life. I can't stand being without work any longer."

"All right, I'll speak for you. Come again tomorrow, and in the meantime take this ten-kopek piece. It may come in handy."

"Thanks, Yegor Danilych. Then you will try for me? Please do me the favour."

"All right. I'll try for you."

Gerasim left, and Yegor harnessed up his horses. Then he put on his coachman's habit, and drove up to the front door. Mr. Sharov stepped out of the house, seated himself in the sleigh, and the horses galloped off. He attended to his business in town and returned home. Yegor, observing that his master was in a good humour, said to him:

"Yegor Fiodorych, I have a favour to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"There's a young man from my village here, a good boy. He's without a job."

"Well?"

"Wouldn't you take him?"

"What do I want him for?"

"Use him as man of all work round the place."

"How about Polikarpych?"

"What good is he? It's about time you dismiss him."

"That wouldn't be fair. He has been with me so many years. I can't let him go just so, without any cause."

"Supposing he has worked for you for years. He didn't work for nothing. He got paid for it. He's certainly saved up a few dollars for his old age."

"Saved up! How could he? From what? He's not alone in the world. He has a wife to support, and she has to eat and drink also."

"His wife earns money, too, at day's work as charwoman."

"A lot she could have made! Enough for them."

"Why should you care about Polikarpych and his wife? To tell you the truth, he's a very poor servant. Why should you throw your money away on him? He never shovels the snow away on time, or does anything right. And when it comes his turn to be night watchman, he slips away at least ten times a night. It's too cold for him. You'll see, some day, because of him, you will have trouble with



the police. The quarterly inspector will descend on us, and it won't be so agreeable for you to be responsible for Polikarpych."

"Still, it's pretty rough. He's been with me fifteen years. And to treat him that way in his old age it would be a sin."

"A sin! Why, what harm would you be doing him? He won't starve. He'll go to the almshouse. It will be better for him, too, to be quiet in his old age."

Sharov reflected.

"All right," he said finally. "Bring your friend here. I'll see what I can do."

"Do take him, sir. I'm so sorry for him. He's a good boy, and he's been without work for such a long time. I know he'll do his work well and serve you faithfully. On account of having to report for military duty, he lost his last position. If it hadn't been for that, his master would never have let him go."

IV

The next evening Gerasim came again and asked:

"Well, could you do anything for me?"

"Something, I believe. First let's have some tea. Then we'll go to see my master."

Even tea had no allurements for Gerasim. He was eager for a decision; but under the compulsion of politeness to his host, he gulped down two glasses of tea, and then they betook themselves to Sharov. Sharov asked Gerasim where he had lived before and what work he could do. Then he told him he was prepared to engage him as man of all work, and he should come back the next day ready to take the place. Gerasim was fairly stunned by the great stroke of fortune. So overwhelming was his joy that his legs would scarcely carry him. He went to the coachman's room, and Yegor said to him:

"Well, my lad, see to it that you do your work right, so that I shan't have to be ashamed of you. You know what masters are like. If you go wrong once, they'll be at you forever after with their fault-finding, and never give you peace."

"Don't worry about that, Yegor Danilych."

"Well, well."

Gerasim took leave, crossing the yard to go out by the gate.

Polikarpych's room gave on the yard, and a broad beam of light from the window fell across Gerasim's way. He was curious as to get a glimpse of his future home, but the panes were all frosted over, and it was impossible to peep through. However, he could hear what the people inside were saying.

"What will we do now?" was said in a woman's voice.

"I don't know, I don't know," a man, undoubtedly Polikarpych, replied.

"Go begging, I suppose."



"That's all we can do. There's nothing else left," said the woman.

"Oh, we poor people, what a miserable life we lead. We work and work from early morning till late at night, day after day, and when we get old, then it's, 'Away with you!'"

"What can we do? Our master is not one of us. It wouldn't be worth the while to say much to him about it. He cares only for his own advantage."

"All the masters are so mean. They don't think of any one but themselves. It doesn't occur to them that we work for them honestly and faithfully for years, and use up our best strength in their service. They're afraid to keep us a year longer, even though we've got all the strength we need to do their work. If we weren't strong enough, we'd go of our own accord."

"The master's not so much to blame as his coachman. Yegor Danilych wants to get a good position for his friend."

"Yes, he's a serpent. He knows how to wag his tongue. You wait, you foul-mouthed beast, I'll get even with you. I'll go straight to the master and tell him how the fellow deceives him, how he steals the hay and fodder. I'll put it down in writing, and he can convince himself how the fellow lies about us all."

"Don't, old woman. Don't sin."

"Sin? Isn't what I said all true? I know to a dot what I'm saying, and I mean to tell it straight out to the master. He should see with his own eyes. Why not? What can we do now anyhow? Where shall we go? He's ruined us, ruined us."

The old woman burst out sobbing. Gerasim heard all that, and it stabbed him like a dagger. He realized what misfortune he would be bringing the old people, and it made him sick at heart. He stood there a long while, saddened, lost in thought, then he turned and went back into the coachman's room. "Ah, you forgot something?"

"No, Yegor Danilych." Gerasim stammered out, "I've come, listen, I want to thank you ever and ever so much for the way you received me and all the trouble you took for me but I can't take the place."

"What! What does that mean?"

"Nothing. I don't want the place. I will look for another one for myself."

Yegor flew into rage.

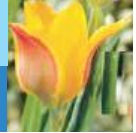
"Did you mean to make a fool of me, did you, you idiot? You come here so meek 'Try for me, do try for me' and then you refuse to take the place. You rascal, you have disgraced me!"

Gerasim found nothing to say in reply. He reddened, and lowered his eyes. Yegor turned his back scornfully and said nothing more.

Then Gerasim quietly picked up his cap and left the coachman's room. He crossed the yard rapidly, went out by the gate, and hurried off down the street. He felt happy and lighthearted.

**Glossary**

brewery /'brʊə.rɪ/	a place where beer is made
draft /dra:ft/	to order people by law to join the armed forces
country life /kʌn.trɪ/laɪf/	village/ rural life
count the stones	waste time
irksome /ɜ:k.səm/	annoying
tramp /træmp/	to walk with heavy steps
plague /'pleɪg/	to irritate; to annoy; to cause pain or difficulty to someone
betook /'bɪtʊk/	(past of 'betake') caused oneself to go
coachman /kəʊtʃ/mæn/	a person who drives a coach or carriage
ingratiate /ɪŋgreɪ.ʃi:.eɪt/	to gain favour or favourable acceptance by deliberate effort on flattery
glib /glɪb/	speaking in a persuasive way but without honesty
so-so /,səʊ'səʊ/	neither very good nor very bad
muddle up /mʌd.lɪd ʌp/	to make (a situation) difficult to deal with
downcast /daʊn.kɑ:st/	low in spirit; dejected
gratify /græt.i.fai/	to satisfy a wish or need
halt /hɔlt/	stop
kopec /kəʊpek /	Russian currency
sleigh /sleɪ/	an open horse-drawn vehicle
gallop /'gæl.əp/	(of a horse) to run fast so that all four feet come off the ground together
charwoman /tʃɑ:wɔ.mən/	a cleaning woman, especially in a large building
shovel /'ʃʌv. əl/	to take up and throw with a shovel (a tool like a spade)
almshouse /ɑ:mz.haʊs/	a privately financed home for the poor
allurement /əljʊə'mənt/	an attractive or fascinating thing
gulp /gʌlp/	to drink hurriedly or greedily
stun /stʌn/	great shock; surprise
accord /ə'kɔ:d/	consent.
serpent /sɜ:p ənt/	a wicked or treacherous person
wag one's tongue /wæg/hɪz/tʌŋ/	to use (tongue) for gossip or scandal
know to a dot /nəʊ/tu:t/dɒt/	to be sure
sob /sɒb/	to cry noisily, take in deep breaths



rage/reɪdʒ/

extreme anger

scornful /ˈskɔːn.fəl/

disrespectful

Thinking about the Text

1. Why had Gerasim been going about in vain in the village?
2. Where had Gerasim been working? Why did he return to his village?
3. What did the coachman tell Gerasim when he narrated his story?
4. How did the coachman persuade his master to employ Gerasim?
5. Why was the master reluctant to disengage the old servant?
6. What did Gerasim hear while crossing the yard?
7. What did the old couple think about the master?
8. What was the effect of the old couple's conversation on Gerasim?
9. How does the story reflect the humility of Gerasim?

Language Work

I. Vocabulary

Study this sentence:

Someone has to attend the meeting.

In the above sentence, the underlined word 'someone' means 'somebody from the staff'.

Now study this sentence:

Some one of the staff has done this.

In this sentence, 'some one' means 'one particular person'.

In the above sentences, the underlined words 'someone' and 'some one' are compound words which may be either written as one word or as two separate words depending on the context.

Now use your dictionary to learn the difference between the below given compound words.

After this, use them in the sentences.

1. Everyone, every one.
2. Anyone, any one.
3. Into, in to.
4. Whoever, who ever.
5. Indifferent, in different.

II. Rearrange the words to form meaningful sentences:

1. walked / I / house / the / through / garden / into the.



2. Matilda / a / rich / had / friend / name / was / whose / Mme Forestier.
3. why / Matilda / unhappy / was?
4. Sulekha / the / was / fourth / of / Numberdar / daughter / Ramlal.
5. teacher / took / Bholi's / special / in / her / interest
6. heart / her / throbbing / was / a new / hope / with and / a new life /
7. tree / of / a / killing / is / a / process / painful / the.
8. A / episode / curious / occurred / in / a / study.
9. was / a / Griffin / scientist / lawless.
10. took / only / It / minute / Griffin / a / to / off / throw / bandages / whiskers / spectacles / and

Writing Work

Compare and contrast the characters of Gerasim and the coachman.

