

**DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
PROVIDENCE WOMEN'S COLLEGE**



AUDIT COURSE
IN

**TRANSLATION
THEORY AND PRACTICE**

II SEMESTER M.A. ENGLISH 2020-21

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AUDIT COURSE IN TRANSLATION

NO:	NAME	TITLE OF WORK	PAGE NO:
1.	Aashika E K	Rhino Camp - S.K. Pottakkad	3
2.	Akhila Jose	Kadaltheerathu – O.V. Vijayan	11
3.	Ambili K	Vellapokkatthil – Thakazhi	18
4.	Amruta	Eidgah - Premchand	24
5.	Anagha S Kumar	Sabdangal – Vaikom M. Basheer	41
6.	Anila C Vincent	Viswavikhyaathamookku – Basheer	48
7.	Anjali G M	Aakashdeep – Jayshankar Prasad	54
8.	Anjitha Reji	Kadaltheerathu – O.V. Vijayan	61
9.	Aswathi K C	Kaattu Paranja Katha – O.V. Vijayan	71
10	Athira Prabhakaran	Thenmaavu – V.M. Basheer	79
11	Athulya E	Thakur Ka Kuaan - Premchand	85
12	Bindiya Bisind	Amma Paranja Nunakal - Ashitha	90
13	Dhanya K	Veluttha Kutty - Uroob	109
14	Elizabeth O S	Biriyani – Santhosh Eachikkaanam	117
15	Fathima Maria Shamsudheen	Ormayaude Njarambu – K.R. Meera	126
16	Geethika A K	Lola – P. Padmarajan	132
17	Karthika G J	Panch Parameshwar - Premchand	141
18	Megha Suresh	Premalekhanam - Basheer	150
19	Niranjana Sunil P	Poos Ki Raat - Premchand	158
20	Sahada Bhanu	Chuvanna Paavada - Madhavikutty	169
21	Saniya Saji	Vaapsi – Usha Priyamvada	177
22	Santhra George	Neypayasam - Madhavikutty	186
23	Shaphy Joseph J	Kadayanelloorile Sthree – T. Padmanabhan	191
24	Thejassy K	Marappavakal - Karur	203

AUDIT COURSE

ENG2 A02: Translation Theory and Practice

**TOPIC:RhinoCamp from the collection 'Nile Diary' by
S.K.Pottekkattu**

Submitted by

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Roll No: 1

I MA English

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RHINO CAMP

December 18

This morning I left Butiaba and boarded the SS Korinden via Lake Albert and arrived at Pakuach by bus. Aruva is a village in the remote region of Uganda, adjacent to the Belgian Congo. Negros(*kapis*) can be seen in the streets and in the market places, half covered with leaves. Presently I am staying as a guest in the shop of an Indian Muslim merchant.

December 22

I also boarded a lorry carrying goods from Aruva to the rhino camp. Rhino Camp is a port which is 42 miles away from the Nile. The ship departs from Butiaba and goes to Sudan by touching the rhino camp. The bushes in the rhino camp are home to rhinos. I went to the rhino camp hoping to get a chance to see them up close in droves. But I had to despair.

Thousands of rhinos still roam the nearby bushes but due to the annoyance of lorries roaring through the roads, they move away. Although their voices were often heard from the next battle and beyond. During the rhino camp trip, I did not see any of the real figures of rhino holding swords like the oracle.

I saw an island flowing through the river at rhino Camp. A large islet, usually full of trees and plants, runs downhill. There are also some waterfowl riding on it. The Nile River is thus full of rising islets. Much of the Nile are small islands that consist of continuous floating islands. Not only on the Nile, but also on many lakes in Africa, floating rafts are floating around. Gradually water bodies were enlarged with grasses and soils: trees also began to grow on them. Due to the

piercing force of the water currents, the artificial plants sometimes separate from the shore and wander through the lake. When the villagers woke up one morning to a place called Dumo on the shores of Lake Victoria, they saw a new world in front of them. The authorities were also amazed by a wonderful world full of trees, forests, crocodiles and thousands of snakes.

They informed the higher authorities. The malaria spores and termites carried by the strange objects were more dangerous than crocodiles and snakes. Finally the authorities brought a tug from Kisumu. The strange island was arrested and had to be deported.

Hippopotamus hunting is a hobby of the Negros here. Killing a hippopotamus in a country boat with an arrow, bow and spear is a tough hunt, but now that you remember the taste of the meat, that adventurous hunt doesn't matter.

December 24

The bus left Moyo at 10 a.m. and arrived in Lorappi at 12 p.m. The Nile is divided by a large island here. This island is full of dense grass and small trees.

Here is the Nile Crossing. Our bus was boarded on the raft; we got on too. Lots of people with sacks full of dried tapioca, dried fish and gingelly on their heads crowded the raft to cross the river. Among them were men dressed in sheepskin and torn old military dress tied around their waists. Their whole body was shaved and the head was painted and 5,6 red thread peels were tied in front of the waist - not to cover the skin but as a decoration – a short negro woman perched on the raft carrying a huge luggage on her head. She used a long bamboo pipe for smoking.

One can see water pots made by dried tree barks in the hands of the natives. The climate is always thirsty with sun and heat, endless shrubs with no dripping water, thus people here always carried

water in lightweight handmade vessels. Men also carried bows and arrows and some even have long spears handy with them.

The raft shook and after a while, a thin lyre rose. When I turned around, I saw a native boy wearing only a pair of socks under his waist playing melodious music with some musical instrument, that strangely looked like that of a rat trap. I have often wondered how this musical taste was transmitted to these people.