Discussion

Imagine you have been working somewhere and you lost your job. Where would you like to go and why? And what would you do there?

Suggested Reading

- *God Sees The Truth But Waits* by Leo Tolstoy
- *How much Land Does a Man Need* by Tolstoy
- *Crime and Punishment* by Dostoyevsky



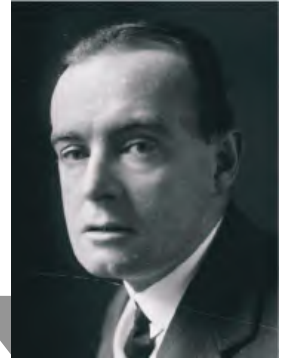


Dusk

Saki

Hector Hugh Munro (December 18, 1870–November 13, 1916), better known by the pen name Saki, was a British writer, born in Myanmar and educated at Bedford Grammar School in England. He is considered a master of the short story and is often compared to O. Henry and Dorothy Parker. His tales feature delicately drawn characters and finely judged narratives. *The Open Window* may be his most famous, with a closing line ("Romance at short notice was her speciality") that has entered the lexicon.

In 1893, he followed in his father's footsteps by joining the Indian Imperial Police, where he was posted to Burma (as was another acerbic and pseudonymous writer a generation later: George Orwell). Two years later, failing health forced his resignation and return to England, where he started his career as a journalist, writing for newspapers such as the *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Express*, *Bystander*, *Morning Post*, and *Outlook*.



Suppose you meet a stranger who tells you that he has visited your town for the first time. He further tells you that he has lost his wallet and has forgotten the name of the hotel in which he was staying. Would you believe his story and sympathise with him? However, it's only in the end you are able to sift grain from the chaff. Read the story and find out the facts.

Norman Gortsby sat on a bench in the Park, at around thirty minutes past six on an early March evening, and dusk had fallen heavily over the scene. There was a wide emptiness over road and sidewalk, and yet there were many figures moving silently through the half-light, or dotted unobtrusively on bench and chair, scarcely to be distinguished from the shadowed gloom in which they sat.

The scene pleased Gortsby and harmonised with his present mood. Dusk, to his mind, was the hour of the defeated. Men and women, who had fought and lost, who hid their fallen fortunes and dead hopes as far as possible from the scrutiny of the curious, came forth in this hour of gloaming, when their shabby clothes and bowed shoulders and unhappy eyes might pass unnoticed, or, at any rate, unrecognised.

A king that is conquered must see strange looks. So bitter a thing is the heart of man. The wanderers in the dusk did not choose to have strange looks fasten on them; therefore they came out in this bat-fashion. Beyond the sheltering screen of bushes and palings came a realm of brilliant lights and noisy, rushing traffic, marking the haunts of those other people, who held the steering of life in their own hands and did not give up so easily. So Gortsby's imagination pictured things as he sat on his bench in the almost deserted walk. He was in the mood to count himself among the defeated. Money troubles did not press on him; had he so wished he could have strolled into the thoroughfares



of light and noise, and taken his place among the jostling ranks of those who enjoyed prosperity or struggled for it. He had failed in a more subtle ambition, and for the moment he was heartsore and disillusioned, and not disinclined to take a certain cynical pleasure in observing and labelling his fellow wanderers as they went their ways in the dark stretches between the lamp-lights.

On the bench by his side sat an elderly gentleman who seemed to have lost interest in life. He looked defeated but refused to admit it. His clothes could scarcely be called shabby and he belonged unmistakably to that forlorn orchestra to whose piping no one dances. As he rose and vanished slowly into the shadows, and his place on the bench was taken almost immediately by a young man, fairly well dressed but more cheerful of mien than his predecessor.

"You don't seem in a very good temper," said Gatsby, judging that he was expected to take due notice of the demonstration.

The young man turned to him with a look of disarming frankness which put him instantly on his guard.

"You wouldn't be in a good temper if you were in the fix I'm in," he said; "I've done the silliest thing I've ever done in my life."

"Yes?" said Gatsby dispassionately.

"Came up this afternoon, meaning to stay at the Patagonian Hotel in Berkshire Square," continued the young man; "when I got there I found it had been pulled down some weeks ago and a cinema theatre run up on the site. The taxi driver recommended me to another hotel some way off and I went there. I just sent a letter to consul, and then I went out to buy some soap as I'd forgotten to pack any and I hate using hotel soap. Then I strolled about a bit, had a drink at a bar and looked at the shops, and when I came to turn my steps back to the hotel I suddenly realised that I didn't remember its name or even what street it was in. There's a nice predicament for a fellow who hasn't any friends or connections in London! Of course I can wire to my people for the address, but they won't have got my letter till tomorrow; meantime I'm without any money, came out with about a shilling on me, which went in buying the soap and getting the drink, and here I am, wandering about with two pence in my pocket and nowhere to go for the night."

There was an eloquent pause after the story had been told. "I suppose you think I've spun you rather an impossible yarn," said the young man presently, with a suggestion of resentment in his voice.

"Not at all impossible," said Gatsby judicially; "I remember doing exactly the same thing once in a foreign capital, and on that occasion there were two of us, which made it more remarkable. Luckily we remembered that the hotel was on a sort of canal, and when we struck the canal we were able to find our way back to the hotel."

The youth brightened at the reminiscence. "In a foreign city I wouldn't mind so much," he said; "one could go to one's Consul and get the requisite help from him. Here in one's own land one is far more derelict if one gets into a fix. Unless I can find some decent chap to swallow my story and lend me some money I seem likely to spend the night on the Embankment. I'm glad, anyhow, that you don't think the story outrageously improbable."



He threw a good deal of warmth into the last remark, as though perhaps to indicate his hope that Gortsby did not fall far short of the requisite decency.

"Of course," said Gortsby slowly, "the weak point of your story is that you can't produce the soap."

The young man sat forward hurriedly, felt rapidly in the pockets of his overcoat, and then jumped to his feet.

"I must have lost it," he muttered angrily.

"To lose an hotel and a cake of soap on one afternoon suggests wilful carelessness," said Gortsby, but the young man scarcely waited to hear the end of the remark. He flitted away down the path, his head held high, with an air of somewhat jaded jauntiness.

"It was a pity," mused Gortsby; "the going out to get one's own soap was the one convincing touch in the whole story, and yet it was just that little detail that brought him to grief. If he had the brilliant forethought to provide himself with a cake of soap, wrapped and sealed with all the solicitude of the chemist's counter, he would have been a genius in his particular line. In his particular line genius certainly consists of an infinite capacity for taking precautions."

With that reflection Gortsby rose to go; as he did so an exclamation of concern escaped him. Lying on the ground by the side of the bench was a small oval packet, wrapped and sealed with the solicitude of a chemist's counter. It could be nothing else but a cake of soap, and it had evidently fallen out of the youth's overcoat pocket when he flung himself down on the seat. In another moment Gortsby was scudding along the dusk-shrouded path in anxious quest for a youthful figure in a light overcoat. He had nearly given up the search when he caught sight of the object of his pursuit standing irresolutely on the border of the carriage drive, evidently uncertain whether to strike across the Park or make for the bustling pavements of Knightsbridge. He turned round sharply with an air of defensive hostility when he found Gortsby hailing him.

"The important witness to the genuineness of your story has turned up," said Gortsby, holding out the cake of soap; "it must have slid out of your overcoat pocket when you sat down on the seat. I saw it on the ground after you left. You must excuse my disbelief, but appearances were really rather against you, and now, as I appealed to the testimony of the soap I think I ought to abide by its verdict. If the loan of a sovereign is any good to you."

The young man hastily removed all doubt on the subject by pocketing the coin.

"Here is my card with my address," continued Gortsby; "any day this week will do for returning the money, and here is the soap don't lose it again. It's been a good friend to you."

"Lucky thing your finding it," said the youth, and then, with a catch in his voice, he blurted out a word or two of thanks and fled headlong in the direction of Knights bridge.

"Poor boy, he as nearly as possible broke down," said Gortsby to himself. "I don't wonder either; the relief from his quandary must have been acute. It's a lesson to me not to be too clever in judging by circumstances."



As Gortsby retraced his steps past the seat where the little drama had taken place he saw an elderly gentleman poking and peering beneath it and on all sides of it, and recognised his earlier fellow occupant.

"Have you lost anything, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, a cake of soap."