In any interior of Africa, young people carry a small musical instrument in their hands. When they get free time, they take it and play soft music and enjoy themselves. Our bus driver had a vision when he heard the song falling from a distance. He got up, gritted his teeth and began to dance. The driver stopped the bus in a village on the other side of Lorappi and went to a nearby hut. From there, he returned after drinking enough alcohol. When the spirit of alcohol was combined with the spirit of music he began to dance. He was dancing on the edge of the raft and I was afraid whether he would fall headlong into the water and if that happens, then the scholar will have to dance from the crocodile's mouth. If it was so our vehicle would have to be parked in the woods without a driver on the Nile shore. Anyway it didn't happen, he abruptly stopped dancing. And then he began a lecture. The subject was a comparative study between dances in Maadiland and Acholiland.

In Madiland, men used to dance behind women, shaking their back. But it is not so in Acholi land, there, the men dance in front of the women, holding their friends' waists. He also acted the steps of Acholi dance with obscene gestures. As a result of his comparative study, he established the idea that Acholi dance is better than Maadi dance.

It took an hour to get the raft across the islet.

When we reached the other side of the islet, the landscape changed. The landscape looked like bizarrely shaped cliffs that intertwined with the bare hilly and dry plains. As the bus drove some distance through some of the cliffs and through the rough plains, we began to see hut that looked like '*ottal*' and the native Acholi tribes hanging long flags in front of the waist were also spotted.

At two o'clock we reached the village of Ajman and then the driver went into a hut to have some snacks to eat. When I looked down there I saw an Indian Duka board, but unfortunately the store was closed. The shop owner, an Indian Muslim, approached me from the back of the stall and he invited me inside. He gave me a chair to sit on and called someone. From the nearby hut came out, a very ugly native woman, whose large part of the body was snatched away by her stomach.

“Tea.” Old Thayyabali ordered her. I had to drink the tea that she prepared. The Bus horned to call me. And so I bid farewell to old Thayyabali.

I was down with fever. Referring to his loneliness, old Thayyabali said that this Ajman is a corner of Africa where the devil even does not look back. The bus reached Atiak at 3:30. From here I have to go to Sudan. There are three Indian stores in Atiak. Mr. Patel invited me to the house and served me puri and tea; we also talked a little politics. Patel is a member of the Hindu Mahasabha. Patel was asking how long it would take India to fight Pakistan and recreate old India.

We traveled 100 miles and arrived in Guluvaram town at 6 pm.

Mr. Bakshi Singh Adwal invited me to his house. He asked me to stay with him and visit many places in northern Uganda and before I leave to Nimula, but as the Malayalee friends in Kampala had written in advance, I told Singh that Mr. Raphael was waiting for me in Gulu and that it would be more convenient for me to stay with him. Mr. Singh took me and the postal luggage in his car to Mr. Raphael's house.

Mr. Raphael is the Sub Post Master in Gulu; Adwal is the main contractor.

Mr. Raphael and his family greeted me with as much joy as if I was a lost family member long time ago and had been reunited with the family.

Mr. Raphael is the only South Indian national to be trapped in Gulu. His hometown is Kolar in Bangalore. He has been in Africa for 30 years. He has no one special in India and his wife and children are with him. The old man was overjoyed to have a Madhirasi, especially a Malayalee from the neighborhood, as his guest. Gulu is the capital of the northern state of Uganda and the district of Acholi.

Gulu is said to be the healthiest place in Uganda. The cold weather, the lush green plains, the newly built beautiful bungalows, the long paths and the walkway lined with African flowers have made Gulu run into a town in the middle of the forest. Gulu is a town that developed recently, until a few years before, the place was just a jungle. It can be said that the white man's love for the cool climate here led to reform and prosperity.

Gulu has about twenty Indiandukas. The Indian population here is about 150. Most of the government employees are from Goa.

Gulu, situated in the lonely corner of Uganda may be due to this geographical position and the less number of Asian population in Gulu may have made the Indians and Pakistanis and Goa people to live a socially united life. Moreover, the white officials here have joined forces with them to form a kind of African foreign union. Whites are eager to come to the house of Asians and have fun and spend time with their small family.

The people here does not prefer to consume any meat immediately after the slaughter instead they store it for five to six days and served it at the point where it becomes stale and gives off an unpleasant odor. The smell does not matter, afterall it is not the smell that goes into the stomach; this is their opinion. They say that the taste and quality of the meat increase when it becomes stale. Some foreign food chemist experts also agree with this opinion - they must have learned this technique from the tigers.

Roasted sesame seeds and boiled peas mixed with salt and spices are the staple food of the people of Acholi. There will also be curries cooked of rats and frogs.

The Acholis are the oldest and tallest, their legs are longer. The women here are extraordinarily decorative. The women pierce their upper lip and bend a piece of brass wire or a piece of glass bangle there. They wear ten rows of brass rods on their wrists and backside. They wore ivory bracelets with tassels around the neck. One can also see pig claws as an accessory in the hair of some females.

Leopard skin is a royal symbol. Only the '*moopan*' (head of the tribe) and his children have the right to wear leopard skin. Those who can't even afford to buy cotton cloth wear cattle skin around their waist. All these are dress code for festive occasions. For men a waist belt and a six-inch piece of cloth is enough to wear regularly.

These Acholi people have no sense of shame or morality but they are people with great sense of humor and perseverance. It is a characteristic of them that they only lie when they move their tongue. Although they are expert hunters in the forest with bows and arrows, they are generally not warriors. They are the ones who are looking to grab and steal things from strangers. They are

very happy to go to jail because they can get food there without doing much work and thus even the government is not sure how to punish people with such a mindset.