Glossary

dot (V) /dɒt/	to be spread across an area
unobtrusive /ˌʌn.əb'truː.sɪv/	without being noticed
gloaming /gləʊ.mɪŋ/	twilight, dusk
paling /peɪ.lɪŋ/	a fence made from long thin pieces of wood
stroll /strɒl/	to walk slowly for pleasure
thoroughfare /'θʌr.ə.feə/	a main road for public use
subtle /sʌt.l/	not loud, bright, noticeable or obvious in anyway
disillusion /ˌdɪs.ɪluː.ʒən/	to rid of illusions, deception and delusions
disincline /dɪs.ɪŋ'klaɪn/	to be unwilling
cynical /'sɪn.ɪ.kəl/	believing that people are only interested in themselves and are not sincere
shabby /ʃæb.ɪ/	dressed in worn out and old clothes
orchestra /'ɔː.kɪ.strə/	a large group of musicians who play many different instruments together and are led by a conductor
mien /miːn/	a person's appearance
expletive /ɪk'spliː.tɪv/	a violent exclamation; an oath
fix(n) /fɪks/	confusion
consul /kɒnsʌl/	an official appointed by a state to live in a foreign city and protect the state's citizens and interests there
predicament /prɪ'dɪk.ə.mənt/	a difficult, unpleasant, or embarrassing situation
shilling /'ʃɪl.ɪŋ/	a former British coin and monetary unit equal to one-twentieth of a pound or twelve pence
eloquent /'el.ə.kwənt/	clear, strong and effective in using of language
spun /spʌn/	weave
yarn /jɑːn/	story
reminiscence /ˌrem.ɪ'nɪs.ənts/	the act of remembering things past; the recovery of knowledge by mental effort



derelict /'der.ə.lɪkt/	a person without a home, a job, or property
swallow my story /'swɒl.əʊ/maɪ/stɔː.ri/	believe my story
embankment /ɪmbæŋk.mənt/	an earth or stone bank for keeping back water, or for carrying a road or railway
mutter /mʌt.ə ʹ/	to speak low in a barely audible manner
jaded /'dʒeɪ.dɪd/	tired ; worn- out; wearied
jauntiness /dʒɔːn.tɪ.nəs/	cheerfulness; confidence
solicitude /sə'lɪs.ɪ.tjuːd/	anxiety or concern
quandary /'kwɒn.drɪ/	a difficult situation; a practical dilemma
poke /pəʊ.k/	to appear or stretch out from behind or through something else
peer /piə/	to look searchingly or with difficulty or effort

Thinking about the Text

1. What was the atmosphere at Hyde Park?
2. Do the atmosphere and the mood at the Park justify the title of the story?
3. Draw a profile of the person who first sat near Gortsby on the bench.
4. What, according to Gortsby, was the weak point of the young man's story?
5. While walking back to his seat in the Park, what did Gortsby see?
6. How did Norman Gortsby feel when he realized he had been fooled?
7. What did Gortsby imagine about the people who visited Hyde Park?
8. What is irony? Bring out the elements of irony in the story.
9. What is 'juxtaposition'? Has Saki been able to juxtapose humour and pathos in 'Dusk'?

Language Work

Use the following in sentences of your own:

1. Youthful figure
2. Shabbily dressed.
3. Decent chap.
4. Pale moonlight.
5. Stroll about.
6. Wandering about.

Writing Work

1. Write a short ironical dialogue.
2. Do you approve of the behaviour and approach of Gortsby in the story? Explain.



Discussion

- i) Discuss 'irony' in the story. Discuss with your classmates any such event of your life which reflects irony.

Suggested Reading

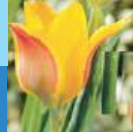
Gift of Magi by O. Henry

An English School by Rudyard Kipling

The Castaway by Rabindranath Tagore

The Fairytale of Mohanpur by Mahashweta Devi





The Proposal Anton Chekov

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (1860–1904), a Russian short story writer, playwright and physician is considered to be one of the greatest short story writers in world literature. His career as a dramatist produced four classics and his best short stories are held in high esteem by writers and critics. Chekhov practised as a doctor throughout most of his literary career. "Medicine is my lawful wife," he once said, "and literature is my mistress."

Chekhov renounced the theatre after the disastrous reception of *The Seagull* in 1896; but the play was revived to acclaim in 1898 by Constantin Stanislavski's Moscow Art Theatre, which subsequently also produced *Uncle Vanya* and premiered Chekhov's last two plays, *Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*. Chekhov had at first written stories only for money, but as his artistic ambition grew, he made formal innovations which have influenced the evolution of the modern short story. His originality consists in an early use of the stream of consciousness technique, later adopted by James Joyce and other modernists, insisting that the role of an artist was to ask questions, not to answer them.



The Proposal (originally titled *A Marriage Proposal*) is a one-act play, a farce, by the Russian short story writer and dramatist, Anton Chekhov. It was written in 1888-89.

The play is about the tendency of wealthy families to seek ties with other wealthy families, to increase their estates by encouraging marriages that make good economic sense. Ivan Lomov, a long time wealthy neighbour of Stephan Chubukov, also wealthy, comes to seek the hand of Chubukov's twenty-five-year-old daughter, Natalya. All three are quarrelsome people, and they quarrel over petty issues. The proposal is in danger of being forgotten amidst all this quarrelling. But economic good sense ensures that the proposal is made, after all, although the quarrelling perhaps continues!

A Russian wedding is very simple. The planning only includes arranging for rings, brides dress, cars, and a reception. Earlier, the bride's family paid for the reception, but nowadays brides and grooms' families usually share expenses. A Russian wedding lasts for two days; some weddings last as long as a week and the occasion becomes something to remember for years. The necessary part of the wedding ceremony is a wedding procession of several cars. The best friends of the groom/bride meet before the wedding a few times, make posters, write speeches and organize contests. When the groom arrives to fetch the bride for the registration, he has to fight to get her! Russians usually live in apartments in tall buildings and the groom has to climb several stairs to reach his bride. But at each landing, he must answer a question to be allowed to go up. The bride's friends ask difficult questions (sometimes about the bride, sometimes just difficult riddles), and the groom must answer with the help of his friends. For example, he may be shown a few photos of baby girls and he must say which



one is his bride. If he guesses wrong, he must pay cash to move ahead. After the marriage registration, the newly married couple leaves the guests for a tour of the city sights. After two or three hours of the city tour the couple arrives at the reception. The couple sits at a specially arranged table with their family, friends and invited guests. The reception starts with toasts to the couple. A wedding toast is a custom where a close friend or relative of the groom or the bride says a few words to wish the couple, then everyone raises their glass of wine, and drink it up at the same moment. The groom is then asked to kiss the bride. After a few toasts, people start eating and drinking and generally have fun. After sometime, the bride gets 'stolen'! She disappears, and when the groom starts looking for her, he is asked to pay a fee. Usually, it is his friends who 'steal' the bride. Then there are the bride's friends, they steal the bride's shoes. The groom must pay money for the shoes too. The guests enjoy watching these tussles and continue partying.

Do you think Indian and Russian weddings have any customs in common? With the help of a partner, fill in the table below:

<i>Customs similar to Indian ones</i>	<i>Customs different from Indian ones</i>

Characters

- STEPAN STEPANOVITCH CHUBUKOV : a landowner
- NATALYA STEPANOVNA : his daughter, twenty-five years old
- IVAN VASSILEVITCH LOMOV : a neighbour of Chubukov, a large and hearty, but very suspicious, landowner

A drawing-room in Chubukov's house.

Lomov enters, wearing a dress jacket and white gloves. Chubukov rises to meet him.

- CHUBUKOV : My dear fellow whom do I see! Ivan Vassilevitch! I am extremely glad! [*Squeezes his hand*] Now this is a surprise, my darling.... How are you?
- LOMOV : Thank you. And how may you be getting on?
- CHUBUKOV : We just get along somehow, my angel, thanks to your prayers, and so on. Sit down, please do.... Now, you know, you shouldn't forget all about



- your neighbours, my darling. My dear fellow, why are you so formal in your get-up! Evening dress, gloves, and so on. Can you be going anywhere, my treasure?
- LOMOV : No. I've come only to see you, honoured Stephan Stepanovitch.
- CHUBUKOV : Then why are you in evening dress, my precious? As if you're paying a New Year's Eve visit!
- LOMOV : Well, you see, it's like this. *[Takes his arm]* I've come to you, honoured Stephan Stepanovitch, to trouble you with a request. Not once or twice have I already had the privilege of applying to you for help, and you have always, so to speak... I must ask your pardon, I am getting excited. I shall drink some water, honoured Stephan Stepanovitch.
- [Drinks.]*
- CHUBUKOV *[aside]* : He's come to borrow money. Shan't give him any! *[Aloud]* What is it, my beauty?
- LOMOV : You see, Honoured Stepanitch... I beg pardon Stephan Honouritch... I mean, I'm awfully excited, as you will please notice... In short, you alone can help me, though I don't deserve it, of course... and haven't any right to count on your assistance...
- CHUBUKOV : Oh, don't go round and round it, darling! Spit it out! Well?
- LOMOV : One moment... this very minute. The fact is I've come to ask the hand of your daughter, Natalya Stepanovna, in marriage.





- CHUBUKOV : By Jove! Ivan Vassilevitch! Say it again didn't hear it all!
- LOMOV : I have the honour to ask...
- CHUBUKOV : *[interrupting]* My dear fellow... I'm so glad, and so on... Yes, indeed, and all that sort of thing. *[Embraces and kisses Lomov]* I've been hoping for it for a long time. It's been my continual desire. *[Sheds a tear]* And I've always loved you, my angel, as if you were my own son. May God give you both His help and His love and so on, and so much hope... What am I behaving in this idiotic way for? I'm off my balance with joy, absolutely off my balance! Oh, with all my soul.... I'll go and call Natasha, and all that.
- LOMOV : *[greatly moved]* Honoured Stephan Stepanovitch, do you think I may count on her consent?
- CHUBUKOV : Why, of course, my darling, and... as if she won't consent! She's in love; egad, she's like a lovesick cat, and so on. Shan't be long!
- LOMOV : It's cold... I'm trembling all over, just as if I'd got an examination before me. The great thing is, I must have my mind made up. If I give myself time to think, to hesitate, to talk a lot, to look for an ideal, or for real love, then I'll never get married. Brr... It's cold! Natalya Stepanovna is an excellent housekeeper, not bad-looking, well-educated. What more do I want? But I'm getting a noise in my ears from excitement. *[Drink]* And it's impossible for me not to marry. In the first place, I'm already 35 a critical age, so to speak. In the second place, I ought to lead a quiet and regular life. I suffer from palpitations, I'm excitable and always getting awfully upset; at this very moment my lips are trembling, and there's a twitch in my right eyebrow. But the very worst of all is the way I sleep. I no sooner get into bed and begin to go off, when suddenly something in my left side gives a pull, and I can feel it in my shoulder and head... I jump up like a lunatic, walk about a bit and lie down again, but as soon as I begin to get off to sleep there's another pull! And this may happen twenty times... *[Natalya Stepanovna comes in.]*
- NATALYA : Well, there! It's you, and papa said, "Go; there's a merchant come for his goods." How do you do, Ivan Vassilevitch?
- LOMOV : How do you do, honoured Natalya Stepanovna?
- NATALYA : You must excuse my apron and *neglige*. We're shelling peas for drying. Why haven't you been here for such a long time? Sit down... *[They seat themselves]* Won't you have some lunch?
- LOMOV : No, thank you, I've had some already.
- NATALYA : Then smoke. Here are the matches. The weather is splendid now, but yesterday it was so wet that the workmen didn't do anything all day. How much hay have you stacked? Just think, I felt greedy and had a whole field cut, and now I'm not at all pleased about it because I'm afraid



- my hay may rot. I ought to have waited a bit. But what's this? Why, you're in evening dress! Well, I never! Are you going to a ball or what? Though I must say you look better... Tell me, why are you got up like that?
- LOMOV : *[excited]* You see, honoured Natalya Stepanovna... the fact is, I've made up my mind to ask you to hear me out... Of course, you'll be surprised and perhaps even angry, but a... *[aside]* It's awfully cold!
- NATALYA : What's the matter? *[pause]* Well?
- LOMOV : I shall try to be brief. You must know, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, that I have long, since my childhood, in fact, had the privilege of knowing your family. My late aunt and her husband, from whom, as you know, I inherited my land, always had the greatest respect for your father and your late mother. The Lomovs and the Chubukovs have always had the most friendly, and I might almost say the most affectionate, regard for each other. And, as you know, my land is a near neighbour of yours. You will remember that my Oxen Meadows touch your birch woods.
- NATALYA : Excuse my interrupting you. You say, "My Oxen Meadows". But are they yours?
- LOMOV : Yes, mine.
- NATALYA : What are you talking about? Oxen Meadows are ours, not yours!
- LOMOV : No, mine, honoured Natalya Stepanovna.
- NATALYA : Well, I never knew that before. How do you make that out?
- LOMOV : How? I'm speaking of those Oxen Meadows which are wedged in between your birch woods and the Burnt Marsh.
- NATALYA : Yes, yes... they're ours.
- LOMOV : No, you're mistaken, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, they're mine.
- NATALYA : Just think, Ivan Vassilevitch! How long have they been yours?
- LOMOV : How long? As long as I can remember.
- NATALYA : Really, you won't get me to believe that!
- LOMOV : But you can see from the documents, honoured Natalya Stepanovna. Oxen Meadows, it's true, were once the subject of dispute, but now everybody knows that they are mine. There's nothing to argue about. You see my aunt's grandmother gave the free use of these Meadows in perpetuity to the peasants of your father's grandfather, in return for which they were to make bricks for her. The peasants belonging to your father's grandfather had the free use of the Meadows for forty years and had got into the habit of regarding them as their own, when it happened that...
- NATALYA : No, it isn't at all like that! Both grandfather and great grandfather



- reckoned that their land extended to Burnt Marsh which means that Oxen Meadows were ours. I don't see what there is to argue about. It's simply silly!
- LOMOV : I'll show you the documents, Natalya Stepanovna!
- NATALYA : No, you're simply joking, or making fun of me. What a surprise! We've had the land for nearly three hundred years, and then we're suddenly told that it isn't ours! Ivan Vassilevitch, I can hardly believe my own ears. These Meadows aren't worth much to me. They only come to five dessiatins, and are worth perhaps 300 roubles, but I can't stand unfairness. Say what you will, I can't stand unfairness.
- LOMOV : Hear me out, I implore you! The peasants of your father's grandfather, as I have already had the honour of explaining to you, used to bake bricks for my aunt's grandmother. Now my aunt's grandmother, wishing to make them a pleasant...
- NATALYA : I can't make head or tail of all this about aunts and grandfathers and grandmothers. The Meadows are ours, that's all.
- LOMOV : Mine.
- NATALYA : Ours! You can go on proving it for two days on end, you can go and put on fifteen dress jackets, but I tell you they're ours, ours, ours! I don't want anything of yours and I don't want to give anything of mine. So there!
- LOMOV : Natalya Stepanovna, I don't want the Meadows, but I am acting on principle. If you like, I'll make you a present of them.





- NATALYA : I can make you a present of them myself, because they're mine! Your behaviour, Ivan Vassilevitch, is strange; to say the least! Up to this we have always thought of you as a good neighbour, a friend; last year we lent you our threshing machine, although on that account we had to put off our own threshing till November, but you behave to us as if we were gypsies. Giving me, my own land, indeed! No, really, that's not at all neighbourly! In my opinion, it's even impudent, if you want to know.
- LOMOV : Then you make out that I'm a land grabber? Madam, never in my life have I grabbed anybody else's land and I shan't allow anybody to accuse me of having done so. *[Quickly steps to the carafe and drinks more water]* Oxen Meadows are mine!
- NATALYA : It's not true, they're ours!
- LOMOV : Mine!
- NATALYA : It's not true! I'll prove it! I'll send my mowers out to the Meadows this very day!
- LOMOV : What?
- NATALYA : My mowers will be there this very day!
- LOMOV : I'll give it to them in the neck!
- NATALYA : You dare!
- LOMOV : *[Clutches at his heart]* Oxen Meadows are mine! You understand? Mine!
- NATALYA : Please don't shout! You can shout yourself hoarse in your own house but here I must ask you to restrain yourself.
- LOMOV : If it wasn't, madam, for this awful, excruciating palpitation, if my whole inside wasn't upset, I'd talk to you in a different way! *[Yells]* Oxen Meadows are mine!
- NATALYA : Ours!
- LOMOV : Mine!
- NATALYA : Ours!
- LOMOV : Mine!
- [Enter Chubukov]*
- CHUBUKOV : What's the matter? What are you shouting for?
- NATALYA : Papa, please tell this gentleman who owns Oxen Meadows, we or he?
- CHUBUKOV : *[to Lomov]* Darling, the Meadows are ours!
- LOMOV : But, please, Stephan Stepanovitch, how can they be yours? Do be a reasonable man! My aunt's grandmother gave the Meadows for the temporary and free use to your grandfather's peasants; the peasants used the land for forty years and got accustomed to it as if it was their own, when it happened that...



- CHUBUKOV : Excuse me, my precious. You forget just this, that the peasants didn't pay your grandmother and all that, because the Meadows were in dispute, and so on. And now everybody knows that they're ours. It means that you haven't seen the plan.
- LOMOV : I'll prove to you that they're mine!
- CHUBUKOV : You won't prove it, my darling!
- LOMOV : I shall!
- CHUBUKOV : Dear one, why yell like that? You won't prove anything just by yelling. I don't want anything of yours, and don't intend to give up what I have. Why should I? And you know, my beloved, that if you propose to go on arguing about it, I'd much sooner give up the Meadows to the peasants than to you. There!
- LOMOV : I don't understand! How have you the right to give away somebody else's property?
- CHUBUKOV : You may take it that I know whether I have the right or not. Because, young man, I'm not used to being spoken to in that tone of voice, and so on. I, young man, am twice your age, and ask you to speak to me without agitating yourself, and all that.
- LOMOV : No, you just think I'm a fool and want to have me on! You call my land yours, and then you want me to talk to you calmly and politely! Good neighbours don't behave like that, Stephan Stepanovitch! You're not a neighbour, you're a grabber!
- CHUBUKOV : What's that? What did you say?
- NATALYA : Papa, send the mowers out to the Meadows at once!
- CHUBUKOV : What did you say, sir?
- NATALYA : Oxen Meadows are ours, and I shan't give them up, shan't give them up, shan't give them up!
- LOMOV : We'll see! I'll have the matter taken to court, and then I'll show you!
- CHUBUKOV : To court? You can take it to court, and all that! You can! I know you; you're just on the lookout for a chance to go court, and all that. You pettifogger! All your people were like that! All of them!
- LOMOV : Never mind about my people! The Lomovs have all been honourable people, and not one has ever been tried for embezzlement, like your grandfather!
- CHUBUKOV : You Lomovs have had lunacy in your family, all of you!
- NATALYA : All, all, all!
- CHUBUKOV : Your grandfather was a drunkard, and your younger aunt, Nastasya Mihailovna, ran away with an architect, and, so on. . . .
- LOMOV : And your mother was humpbacked. [*Clutches at his heart*] Something pulling in my side... My head Help! Water!



- CHUBUKOV : Your father was a guzzling gambler!
- NATALYA : And there haven't been many backbiters to equal your aunt!
- LOMOV : My left foot has gone to sleep... You're an intriguer.... Oh, my heart! And it's an open secret that before the last elections you bri.... I can see stars... Where's my hat?
- NATALYA : It's low! It's dishonest! It's mean!
- CHUBUKOV : And you're just a malicious, double faced intriguer! Yes!
- LOMOV : Here's my hat. My heart! Which way? Where's the door? Oh I think I'm dying! My foot's quite numb....
[Goes to the door.]
- CHUBUKOV
[following him] : And don't set foot in my house again!
- NATALYA : Take it to court! We'll see!
[Lomov staggers out.]
- CHUBUKOV : Devil takes him!
[Walks about in excitement.]
- NATALYA : What a rascal! What trust can one have in one's neighbours after that!
- CHUBUKOV : The villain! The scarecrow!
- NATALYA : The monster! First he takes our land and then he has the impudence to abuse us.
- CHUBUKOV : And that blind hen, yes, that turnip-ghost has the confounded cheek to make a proposal, and so on! What? A proposal!
- NATALYA : What proposal?
- CHUBUKOV : Why, he came here to propose to you.
- NATALYA : To propose? To me? Why didn't you tell me so before?
- CHUBUKOV : So he dresses up in evening clothes. The stuffed sausage! The wizen-faced frump!
- NATALYA : To propose to me? Ah! *[Falls into an easy-chair and wails.]*
Bring him back! Back! Ah! Bring him here.
- CHUBUKOV : Bring whom here?
- NATALYA : Quick, quick! I'm ill! Fetch him!
[Hysterics.]
- CHUBUKOV : What's that? What's the matter with you? *[Clutches at his head]* Oh, unhappy man that I am! I'll shoot myself! I'll hang myself! We've done for her!
- NATALYA : I'm dying! Fetch him!
- CHUBUKOV : Tfoo! At once. Don't yell!
[Runs out. A pause.]