Although it is a degenerate class in all fields, the Acholi people are famous for the excellence in the field of dance. That is why they have developed dance as a special art. They have created and modified the dances in a way that is unique to each occasion.

I met a professor Mr. Garly, who had come from England to Uganda and settled here only to study about the dances in Acholi.

Today, the contact with civilized man and the efforts of the missionaries are changing many of their bestial practices and lifestyles. Only the elderly maintain such ethnic ancient customs. Young people have changed their dressing style, they wear short pants and shirts. We can also see women wearing skirts and walking around carrying goods over their heads.

AUDIT COURSE
ENG2A02: TRANSLATION THEORY AND PRACTICE

ORIGINAL TITLE : KADALTHEERATHU (1988)

AUTHOR : O V VIJAYAN

TITLE : ON THE BEACH

Submitted
to the department of English,
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by
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LPEG02

On the Beach

When Vellayiappan started his journey, a loud cry went up from his house. The listeners were the neighbours in Ammini's house and Muthuravuthan's house. And they were sad. About fifty children around these houses were also filled with sadness and sympathy. Vellayiappan was going to Kannur. If there was money to pay as the train fair all the Pazhuthara people including Amminiyettathi, Muthavannan, Nakelachan, Kombipooshari etc, would have gone Kannur. The train journey to Kannur was for the people of Pazhuvathara. Vellaiyappan left the settlements and walked across the field along the ridge. The screams in the back subsided. Now he left the field path and entered the plot. Through the yellow grass of the plot, the footpath continued as a mark of stripe of someone's sorrowful journey.

“O Gods, Lord!” - Vellayiappan screamed.

The wind caught the palmyra tree which stood on both the sides of the foot path. For the first time Vellayiappan feels the movement of wind on the leaves of Palmyara as strange. As if the Palmyara leaves were speaking. Like the Gods and ancestors were speaking through the Palmyara leaves. The hand is wet by the wetness of packed meals, which was tied in the loin cloth. When his Kodachi tied this meal, she might have shed a lot of tears in it. The moisture of the tears spread through the knot on the loin cloth.

He had to walk four furlongs more to reach the Railway Station. After walking a while, he saw Kuttusan mappila coming from the opposite side. Kuttusan mappila moved from the path respectfully.

“O Vellayi!” - Mappila said.

“O Marakyare!” - Vellayiappan replied.

That's all. Two words, names, but, they both knew the long and rich sequences of conversation in those two words.

‘O Marakyar I owe you fifteen rupees....No....no fifteen rupees and four anas.’

‘Vellayi, don’t remember about that in this journey.’

‘Marakyar, I may never be able to give you that.’

‘The unpayable debts are the deposits in God’s treasure. Let them remain as such.’

‘My heart is broken, my life is uprooted.’

‘May God help you, Muthunabhi may help you, May yours and my god help you.’

The wind through Palmyra trees became drenched with godliness. Vellayiappan leaved Kittusan Mappila and continued his journey. He should walk four furlongs more. Look! Another person is coming, Neelimannathi. Neeli, was coming with a bag of washed clothes on her shoulder. She stood aside from the path.

“Vellayiacho” - Neeli said. Only that much.

“O Neeli” - Vellayiappan said. That's all. He also stopped.

Just two words. An abundance of solace in between two words. Vellayiappan moved.

The footpath joined a narrow road. Vellayiappan walked through the road. The road stepped into the river. If you climbed the hillock after crossing the river, that would be the path to the Railway Station. Vellayiappan stepped into river. Embracing the feet and carrying the small river fish, the river flowed. When he reached the middle of the river, the feeling of a bath dawned on him and it grieved him. He remembered having bathed the corpse of his father and having bathed his son in his childhood days in a pond. He also remembered the warm water. He wept until he climbed the hillock after crossing the river. He reached the Railway station and he stood in the queue for taking ticket. He took the money from the corner of his dress.

“Kannur,” Vellayiappan said. When the clerk sealed the ticket and gave it to him through the window, it seemed as if he had crossed a part of the journey. He tied the ticket in the corner of his dress. Vellayiappan climbed the stairs and reached the platform. He sat on a bench and waited for the train. The sun drooped far away. The birds flying on top of the darken Palmyra trees had

reached the nests. He remembered his son who wondered when he saw the setting birds, catching his little finger, in the field path of the Mundakan field. He also remembered his father who walked through the field alone during the sunset. Two pictures. Between that, like between two names, like between two words, the prosperity of something. An old man, who was seated in the remaining part of bench asked. "To Coimbatore?"

"No, to Kannur" - Vellayiappan said.

"I am going to Coimbatore".

"O."

"The Kannur train is at 10. o 'clock."

"What is the job in Kannur?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Going without any reason?"

The conversation of the stranger gripped the neck of Vellayiappan as a murder rope. If he crosses the chief path of Pazhuthathara, everybody is a stranger to him. The uninterested conversation of strangers became numberless tightening in his neck. Because the train to Coimbatore came earlier, so that the old man seated beside him in the bench went away. Vellayiappan became alone. He doesn't have the mind set to open the packed meal. Vellayiappan sat touching the wetness which came out in the loincloth. He sat down and slept. He dreamt in the sleep. Vellayiappan said in the dream: 'O Kadunni, son'.

The trembling and hissing of the train wakened Vellayiappan. He stood up with aflutter. He checked and made sure that the ticket was there in the corner of his dress. He slowly moved to the train. He began to climb, in a vacant place.

"This is first class, old man"

"Is it?"