- NATALYA : *[Natalya Stepanovna wails.]* What have they done to me? Fetch him back! Fetch him!
[A pause. Chubukov runs in.]
- CHUBUKOV : He's coming, and so on, devil take him! Ouf! Talk to him yourself! I don't want to....
- NATALYA : *[wails]* Fetch him!
- CHUBUKOV : *[yells]* He's coming, I tell you. Oh, what a burden, Lord, to be the father of a grown-up daughter! I'll cut my throat! I will, indeed! We cursed him, abused him, drove him out, and it's all you... You!
- NATALYA : It was you.
- CHUBUKOV : I tell you it's not my fault. *[Lomov appears at the door]* Now you talk to him yourself.
[Exit.]
- LOMOV : *[Lomov enters, exhausted.]* My heart's palpitating awfully. My foot's gone to sleep. There's something that keeps pulling in my side....
- NATALYA : Forgive us, Ivan Vassilevitch, we were all a little heated. I remember now: Oxen Meadows... really are yours.
- LOMOV : My heart's beating awfully. My Meadows... My eyebrows are both twitching....
- NATALYA : The Meadows are yours, yes, yours. Do sit down. *[They sit]* We were wrong.
- LOMOV : I did it on principle. My land is worth little to me, but the principle...
- NATALYA : Yes, the principle, just so. Now let's talk of something else.
- LOMOV : The more so as I have evidence. My aunt's grandmother gave the land to your father's grandfather's peasants...
- NATALYA : Yes, yes, let that pass. *[Aside]* I wish I knew how to get him started. *[Aloud]* Are you going to start shooting soon?
- LOMOV : I'm thinking of having a go at the blackcock, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, after the harvest. Oh, have you heard? Just think, what a misfortune I've had! My dog Guess, who you know, has gone lame.
- NATALYA : What a pity! Why?
- LOMOV : I don't know. Must have got his leg twisted or bitten by some other dog. *[Sighs]* My very best dog, to say nothing of the expense. I gave Mironov 125 roubles for him.
- NATALYA : It was too much, Ivan Vassilevitch.
- LOMOV : I think it was very cheap. He's a first-rate dog.
- NATALYA : Papa gave 85 roubles for his Squeezer and Squeezer is heaps better than Guess!
- LOMOV : Squeezer better than Guess? What an idea! *[Laughs]* Squeezer better



- than Guess!
- NATALYA : Of course he's better! Of course, Squeezer is young, he may develop a bit, but on points and pedigree he's better than anything that even Volchanetsky has got.
- LOMOV : Excuse me, Natalya Stepanovna, but you forget that he is overshot, and an overshot always means the dog is a bad hunter!
- NATALYA : Overshot, is he? The first time I hear it!
- LOMOV : I assure you that his lower jaw is shorter than the upper.
- NATALYA : Have you measured?
- LOMOV : Yes, He's all right at following, of course, but if you want to get hold of anything....
- NATALYA : In the first place, our Squeezer is a thoroughbred animal, the son of Harness and Chisels while there's no getting at the pedigree of your dog at all. He's old and as ugly as a worn-out cab-horse.
- LOMOV : He is old, but I wouldn't take five Squeezers for him. Why, how can you? Guess is a dog; as for Squeezer, well, it's too funny to argue. Anybody you like has a dog as good as Squeezer... you may find them under every bush almost. Twenty-five roubles would be a handsome price to pay for him.
- NATALYA : There's some demon of contradiction in you today, Ivan Vassilevitch. First you pretend that the Meadows are yours; now, that Guess is better than Squeezer. I don't like people who don't say what they mean, because you know perfectly well that Squeezer is a hundred times better than your silly Guess. Why do you want to say he isn't?
- LOMOV : I see, Natalya Stepanovna, that you consider me either blind or a fool. You must realise that Squeezer is overshot!
- NATALYA : It's not true.
- LOMOV : He is!
- NATALYA : It's not true!
- LOMOV : Why shout, madam?
- NATALYA : Why talk rot? It's awful! It's time your Guess was shot, and you compare him with Squeezer!
- LOMOV : Excuse me, I cannot continue this discussion, my heart is palpitating.
- NATALYA : I've noticed that those hunters argue most who know least.
- LOMOV : Madam, please be silent. My heart is going to pieces.
[Shouts] Shut up!
- NATALYA : I shan't shut up until you acknowledge that Squeezer is a hundred times better than your Guess!
- LOMOV : A hundred times worse! Be hanged to your Squeezer! His head... eyes...



- Shoulder...
- NATALYA : There's no need to hang your silly Guess; he's half-dead; already!
- LOMOV : *[Weeps]* Shut up! My heart's bursting!
- NATALYA : I shan't shut up.
[Enter Chubukov...]
- CHUBUKOV : What's the matter now?
- NATALYA : Papa, tell us truly, which is the better dog, our Squeezer or his Guess.
- LOMOV : Stephan Stepanovitch, I implore you to tell me just one thing: is your Squeezer overshot or not? Yes or no?
- CHUBUKOV : And suppose he is? What does it matter? He's the best dog in the district for all that, and so on.
- LOMOV : But isn't my Guess better? Really, now?
- CHUBUKOV : Don't excite yourself, my precious one. Allow me. Your Guess certainly has his good points. He's purebred, firm on his feet, has well-sprung ribs, and all that. But, my dear man, if you want to know the truth, that dog has two defects: he's old and he's short in the muzzle.
- LOMOV : Excuse me, my heart... Let's take the facts; you will remember that on the Marusinsky hunt my Guess ran neck and neck with the Count's dog, while your Squeezer was left a whole verst behind.
- CHUBUKOV : He got left behind because the Count's whipper-in hit him with his whip.
- LOMOV : And with good reason. The dogs are running after a fox, when Squeezer goes and starts worrying a sheep!
- CHUBUKOV : It's not true! My dear fellow, I'm very liable to lose my temper, and so, just because of that, let's stop arguing. You started because everybody is always jealous of everybody else's dogs. Yes, we're all like that! You too, sir, aren't blameless! You no sooner begin with this, that and the other, and all that. I remember everything!
- LOMOV : I remember too!
- CHUBUKOV : *[Teasing him]* I remember, too! What do you remember?
- LOMOV : My heart... my foot's gone to sleep. I can't....
- NATALYA : *[Teasing]* My heart! What sort of a hunter are you? You ought to go and lie on the kitchen oven and catch black beetles, not go after foxes! My heart!
- CHUBUKOV : Yes really, what sort of a hunter are you, anyway? You ought to sit at home with your palpitations, and not go tracking animals. You could go hunting, but you only go to argue with people and interfere with their dogs and so on. Let's change the subject in case I lose my temper. You're not a hunter at all, anyway!
- LOMOV : And are you a hunter? You only go hunting to get in with the Count and



- to intrigue. Oh, my heart! You're an intriguer!
- CHUBUKOV : What? I am an intriguer? [*Shouts*] Shut up!
- LOMOV : Intriguer!
- CHUBUKOV : Boy! Pup!
- LOMOV : Old rat! Jesuit!
- CHUBUKOV : Shut up or I'll shoot you like a partridge! You fool!
- LOMOV : Everybody knows that oh, my heart! your late wife used to beat you... My feet... temples... sparks... I fall, I fall!
- CHUBUKOV : And you're under the slipper of your house-keeper!
- LOMOV : There, there, there...., my heart's burst! My shoulder's come off! Where is my shoulder? I die. [*Falls into an armchair*] A doctor!
- CHUBUKOV : Boy! Milksop! Fool! I'm sick! [*Drinks water*] Sick!
- NATALYA : What sort of a hunter are you? You can't even sit on a horse! [*To her father*] Papa, what's the matter with him? Papa! Look, Papa! [*Screams*] Ivan Vassilevitch! He's dead!
- CHUBUKOV : I'm sick! I can't breathe! Air!
- NATALYA : He's dead. [*Pulls Lomov's sleeve*] Ivan Vassilevitch! Ivan Vassilevitch! What have you done to me? He's dead. [*Falls into an armchair.*] A doctor, a doctor!
[*Hysterics.*]
- CHUBUKOV : Oh! What is it? What's the matter?
- NATALYA : [*Wails*] He's dead... Dead!
- CHUBUKOV : Who's dead? [*Looks at Lomov*] So he is! My word! Water! A doctor! [*Lifts a tumbler to Lomov's mouth*] Drink this! No, he doesn't drink. It means he's dead, and all that. I'm the unhappy of men! Why don't I put a bullet into my brain? Why haven't I cut my throat yet? What am I waiting for? Give me a knife! Give me a pistol! [*Lomov moves*] He seems to be coming round. Drink some water! That's right.
- LOMOV : I see stars... mist... where am I?
- CHUBUKOV : Hurry up and get married and well, to the devil with you! She's willing! [*He puts Lomov's hand into his daughter's.*] She's willing and all that. I give you my blessing and so on. Only leave me in peace!
- LOMOV : [*Getting up*] Eh? What? To whom?
- CHUBUKOV : She's willing! Well? Kiss and be damned to you!
- NATALYA : [*Wails*] He's alive... Yes, yes, I'm willing.
- CHUBUKOV : Kiss each other!
- LOMOV : Eh? Kiss whom? [*They kiss*] Very nice, too. Excuse me, what's it all about? Oh, now I understand ... my heart.... stars... I'm happy. Natalya Stepanovna... [*Kisses her hand.*] My foot's gone to sleep.