"Next box"

"It is reserved"

“Is it?”

“See the next, old man”

The sounds of strangers.

At last he got in to a box. There was no place to sit, he could hold something and stand. I will stand. I don't want to sleep. My son won't sleep tonight. The rhythm of train, the changing rhythm based on changing existence, the street lights, the sanded river banks, trees. I had once travelled in the train long before; in the daylight. This is a night train. The train was moving through a tunnel which have faded pictures on either side walls.

When he reached Kannur, the sun had not risen. The unopened packed meal remained in the hand. Vellayiappan came out after surrendering the ticket at the gate. Far away, there was some sign of the blossoming dawn in the darkness of sky. The crowded horsemen didn't asked Vellayiappan, if he wanted a vehicle. Vellayiappan asked: “which is the way to prison”?

Some one laughed “Here is an old man asking the way to jail early in the morning!”. Another person also laughed: “Uncle! Steal something and then you can easily go to jail”. Vellayiappan felt suffocated. Again the talk of the strangers strangled him. At last someone showed the way. Vellayiappan walked. The sky became bright on the top with the sound of crows. The guard stopped Vellayiappan at the Gate.

“Where are you going in this morning?” Vellayiappan was frightened. He stood in front of the Guard with the feebleness of a child. Then he slowly untied the corner of garment, and took a yellow paper. The paper was curled and disordered.

What is that?” guard asked.

Vellayiappan handed over the paper to the guard. Guard didn't look at the paper. Vellayiappan said: “my child is here”.

“Who asked you to come in this early morning ? ”the guard asked roughly: “Let the office open”.

By the impact of some habit, the guard looked at the paper. His face suddenly filled with kindness.

“Is it tomorrow?” the guard asked.

“ I don't know” - Vellayiappan said. “What is written on the paper? I don't know”

Guard keenly a the information in the paper once again.

“yes, tomorrow morning at 5 'o'clock. He said.

Vellayiappan's eyes expanded. They were full of a notion of shock.

“Is it ?” Vellayiappan said.

“Sit here elder brother.”

“O”

He sat in a couch fixed in the wall in front of prison, as if he was waiting to open the doors of a temple.

“Did you have tea or coffee, elder brother.”

“No.”

My son wouldn't have slept this night and would not have woken up. How would he have the mind to drink the tea? Vellayiappan's palm was pressed on the packed meal. This meal was packed by your mother for me. I brought it here without eating in the journey. It is the only thing, which I have to give you. The food which was packed in the loin cloth, is fermented. The time became heavy slowly.

The office opened. The officers occupied the places behind the tables. The guard marched. The prison became crowded.

The superior officer checked the paper. They ordered. The strange sounds of orders. Traps without hatred and derision. They strangle and suffocated. The heat of the sun light increased.

“Wait here”. Vellayiappan was waiting.

One of the guards took him in to the prison. The corridor which doesn't know the heat of sunlight.

Here it is. Kandunni stood behind the iron bars. He looked at Vellayiappan strangely. The veils of mind which could neither give nor receive

solace. The guard opened the door. Vellayiappan entered in the prison. They both stood face to face for a while. Then Vellayiappan embraced his son. Kandunni cried in a sound which was unheard.

Vellayiappan cried: “son!”

Kandunni replied: “father!”

Only two words. In between these two words, in sorrow, in silence, father and son exchanged their notions.

‘What did you do, son?’

‘I do not remember father.’

‘Son, did you kill any one?’

‘I don’t remember.’

‘Don’t worry son, you don’t have to remember any thing.’

‘Does the guard remember?’

‘No son’

‘Father, Will you remember my pain?’

The loud silent cry: ‘Father don’t let me to hang.’

All these exchanges, in between two words.

“Old man, come out, time is over”

Vellayiappan came out, the iron door closed behind him. The strange Kandunni stood, looked out through the iron bars as if he were looking out from the compartment of a moving train. Vellayiappan walked away with the look of the last devoted prayer.

SECOND SEMESTER AUDIT COURSE

TRANSLATION

Topic : A Translation of “ Vellapokathil” by Thakazhi

From : Ambili k 1st M.A. English

Roll no: 3

In the Flood

The temple situated in the highest part of the town. There too, the God is immersed in neck-deep water. Water, water everywhere! All the people of the village have gone searching for the shore. If they had a boat, one person would stay back to guard the house. The temple has three rooms on top, where there are 67 children, 356 people and domestic animals like dog, cat, goat, hen et al. All of them are harmoniously together. No quarreling at all.

Chenaparayan had been standing in water a whole day and a whole night as he did not have a boat. It has been three days since his master had fled for his life to a safer place. In the evening, as the water started to enter the hut, he made a platform with coconut-frond and splints. He sat there expecting the water level to recede in a couple of days. If he abandoned the place someone would surely steal the things there.

Now there's water up to his knees on the platform. The thatched hut lay two feet underwater. Chennan called aloud. Who would answer his call? There was no one nearby. The pregnant woman, four children, a cat and a dog took shelter on the platform, completely reposing their faith in him. It dawned on him that if water pours down from above, within minutes the hut would completely submerge and he and his family would die. The heavy rains had not stopped for the past three days. Chennan removed a small thatched portion of the roof, dragged himself up and looked all around. A boat was moving along the northern side. He shouted to the boatman. With luck, the boatman understood his situation and turned the boat towards the hut. He pulled the children, the woman, the dog and the cat out one by one. By that time the boat had reached the hut

. As the children were getting onto the boat, he heard somebody calling "Chenacha...Hooii!" Madianthara Kunjappan was calling from the roof top. Chennan hurriedly helped his wife onto the boat. The cat too, jumped into the boat in the nick of time. No one remembered the dog. It was roaming around the thatched roof sniffing here and there. The boat moved on and was soon out of sight.

The dog came back to the spot on top of the roof. By then Chennan's boat was far away. It was gaining speed. The animal began to howl as if in the throes of death. Its whine sounded more like that of a helpless human being. There was none to hear it cry. It ran to the four sides of the thatched roof. It sniffed at whatever it saw and whined again. A frog, which was sitting comfortably on top of the hut, frightened by these unusual noises jumped across the dog into the water. The dog, scared by the frog, stared at the ripples in the water for a long time. It went sniffing here and there, it must be searching for food. A frog pissed on the dog's nose and quickly escaped into the water. As a result the dog sneezed. It turned its head around. Then rubbed its face with its hind leg.

It started to rain heavily again. The dog sat bending forward and suffered the heavy downpour. His master had reached Ambalapuzha. The night fell. A massive crocodile floated close to the hut and the frightened dog, with its tail between its legs, barked but the crocodile ignored the dog and seemed not to notice anything. The dog sat on the roof. It was hungry and thirsty. It looked up at the clouded sky and began to cry. Its cry echoed all around. The compassionate God of Vayu took its painful cries further. A few humane people, who stayed back guarding their houses, must have felt pity for the dog. On the

shore, the dog's master must be getting ready for dinner. After dinner, usually the master would give one handful of his dinner to the dog .

The dog howled constantly for a very long time. Slowly it calmed down. The man guarding the house to the east of the hut was reciting the Ramayana. The dog quietened and looked towards the eastern side, as if listening to the Ramayana very carefully. A little while later, the dog began to howl again till its throat get's hurt.

In the silence of the dusk, the melodious voice of the person reciting Ramayana echoed over the waters of the flood. The dog listened with its ear pricked to that human voice. The melodious voice wavered in the cold breeze. Except the noise of the breeze and the sound of the waves nothing else could be heard.

The dog lay down on the platform. Its heavy breathing interspersed with its disheartened muttering. A fish leaped in the water. The dog jumped up and started barking. In another place, a frog jumped. The dog became disturbed and growled. The day dawned. The dog began to whine in a low pitch once again. It was a tune that would melt hearts. Frogs stared at it and, the dog watched them jump and play in the water.

He looked longingly at the bunch of flowing coconut leaves. The whole place was deserted. There was no smoke rising out of the chimneys from any of the houses. The dog attacked the flies on its body and ate them, then with its hind legs it would scratch its chin and chase the flies away. The sun shined for a little while. Exhausted, it snatched some sleep in that period. The shadow of the plantain leaf swayed in the waters. The dog got up and barked.

The sun dimmed, far away a boat was tossing in the current. The dog got up, wagged its tail and looked at the scene greedily. It muttered. The boat vanished into the coconut groves. It then rained. Bending its hind legs the dog sat down. It looked to its left and right. One could read its helpless state from its eyes

The rain stopped. A small boat came out from the house on the right side and stopped under the coconut tree. The dog wagged its tail, yawned and muttered. The boatman climbed the coconut tree and plucked tender coconuts. There and then in the boat, the man split open the coconuts and drank the coconut water and then rowed away.

A crow flew from a far off tree and landed on the floating carcass of a buffalo. Chenan's dog barked with greed. The crow ignored it and tore at the flesh, had its fill and flew off. A green bird sat on a plantain leaf near the house and started chirping. The dog, now frantic and disturbed, started

barking. The bird flew off too. A bunch of ants floated on the water. The dog thought it to be some edible thing and sniffed it. It sneezed and its nose became swollen and red. In the afternoon, two people came in a small boat. The dog wagged his tail gratefully and said things that sounded like some human language. It readied to board the boat. "Look, there's a dog." One of them said. The dog as if it understood the man's compassion towards him, whined in gratitude. "Let it be there." The second one said. It seemed as if the dog had swallowed something, it opened its mouth and made a despairing sound. It prayed. It readied to jump into the water twice. The boat moved away. The dog moaned again. One of them looked back and said "Oh! It's not the cry of a boatman. It's the sound of the dog."

The dog's cry rapidly moved around in the wind. The sound of the waves could be heard. Nobody looked back. The dog stayed there until the boat was out of sight. It climbed onto the thatched roof as if to say farewell to the world. Maybe it was telling itself that it would never love man anymore. It lapped up some water. The poor animal looked at the birds flying overhead. A water snake came swiftly towards it. The dog jumped onto the roof top. The snake slipped through the hole of the roof which Chenan and his family had come out. The dog looked down the hole and began to bark and mutter. Hunger and fear started within it. Any linguist or alien from Mars would have understood that dog. It spoke a universal language. The night fell. Heavy rains accompanied by strong winds came down hard. The upper portion of the thatched hut shivered as the waves hit against it. The dog nearly slipped from its post twice. A long head appeared on the water. It was a crocodile. The dog began to howl pitifully. The collective cry of hens came from somewhere close by.

"A dog's bark can be heard somewhere. Haven't people moved from here?" A boat laden with hay, coconuts and bananas came to rest under the plantain tree. The dog stared at them and began to bark. It had its tail raised as if angry and continued to bark. One of them from the boat climbed on to the plantain tree. "Kooove, Looks like the dog may jump!"

The dog leapt forward. The one who climbed the plantain tree fallen into the water. The other one helped him back into the boat. By then the dog swam back onto the thatched roof of the hut, shook its body and began to bark angrily and loudly.