- NATALYA : I... I'm happy too....
 CHUBUKOV : What a weight off my shoulders, ouf!
 NATALYA : But, still you will admit now that Guess is worse than Squeezer.
 LOMOV : Better!
 NATALYA : Worse!
 CHUBUKOV : Well, that's a way to start your family bliss! Have some champagne!
 LOMOV : He's better!
 NATALYA : Worse! Worse! Worse!
 CHUBUKOV : [*Trying to shout her down*] Champagne! Champagne!

CURTAIN

Glossary

- by Jove /baɪ'dʒəʊv/
 Egad
 Brr.
 twitch /twɪtʃ/
 negligee /'neg.lɪ.ʒeɪ/
 birch /bɜːtʃ/wʊd/
 dessiatin
 impudent /'ɪm.pjʊ.d ənt/
 carafe /kə'reɪf/
 give it (somebody
 in the neck)
 pettifogger /pet.ɪfɒg.ər/
 guzzle /gʌz.l/
 frump /frʌmp/
 hysterics /hɪ'ster.ɪks/
 muzzle /'mʌz.l/
 verst /vɜːst/
 whipper-in /wɪp.pɜːn/
 jesuit /dʒez.juː.ɪt/
 partridge /pɑː.trɪdʒ/
 milksop /mɪlksɒp/
 my word /maɪ/wɜːd/
- used for emphasis or to indicate surprise
 (archaic) expressing surprise, anger or affirmation
 used to express a reaction of feeling cold
 a sudden small movement of a part of the body, usually unintentionally
 a loose informal garment for women
 a trees; the wood itself
 a Russian measure of land equal to about 2.7 acres
 not showing due respect for another person; impertinent
 a tall glass container for wine or water
 (a phrase) to punish them
 a person who gives too much attention to small matters in a way that shows a limited mind
 to drink or eat quickly and greedily
 a woman who wears old-fashioned and unattractive clothes
 an outburst of wild uncontrollable emotion
 the projecting nose and jaws of certain animals
 a Russian measure of length about 1.1 km; (0.66 mile)
 hunt official in charge of the hounds
 a member of a Roman Catholic order of priests
 a bird
 man or boy who is weak and timid; spiritless young man
 used to express surprise



Thinking about the Play

1. What does Chubukov at first suspect that Lomov has come for? Is he sincere when he later says "And I've always loved you, my angel, as if you were my own son"? Find reasons for your answer from the play.
2. Chubukov says of Natalya: "... as if she won't consent! She's in love: egad, she's like a lovesick cat..." Would you agree? Find reasons for your answer.
3. (i) Find all the words and expressions in the play that the characters use to speak about each other, and the accusations and insults they hurl at each other. (For example, Lomov in the end calls Chubukov an intriguer; but earlier, Chubukov has himself called Lomov a "malicious, double-faced intriguer." Again, Lomov begins by describing Natalya as "an excellent housekeeper, not bad-looking, well-educated.")
 - (ii) Then think of five adjectives or adjectival expressions of your own to describe each character in the play.
 - (iii) Can you now imagine what these characters will quarrel about next?

Language Work

- I. 1. This play has been translated into English from Russian original. Are there any expressions or ways of speaking that strike you as more Russian than English? For example, would an adult man be addressed by an older man as *my darling* or *my treasure* in an English play?

Read through the play carefully and find expressions that you think are not used in contemporary English, and contrast these with idiomatic modern English expressions that also occur in the play.

2. Look up the following words in a dictionary and find out how to pronounce them. Pay attention to how many syllables there are in each word, and find out which syllable is stressed, or said more forcefully.

palpitations	interfere	implore	thoroughbred
pedigree	principle	evidence	misfortune
malicious	embezzlement	architect	neighbour
accustomed	temporary	behaviour	documents

3. Look up the following phrases in a dictionary to find out their meaning, and then use each in a sentence of your own.
 - (i) You may take it that.
 - (ii) He seems to be coming round.
 - (iii) My foot's gone to sleep.
 - (iv) Having a go

II. Reported Speech

A sentence in reported speech consists of two parts: a *reporting clause*, which contains the *reporting verb* and the *reported clause*. Look at the following sentences:



(A) "I went to visit my grandma last week," said Mamta.

(b) Mamta said that she had gone to visit her grandma the previous week.

In sentence (a), we have Mamta's exact words. This is an example of *direct speech*. In sentence (b), someone is reporting what Mamta said. This is called *indirect speech* or *reported speech*. A sentence in reported speech is made up of two parts a *reporting clause* and a *reported clause*.

In sentence (b) *Mamta said* is the *reporting clause* containing the *reporting verb 'said'*. The other clause *that she had gone to visit her grandma last week* is the *reported clause*.

Notice that in sentence (b) we put the reporting clause first. This is done to show that we are not speaking directly, but reporting someone else's words. The tense of the verb also changes: past tense (*went*) becomes past perfect (*had gone*).

Here are some pairs of sentences in direct and reported speech. Read them carefully, and do the task that follows:

1. (i) LOMOV : Honoured Stephan Stepanovitch, do you think I may count on her consent? (Direct Speech)
(ii) Lomov asked Stephan Stepanovitch respectfully if he thought he might count on her consent. (Reported Speech)
2. (i) LOMOV : I'm getting a noise in my ears from excitement. (Direct Speech)
(ii) Lomov said that he was getting a noise in his ears from excitement. (Reported Speech)
3. (i) NATALYA : Why haven't you been here for such a long time? (Direct Speech)
(ii) Natalya Stepanovna asked why he hadn't been there for such a long time. (Reported Speech)
4. (i) CHUBUKOV : What's the matter? (Direct Speech)
(ii) Chubukov asked him what the matter was. (Reported Speech)
5. (i) NATALYA : My mowers will be there this very day! (Direct Speech)
(ii) Natalya Stepanovna declared that her mowers would be there that very day. (Reported Speech)

You must have noticed that when we report someone's exact words, we have to make some changes in the sentence structure. In the following sentences fill in the blanks to list the changes that have occurred in the above pairs of sentences. One has been done for you.

1. To report a question, we use the reporting verb asked (as in Sentence Set 1).
2. To report a declaration, we use the reporting verb _____.
3. The adverb of place *here* changes to _____.
4. When the verb in direct speech is in the present tense, the verb in the reported speech is in the _____ tense (as in Sentence Set 3).



5. When reporting verb is in _____ and _____ tense, the tense in the reported speech remains _____.
6. If the verb in direct speech is in the present continuous tense, the verb in the reported speech changes to _____ tense. For example, _____ changes to *was getting*.
7. When the sentence in direct speech contains a word denoting respect, we add the adverb _____ in the reporting clause (as in Sentence Set 1).
8. The pronouns *I, me, our* and *mine*, which are used in the first person in direct speech, change to third person pronouns such as _____, _____, _____ or _____ in the reported speech.

Now change the Narration of the following sentences:

1. He said, "I have finished my work."
2. The tortoise said, "Slow and steady wins the race."
3. The students told the teacher that they had been speaking the truth.
4. The teacher said to the students, "India became free in 1947."
5. My friend said, "Can you lend me some money?"
6. He asked me if I had finished my work.
7. He said to him, "What do you want?"
8. The principal said to the students, "Why are you making a noise? Can't you sit still?"
9. The doctor said to the patient, "Take medicines after every six hours."
10. The servant begged the master to forgive him that time.
11. My friend said to me, "Let us go for shopping." (Hint: My friend proposed...)
12. I said, "May God grant peace to the departed soul!" (Hint: I prayed that God might....)
13. The mother wished that her daughter might win a scholarship.
14. He said, "Forgive me."
15. She said, "Let him try ever so hard, he cannot pass."

III. Here is an excerpt from an article from the *Times of India*, dated: 27 August 2006. Rewrite it, changing the sentences in direct speech into reported speech. Leave the other sentences unchanged.

"Why do you want to know my age? If people know I am so old, I won't get work!" laughs 90-year-old A. K. Hangal, one of Hindi cinema's most famous character actors. For his age, he is rather energetic. "What's the secret?" we ask. "My intake of everything is in small quantities. And I walk a lot," he replies. "I joined the industry when people retire. I was in my 40s. So I don't miss being called a star. I am still respected and given work, when actors of my age are living in poverty and without work. I don't have any complaints," he says, adding, "but yes, I have always been underpaid." Recipient of the Padma Bhushan. Hangal never hankered after money or materialistic gains. "No



doubt I am content today, but money is important. I was a fool not to understand the value of money earlier,” he regrets.

Writing Work

1. Anger Management

As adults, one important thing to learn is how to manage our temper. Some of us tend to get angry quickly, while others remain calm.

Can you think of three ill effects that result from anger? Note them down. Suggest ways to avoid losing your temper in such situations. Are there any benefits from anger?

2. In pairs, prepare a script based on the given excerpt from *The Home and the World* by Rabindranath Tagore. You may write five exchanges between the characters with other directions such as movements on stage and way of speaking, etc.

One afternoon, when I happened to be specially busy, word came to my office room that Bimala had sent for me, I was startled.

'Who did you say had sent for me?' I asked the messenger.

“The Rani Mother”.

“The Bara Rani?”