The thieves had stolen the bananas. "Some are left behind for you," they told the dog that seemed to bark its throat off. They then filled the boat with hay.

Finally, one of them climbed onto the thatched roof. The dog bite him on his leg and tore off a mouthful of flesh. The person cried in pain and jumped back into the boat.

The other man in the boat hit the dog's stomach with the boatman's pole. The dog whined and its voice slowly became weak –a whimper. The man, who was bitten by the dog, cried in the boat. The other one, who hit the dog, comforted him, "Keep quiet! Someone may hear." They rowed away. The dog looked in the direction of the boat and barked loudly after it. It was near midnight. A big dead cow floated close to the roof. The dog looked at the dead cow from above but did not come down. But as the carcass moved away slowly, the dog yawned, tore at the coconut leaves, wagged its tail, it seemed to know it would soon

reach. The dog came down, pulled at the carcass and started to eat to its hearts content.

"Thud!," somebody had hit the dog. The dog was not to be seen. The cow sank into the water, came up and then drifted away. The storm, the jumping of the frogs and the lapping of the waves were the only noises that could be heard. There was complete silence. The people guarding the houses never heard the dog's helpless cry any longer. The rotting carcasses flowed past. On a few, the crows sat pecking at the flesh and eating it. No sound could distract the crows. Nobody could stop the thieves from stealing. It was desolate everywhere.

A few minutes later the hut toppled over and sank. Nothing was seen on the calm water's surface. That loyal animal had guarded its master's house till its death. The master had abandoned it. But it was for the dog that the hut remained above water until it was caught by the crocodile, it seemed; then the hut slowly sank into the water, until it was completely submerged.

The water started to recede. Chenan swam towards the hut in search of the dog. The dead dog was found under a coconut tree. The waves were beating against it. Chenan turned the dog over with his big toe. He was unsure if it was his dog. One ear was cut, the skin had rotted away and it was completely discolored.

He lied down and waited here and there in the surroundings of the prison. The sun came to the head. Time is running out. Will Kandunni sleep tonight? The night was passing away. Kandunni lives inside the walls.

Vellayiappan heard the resounding of horn, before the dawn. He was not aware that, it was a custom during the execution of death sentence. They said that it was at 5 am in the morning. Vellayiappan knew the time, without the watch; He had an inborn sense of a farmer.

Vellayiappan received the dead body of his son as a midwife.

“Old man, you can cremate the body as you like.”

“No, I have no interest.”

“Don’t you take the responsibility of the body?”

“Sir, I have no money.”

Vellayiappan walked behind the vehicle pulled by scavengers. Vultures flew in the top of the open places outside. Vellayiappan saw the face of Kandunni before it was covered with soil. He placed his palm on the forehead and blessed his son.

Wandering in the heat, Vellayiappan reached the beach. He saw the sea for the first time. Something was there in the palm, wet and dripping. It was the meal which was packed and given by Kodachi. Vellayiappan opened the packet. He threw the food to the ground. The crows came to peck the food from the upper reaches of the blazing sun.

Audit Course ENG1A02 Translation Theory and Practice

"EIDGAH" BY PREMCHAND

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of
Masters of Arts

BY

AMRUTA

ROLL NO : 4

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

PROVIDENCE WOMEN'S COLLEGE

CALICUT

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EIDGAH

After the full thirty days of Ramadan, Eid has finally arrived and brought a beautiful and enjoyable feeling along with it. The trees were bizarrely green, the fields radiating beauty and the sky unnaturally red. Even the sun looked lovely and soothing as if greeting the world on Eid. The village came alive with excitement and preparations are being made to visit Eidgah. Someone found a button missing from his shirt and is rushed to his neighbour's house for thread and needle. Another found his shoes stiff and ran to the oil-press for oil to grease it. Some dumped fodder for their oxen because it would be noon before they returned from Eidgah as it was three miles away from the village. In the Eidgah they would have to meet and greet hundreds of people which would make it impossible to return before noon. Boys are the happiest of them all. Some among them fasted just for a day and that too just till noon, whereas some didn't fast at all; but no one can dare deny them the pleasure of visiting Eidgah. Then again Roza-keeping is for the elders and the aged, for the boys it is 'The day of Eid!'. Everyday they were eager for Eid and finally the long awaited day had come. And now they are impatient with people for not hurrying up to Eidgah. Household worries are not a matter of concern for them! They are not concerned whether or not there is enough milk and sugar for the sewaiyan, all they want is to eat the sewaiyan. How would they know why Abbajaan is desperately running to the house of Chaudhri Kayam Ali. They wouldn't know that if Chaudhri were to change his mind he could turn the festive day of Eid into that of Muharrum. The pockets of the Chaudhri bulge with Kuber's (the Hindu god of wealth) own treasure! All they do is take their treasure from their pockets, count it with delight and put them back to repeat the same action.

Mahmood counts his money, "One, two... ten, twelve" he has a total of twelve paisa. Mohsin has "One, two, three, eight, nine... fifteen" paisa. They had planned to buy countless

things with their uncountable money – toys, sweets, balls, and much more. Hamid was the happiest among them. He was only four years old; a poorly dressed thin boy. Previous year his father had died of cholera and then his mother became progressively pale and died. No one came to know the disease she suffered from because she never told anyone anything. And even if she were to, no one would have cared any less. She kept things hidden in her heart and when she couldn't stand it any longer she left this world for good. Now little Hamid sleeps at his old grandmother Ameena's and is as happy as ever. She promised him that his Abbajaan has gone away to earn money and will return with bags full of money. She also tells him that his Ammijaan has gone to Allah's house to get lovely gifts for him, which makes Hamid very happy. Among children hope is wonder! A child's imagination can turn a molehill into a mountain. Hamid has no shoes on his feet; the cap on his head is worn out and tattered; its ribbon has turned black nevertheless Hamid is happy. He believes that he would fulfill his heart's desires when his Abbajaan comes back with sacks full of money and his Ammijaan with gifts from Allah. Then he will have more money than Mahmood, Mohsin, Noorey and Sammi.

In her closet the hapless Ameena shed bitter tears. It is Eid and there is not even a single grain of food in her house. Only if her Abid had been alive, would Eid have come and gone just like this? She was sinking into this darkness and hopelessness. Why did this unlucky day come at all was all she could think. Eid was not welcomed in her house. But Hamid! He was unmindful of those who were dead or alive because he was filled with light and hope. Misfortune may strike with all its force, but Hamid's joyful heart would always triumph over it. Hamid ran inside and told his grandmother, "Don't fret over me Amma, I will be the first to return. Don't worry." Ameena was sad, because all the other children were going with their fathers. She was the only 'Father' Hamid ever had. Disturbing thoughts evaded her mind – How can she let him go to the fair all alone? What if he gets lost in the

crowd? No, she will not lose her precious boy! How can he walk three miles? He is just a small child, his feet would get blistered because he doesn't even have a pair of shoes. If she went along with him she could pick him up now and then. But then who would cook the sewaiyan? If only she had the money she could have bought the ingredients on the way back and cooked it quickly. Here she will take hours to collect everything. The only way out was to borrow them. That day she had stitched Fahiman's clothes and earned eight annas. She had tried to save that money for Eid, but when the milkmaid had demanded to be paid yesterday, what could she have done? There is nothing that she could give Hamid, but the least she could do is buy milk for him which required two paisa daily. Now all that is left are two annas. Three paisa are in Hamid's pocket and five in her purse. Even on the day of Eid this is all she has! Allah alone could save her now. The washerwoman, the barber and the sweeper women, and the woman who sells bangles would ask for sewaiyan and no one likes a little quantity. How could she avoid them all? And, why should she bother hiding? Eid comes after a year. Even their fate is also linked to this festival. All she wishes is Allah's protection for her boy and a hope that these days shall also pass.

The villagers moved out in a group to the fair and Hamid was also going along with other children. Some of them ran and took the lead. Then they would stand under a tree and wait for the others to join. Hamid seems to have grown wings on his feet. How could anyone think he would get tired? On reaching the edge of the city both sides of the road had orchards belonging to the rich, enclosed all around by thick, high walls. In the gardens mango and lychee trees were laden with fruit. Occasionally a boy would hurl a stone at the mangoes. The gardener then should rush out cursing at them. By then the boys were out of his reach and were laughing because they enjoyed fooling the gardener. Then big buildings came into their sight; the law courts, the 'Kallege' and the 'Klab'. How many boys would there be in this big 'Kallege'? Someone wondered. The answer given was, No sir, they are not all boys! Rather

they are grown-up men with enormous moustaches. They are so grown up and still studying! No one knows how long they would go on, and what they would do after studying so much! In Hamid's Madrasa too there are two or three grown up boys. According to Hamid they are of no worth because they get beaten up every day, for shirking their homework. These 'Kallege' fellows must be of the same type. The 'Klab-house' is a place for magic shows. It is rumoured that the skeletons walk around here also they stage grand shows. Thus outsiders are not allowed in. By the evening the rich 'Sahabs' play games here. Grown-up men, with moustaches and beards playing games! Was indeed a wonder but what surprised these kids most was that not only did the men play, but even their 'Maimain'! That's the honest truth! Hamid added, "If my Amma is given that thing called bat; she wouldn't know how to hold it. Even if she tried to wave it about she would stumble down." Mahmood said, "My Ammijaan's hands would shake; I swear by Allah they would!" Mohsin replied, "Come on, she grinds maunds of wheat. How would her hand shake holding a small bat? She draws hundreds of pitchers full of Water from the well every day and my buffalo alone drinks up five pitchers. If a 'Maim' had to draw just one pitcher, she would definitely faint." Mahmood interrupted, "But your mother can't run, or jump around, could she?" "It is true," replied Mohsin, "she couldn't leap or jump. But one day when our cow got loose and entered Chaudhri's fields. Amma ran so fast after her that I couldn't catch up. Honest to God! Let us move to the sweet vendors. All so gaily decorated! Who could eat all these delicacies? Every store has them piled up in mountain heaps. It is believed that Jinns come at night and buy all that is left. Abba used to say that at midnight a person comes to each shop, buys all the sweets and pays in real rupees, just like the ones we see."

Hamid couldn't believe what he heard. "How would the Jinns get rupees like these?" Mohsin replied, "Jinns are never short of money, They can pick them from the treasury they want. Don't you know no iron bars can stop them? Well, What do you know? They even

possess jewels and diamonds. If they are pleased with someone they will give him baskets full of jewels. They are here one moment, and within five minutes they can be in Calcutta.” Hamid asked again, “Are these Jinns really huge?” Mohsin asserts, “Each one is as big as the sky. If they stand on the earth their heads touch the sky. But if they wish they can become so small and get into a tiny brass pot.” Hamid asked, “How do people please them? If anyone taught me the spell I would definitely try and please at least one Jinn.” Mohsin said, “I do not know, one thing is certain that Chaudhri has a lot of Jinns under his control. If anything is stolen, he traces it and even names the thief. Once Jumerati’s calf was lost. They searched for three days without success. Then they went to Chaudhri. At once the Chaudhri said that it was locked up in the home for stray cattle and later the lost calf was found there. The Jinns come and tell him all the news in the world.’ Now Hamid could understand why Chaudhri was so rich and why people hold him in so much respect. They moved on. This is the ‘Pulice’ line. All the ‘pulice Canistibill’ parade here and shout ‘Rai Tun! Fai Fo!’ These poor men patrol the city the whole night to prevent thefts.