“No, sir, the Chota Rani Mother.”

The Chota Rani! It seemed a century since I had been sent for by her. I kept them all waiting there, and went off into the inner apartments. When I stepped into our room I had another shock of surprise to find Bimala there with a distinct suggestion of being dressed up. The room, which from persistent neglect had latterly acquired an air of having afternoon. I stood there silently, looking enquiringly at Bimala.

She flushed a little and the fingers of her right hand toyed for a time with the bangles on her left arm. Then she abruptly broke the silence. “Look here! Is it right that ours should be the only market in all Bengal which allows foreign goods?”

“What then, would be the right thing to do?” I asked.

“Order them to be cleared out!”

“But the goods are not mine.”

“Is not the market yours?”

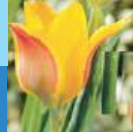
“It is much more theirs who use it for trade.”

“Let them trade in Indian goods, then.”

“Nothing would please me better. But suppose they do not?”

“Nonsense! How dare they be so insolent? Are you not...”

“I am very busy this afternoon and cannot stop to argue it out. But I must refuse to tyrannise.”



“It would not be tyranny for selfish gain, but for the sake of the country.”

“To tyrannise for the country is to tyrannise over the country. But that I am afraid you will never understand.” With this I came away.

Discussion

1. In group, discuss the qualities one should look for in a marriage partner. You might consider the following points:
 - Person or looks
 - Appearance or looks
 - Attitude and beliefs
 - Sense of humour
 - Value system
 - Compassion and kindness
 - Tolerance, ambition
 - Attitude to money and wealth
 - Education and professional background
2. Are there parts of the play that remind you of film scenes from romantic comedies? Discuss this in groups, and recount to the rest of the class episodes similar to those in the play.

Suggested Reading

- *Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens
- *The Merchant Miracle* by Saki





A Glossary of Literary Terms

1. **Allegory:** A tale in which the characters and events represent qualities or ideas such as patience, truth, purity, sin, politics, virtue, vice, etc. The best known example of allegory is John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. *Gulliver's Travels* and *Animal Farm* are also allegories.
2. **Alliteration:** is the repetition of the initial letter (usually a consonant) or first sound of two or more neighbouring words or syllables in a line of prose or poetry, e.g. "In the merry mouth of March".
3. **Ambiguity:** is a figure of speech in which a word or impression is capable of being understood in two or more possible senses or ways, i.e. multiple meanings or shades.
4. **Anagram:** It is word or phrase which is formed by rearranging the letters of another word or letter, for example:
Cat ----- Act
Telegraph ----- Great help
5. **Antagonist:** In literature, it is the character that is the chief force opposing the protagonist (hero). For example, in Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Bilfil is the antagonist opposing Tom or in *Othello*, Iago is the antagonist to the Moor.
6. **Antithesis:** is a figure of speech in which strongly contrasting words or ideas are placed in sharp juxtaposition for the sake of emphasis. For example,
 - i) To err is human, to forgive divine.
 - ii) United we stand, divided we fall.
7. **Anti-hero:** is a protagonist who is deficient in the usual qualities associated with heroism. For example, Joe Lunn in William's *Scenes from Provincial Life*.
8. **Anti-novel:** is a novel which breaks with the conventional, traditional methods of story-telling. For example, Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*.
9. **Anti-play:** A dramatic work which not only ignores traditional rules of play writing but actively distorts them. In it, there is no observable plot, little development of character and dialogue is often disconnected. For example, Harold Pinter's *The Room*.
10. **Antonomasia:** is a figure of speech in which a proper noun is used as a common noun. For example:
He is the Einstein of India.
11. **Apostrophe:** is a figure of speech by which the speaker turns away from the course of his speech, and addresses some abstract idea or inanimate thing as if it or he were present and capable of understanding. This figure is also sometimes called 'passive personification'. For example, John Keats begins his poem *Ode on a Grecian Urn* by apostrophizing the Urn: *Thou still unravished bride of quietness and slow time*.
12. **Archaism:** In literature, it means the use of words and phrases that have become obsolete or out of date. For example, queene : queen.
13. **Aside:** means few words or a short passage spoken by a character in an undertone heard by the



audience but not by the other characters. For example Camillo in William Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*.

14. **Assonance:** means the repetition of similar vowel sound usually in stressed syllables more commonly in poetry than in prose. For example
*Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster child of silence and slow time.*

(*Ode on a Grecian Urn*—John Keats)
15. **Ballad:** is a song or poem that narrates a story. Its theme may be love, hatred, loyalty, treachery, pity or war. For example, John Keats' *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.
16. **Ballet:** is a kind of dancing that tells a story or expresses an idea like a play without words.
17. **Bathos (Anticlimax):** is a figure of speech which is opposite to 'climax'. It refers to a statement that starts with all seriousness but ends on a trivial or ludicrous idea. For example:
*Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cost,
 When husbands die or when lapdogs breathe their last.*
18. **Blank Verse:** is a type of poetry that does not rhyme usually with the syllables in each verse. It is made up of unrhymed Iambic pentameter. For example;
*Oh man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of the forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our woe
 With loss of Eden...*

(*Paradise Lost*—John Milton)
19. **Burlesque:** is a literary work that seeks to ridicule by means of derisive exaggeration or comic imitation. For example, John Gray's *The Beggars Opera*.
20. **Caricature:** is a verbal or pictorial burlesque of a person or of a personal style. The word is now used for almost any sketch or tale which shows a sad person as even sadder, funny person as even funnier or an angry man as even angrier than he is. For example, Malvolio and Sir Toby Belch in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.
21. **Catachresis:** refers to the words which are distorted in order to twist their meanings. For example; 'Nothing ventured, nothing sprained' (gained).
22. **Characterization:** refers to the author's manner of presenting his characters/individuals in his work. For example, Henry Fielding in *Tom Jones*.
23. **Chiasmus:** refers to a form of contrast deliberately built. For example, we 'live to die' but 'die to live'.
24. **Circumlocution or periphrasis:** is a figure of speech in which direct wording is avoided to express something. For example; Economical with the truth: lying.
25. **Cliché:** is an expression or phrase, theme, characterization or situation that has become stereotyped or hackneyed because of excessive use. For example; 'my better half', 'lock, stock and barrel', etc.
26. **Climax:** is a figure of speech in which a series of words or ideas are arranged in such a way that



the sense rises by successive steps for emphasis. For example;

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

(*Ulysses*—Alfred Tennyson)

27. **Closet Drama:** is a drama or play which is written for reading rather than performance. For example, Lord Byron's *Manfred* (1817).
28. **Comedy:** is a drama with a happy ending and is intended to amuse us or make us happy. For example Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.
29. **Conceit:** is a figure of speech that makes surprising comparisons. By this figure of speech, an analogy is made between things apparently dissimilar. It is a characteristic feature of 17th century Metaphysical poets like John Donne. For example, John Donne in his poem *A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning*, has compared two lovers' souls to a draftsman's compass.
30. **Connotation:** A feeling or idea that is suggested by a particular word although it is not necessarily a part of the word's meaning, or something suggested by an object or situation.
31. **Couplet:** refers to two verses of poetry next to each other, especially one that rhyme and have the same length. For example;
Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
(*Richard II*—Shakespeare)
32. **Drama:** refers to a composition in verse or prose that is intended to portray life or character or to tell a story usually involving conflicts and emotions through action and dialogue and designed for theatrical performance. For example, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.
33. **Dramatic Irony:** refers to the incongruity between a situation developed in a drama and the accompanying words or actions that is understood by the audience but not by the characters in the play. For example, Oedipus in Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* not realizing his crime.
34. **Dramatic Monologue:** refers to a kind of poem in which a single person other than the poet himself narrates a specific situation at a moment of great significance. It reveals the speaker's character and is addressed to one or more silent listeners. For example, Robert Browning's *My Last Duchess*, Tennyson's *Ulysses*, etc.
35. **Dramatis Personae:** means the characters in a play.
36. **Elegy:** refers to a poem in which the poet mourns the death of someone very dear to him. Thomas Gray's *An Elegy written in a country Churchyard* is a famous example.
37. **Epic:** refers to a long narrative poem based on a myth or legend, recounting majestically the adventures of a deity or a culture hero. Homer's *Odyssey* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* are famous examples.
38. **Epigram:** refers to a short, witty poem, or a pointed saying or a mode of expression. For example;
They also serve who stand and wait.
(*On His Blindness*—John Milton)
39. **Epistrophe:** refers to the figure of speech which consists in the repetition of words or phrases



at the end of successive clauses. For example;

'Tennyson was a poet, Browning was a poet, Arnold was a poet'.

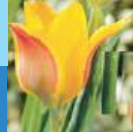
40. **Epitaph:** refers to a poem meant for inscription on a tomb. William Browne's *Epitaph on the Countess Dowager* is a famous example.
41. **Epithet:** refers to a word/s or phrase that characterizes a person or thing. For example, Alexander the Great.
42. **Eponymous:** refers to a character in a play, poem or novel that has the same name as the title. For example, *Mirror* by Sylvia Plath is an eponymous poem.
43. **Euphemism:** refers to the use of inoffensive word or phrase instead of mean or unpleasant one. For example, 'has passed away' for 'has died'.
44. **Euphuism:** refers to an artificial or affected style of writing. It was introduced by John Lyly in the 16th Century.
45. **Fable:** refers to a short tale not based on fact in which animals, birds and insects appear and talk and behave like human beings. It is intended mainly to give moral teaching. Aesop's *Fables* are the best examples.
46. **Farce:** refers to a kind of play or motion picture that is intended to be funny and to make us laugh. The main aim is to provoke mirth of the simplest kind, with stress falling on humour rather than wit. For example, Anton Chekhov's *The Bear*.
47. **Flashback:** refers to the transposition from the present to the past while narrating something. For example, James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.
48. **Flat Character:** refers to a character that remains essentially unchanged throughout the story. For example, Miss Bates in Jane Austen's *Emma*.
49. **Folklore:** refers to the stories and beliefs that have been handed down from one generation to another without ever being written down and usually anyone knowing where the stories or ideas began. For example, the story of Robin Hood.
50. **Foot:** refers to a unit of division of line of poetry containing one strong beat and one or more weaker ones.
51. **Free Verse:** refers to unrhymed verse, rhythmical but with no regular metrical pattern. For example, T.S. Eliot's *Landscapes*.
52. **Hamartia or Tragic Flaw:** refers to the defect (an error of judgement) in a tragic hero/heroine which brings his/her downfall. For example, Hamlet's indecision in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* or Lear's Childish nature in *King Lear* or Othello's jealousy in *Othello*.
53. **Hyperbaton or Inversion:** is a figure of speech which consists in the inversion of normal order of words in a vast sentence for emphasis. For example;

Much have I seen and known.
(Ulyses–Tennyson)
54. **Hyperbole:** is a figure of speech which refers to exaggeration. By this, things are represented greater or lesser, better or worse than they actually are. For example;

Ten thousand saw I at a glance.
(The Daffodils–W. Wordsworth)



55. **Idyll:** refers to short description, usually in verse, of a simple scene or event, usually adventurous aspects of bygone age. For example, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.
56. **Image:** refers to the mental representation of an idea or conception expressed through certain words that have 'an undercurrent of meaning'. In other words, it is a picture made out of words.
57. **Imagery:** refers to the use of words, especially in poetry, to describe ideas or situations. Imagery is of different kinds such as auditory, visual, tactile (touch), olfactory (smell), gustatory (taste) and kinesthetic (sensations of movement). For example;
*The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.*
(Ancient Mariner –S.T.Coleridge)
58. **Innuendo:** is a figure of speech that refers to an indirect hint or an allusive remark usually in a deprecatory manner. For example; 'He was born of rich but corrupt father.
59. **Interrogation or Erotesis:** This figure of speech is also known as 'Rhetorical question'. It refers to a statement that is thrown into the form of a question for rhetorical effect. For example; 'Who is here so vile that will not love his country?'
60. **Irony:** is a figure of speech which consists of a statement that appears to be praise, but is really condemnation. For example;
It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.
(Pride and Prejudice–Jane Austen)
This sentence actually implies that a single woman desires a rich husband.
61. **Jargon:** refers to a dialect used by one class of people only. For example;
The criminal ditching the murder gun.
(It is used in detective stories.)
62. **Legend:** refers to a very old story or set of stories from ancient times, or the stories, not always true, that people tell about a famous event or person.
63. **Light Verse:** refers to poetry on trivial or playful themes that is written primarily to amuse and entertain and that often involves the use of nonsense and wordplay.
64. **Litotes:** refers to an under-statement used ironically, especially using a negative to suggest a positive meaning. For example, 'It was no easy matter' for 'It was very difficult'.
65. **Lyric:** refers to a short poem that conveys personal feelings with intensity. For example, Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*.
66. **Malapropism:** is a figure of speech that refers to ludicrous misuse of one word/s instead of another word/s because they sound similar to each other. For example, 'derangement of epitaphs' for 'arrangement of epithets'.
67. **Meiosis or Miosis:** refers to an understatement made without the purpose of devaluation. It is a contrary figure to 'Hyperbole'. For example; 'I am rather happy here'.



68. **Metaphor:** is a figure of speech in which a comparison is made between unlike things indirectly, categorizing them as identical. Here words 'like' or 'as' are not used as in a simile. For example; 'A scholar fond of world is a donkey loaded with books'. He is a lion. She is a moon.
69. **Metonymy:** is a figure of speech which consists of the use of the name of one thing for that of another of which it is an attribute or with which it is associated. For example; 'Crown' for 'King', 'the Bench' for 'the Judiciary', etc.
70. **Metre:** refers to the regular arrangement of syllables in poetry/prose according to the number and type of beats in a verse/line.
71. **Mime:** It refers to a kind of drama in which characters tell a story by gestures. Sophron of Syracuse (5th c. BC) composed some of the finest mime plays.
72. **Mock-epic:** refers to a work of literature, usually a poem, in which various conventions of the epic are used for satiric purposes. For example, Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*.
73. **Mysticism:** refers to the belief that direct knowledge of God, spiritual truth, or ultimate reality can be attained through subjective experience (as intuition or insight).
74. **Narrator:** The person/s who tell/s the story or from whose vantage point the events of a story are viewed. For example, Marlow in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.
75. **Occasional Verse:** refers to poems written for special occasion/s, such as birthday, coronation, etc. For example; W.B. Yeats' *Easter 1916*.
76. **Occultism:** refers to the belief in or study of the action or influence of supernatural or supernormal powers.
77. **Ode:** refers to a structured lyric which expresses the poet's feelings about a particular person or subject, often addressed to that person or subject. For example, Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*.
78. **Onomatopoeia:** is a figure of speech which refers to the formation of words or names from sounds that resemble those associated with the object of action to be named or that seem naturally suggestive of its qualities. For example, Cats mew.
79. **Oxymoron:** is a figure of speech in which two words of contradictory meaning are used to produce an impact. For example; 'Sound of Silence'.
80. **Parable:** is a short story, usually fictitious, which inculcates some moral lesson or religious principle. For example, Jesus (AS) used parables to give moral lessons to his disciples.
81. **Paradox:** refers to a statement whose parts seem to be mutually contradictory, yet which make sense after deep consideration. For example;
'Deep down she is really very shallow'.
82. **Parody:** refers to a literary work in which the style of another work or author is copied for comic effect or in ridicule. For example, Fielding's *Shamela* (1741) is a parody of Richardson's *Pamela* (1740-41).
83. **Pathetic Fallacy:** is a figure of speech in which nature is presented as if it had life and human sentiments. For example;
'I hear leaves drinking rain'.



84. **Pathos:** refers to a quality in speech, writing, events, etc. that excites pity or sadness in audience/readers. For example; the death of Desdemona in Shakespeare's *Othello*.
85. **Personification:** is a figure of speech in which inanimate objects or abstract ideas are treated as if they were human beings or having human attributes. For example 'Death lays his icy hands on kings'.
86. **Protagonist:** refers to the main character in a story or a play. In other words, it means the person the story is about. For example; Pip in Dickens' *Great Expectations*.
87. **Pun or Quibble:** refers to a figure of speech in which there is a play upon word/s usually for comic effect. For example
'What is black and white and red (= read) all over?' 'A newspaper'.
88. **Quatrain:** refers to a four-line stanza, rhymed or unrhymed. For example;
*O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.*

(La Belle Dame Sans Merci John Keats)
89. **Quintain or Quintet:** refers to a stanza of five lines. For example;
*Now you have freely given me leaves to love,
What will you do?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
When I begin to woo?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too?*

(Thomas Carew)
90. **Refrain:** refers to a recurring line or a group of lines or a phrase or even a word sometimes with slight changes especially at the end of each stanza. For example; '*Sweet Thames, run swiftly, till I end my song*' in Spenser's *Prothalamion*.
91. **Rhyme:** refers to the similarity in terminal sounds of words used in poetry. It is not necessary that rhyme should occur at the ends of verses. Sometimes it does in the same line. For example;
*Know then thyself; presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.*

(Alexander Pope)
92. **Rhythm:** refers to the pattern formed by the stressed and unstressed syllables, used in poetry.
93. **Round Character:** refers to a character in a story, usually in a novel, as the story unfolds itself. For example; Emma in Jane Austin's *Emma*.
94. **Satire:** refers to a form of writing holding up a person or society to ridicule or showing the foolishness of an idea, custom, etc. It diminishes a subject by making it ridiculous. For example Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.



95. **Sestet:** refers to a stanza containing six lines.
96. **Simile:** is a figure of speech in which a comparison is made between two things by the word 'like' or 'as'. For example;
I wandered lonely as a cloud

(*The Daffodils* — W. Wordsworth)
97. **Soliloquy:** refers to a dramatic device by which a character comes alone on the stage and utters his thoughts aloud. By this, the playwright is able to convey directly to the audience information about a character's motives, intentions, state of mind, and for purposes of general exposition.
98. **Sonnet:** refers to a kind of lyric of fourteen lines, each of ten syllables and having a formal pattern of rhymes.
99. **Stanza:** refers to a number of verses in a poem forming a separate unit.
100. **Symbol:** refers to word/s representing or recalling something, especially an idea or quality. For example, 'White' and 'Cross' are symbols of purity and Christianity.
101. **Synecdoche:** is a figure of speech in which part is named but whole is understood or whole is named but part is understood. For example;
- i) 50 sails for 50 ships.
 - ii) 'Blind mouths' for 'corrupt clergy'.
 - iii) He lived only ten summers (years).
102. **Tercet:** refers to a stanza which consists of three lines.
103. **Tragedy:** refers to a tale, especially dramatic, of exceptional suffering. It relates the fortunes and misfortunes and finally to the disasters that fall upon the people of power, title and position. For example, Shakespeare's *King Lear*.
104. **Tragicomedy:** is a tale in which there are both the elements of tragedy and comedy. For example, Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*.
105. **Zeugma:** refers to a figure of speech using a verb or adjective with two nouns, to one of which it is strictly applicable while the word appropriate to the other is not used. For example; "He killed the family and the luggage". Here the verb 'kill' governs 'family' and 'luggage', though it is strictly applicable to 'family' only. The word appropriate to 'luggage' is 'destroyed' which is not used here.