But Mohsin objected, “Do these ‘Canistibill’ patrols prevent thefts? Then you know nothing, dear sir, these very people connive at the thefts. All the thieves and robbers of the city are hand in glove with them. At night these people tell the thieves to steal in one mohalla and they themselves move away to another mohalla shouting ‘jagte raho, jagte raho.’ How do you think these people get rich? My Mammu is a ‘Canistibill’. His salary is twenty rupees, but he sends home fifty rupees. By Allah! Once I asked him where he got so much money from. He smiled and said, “Allah gives it all.” Then he added, “We could make lakhs of rupees in a day if we wished. But we take only this much so that we don’t earn a bad reputation or get caught and lose our job.” Hamid asked, “If these men are behind the theft, why doesn’t anyone catch them?” Mohsin, taking pity on his innocence, says, “You fool! Who is going to catch them! They themselves are the catchers. But Allah does punish them

severely. The ill-gotten money is lost quickly. A few days ago Mammu's house caught fire and all the wealth got burnt down. Not a single pot or pan survived. For many days they had to sleep under a tree. By Allah, under a tree! But then from somewhere he borrowed a hundred rupees and bought the utensils." Hamid got curious, "Isn't one hundred bigger than fifty?" "Fifty, and one hundred have no comparison! Fifty can be put in one bag. But a hundred can't even be put in two bags."

Then they reached the center of the city. A group of people going towards the Eidgah can be seen. All wearing very bright colored dresses, each brighter than the other. Some were coming in an eke tanga, others on a motor, all drenched in perfume and their hearts full of excitement. And here was this small batch of villagers moving along, contented and carefree, quite unmindful of its precarious existence. Children found everything in the city extraordinary and fascinating. When something caught their eyes they would stare at it and even the repeated 'aarn' couldn't make them move. Hamid for that matter was nearly run over by a motor.

All of a sudden, the Eidgah was visible. Above it were the massive tamarind trees casting its shade on the cemented floor on which carpets have been spread. And there are row upon row of the Rozedars as far as the eye can see, spilling well beyond the mosque courtyard where there are no sheets. The newcomers line themselves behind the others because here neither wealth nor status matters, all are equal in the eyes of Islam. The villagers too washed their hands and feet and made their own line behind the others. What a beautiful, heart-moving sight it was to witness thought Hamid, How perfect has everything been arranged and organized! A hundred thousand heads bow together in prayer! And then all together they stand erect; bow down and sit on their knees. Many times they repeat these sequences exactly as if a lakhs of electric bulbs were switched on and off at the same time again and again in unison. A wonderful extraordinary sight, that fills one's heart with pride,

devotion and bliss through this vast, timeless and collective act. As if the spirit of brotherhood has strung all the souls in a single thread.

The namaz was done, people embraced each other. Later they swarm around the sweets and toy shops. This batch of villagers was no less enthusiastic than the children. There was The Swing! Pay one paisa and enjoy riding up to the heavens; one moment you feel you are flying in the air, and the next moment that you are falling to the ground. And also the merry-go-round; wooden horses, elephants and camels hang from iron rods, pay one paisa and have twenty-five rounds of fun. Mahmood and Mohsin and Noorey and Sammi mount the horses and camels. But Hamid just stood away. He had only three paise and he couldn't waste one third of his treasure just for a few miserable rounds.

They descended from the merry-go -round as it was the time for toys. There were all kinds of toys in the toy shops; 'sipahi' and milkmaids, kings and ministers, water-carriers and washerwomen and Sadhu. They looked amazing! So life-like as if they were just about to speak. Mahmood purchased the Sipahi, one with a khaki dress and a red turban, a gun on his shoulder who looked as if he was ready to march in a parade. Mohsin took the water-carrier with his bent back under the weight of a goat-skin water bag filled with water and held the mouth of the bag with one hand and he looked pleased with himself; perhaps, he was singing a song. It seems as if the water is about to pour out of the bag. Noorey has fallen for the lawyer who had a scholarly look on his face. A black gown over a long, white coat with a gold watch chain going into the breast pocket, and a huge law book in one hand. It appears as if he has just finished arguing a case in a court of law. All these toys are worth only two paise each. But all Hamid had was three paise; how can he afford to buy such expensive toys? He thought, If the toy dropped out of his hand, they would be smashed to bits. A little splash of water would discolour it. What would be the use of buying these toys anyways?

Mohsin proudly declared, “My water-carrier would sprinkle water every day, morning and evening.” Mahmood replied, “My sipahi would guard my house. If a thief came near, he would ‘feyr’ his rifle at once” Noorey said, “My lawyer would fight many cases.” Sammi argued, “And my washer-woman would wash my clothes daily.” Hamid, who had no toys for himself, began to condemn the toys. “They are only made of clay. One fall and they would break into pieces.” But his eyes betrayed him, they were passionate and longing to hold the toys just for a moment or two. His hands seek the toys, but young boys are not givers, particularly when their possessions are new and Hamid was left longing for the toys.

After the toys came the sweets. Someone buyed sesame seed candy, some gulab jamuns, some sohan halwa. They were eating those with delight. Only Hamid was left out of this group. Poor unlucky boy who had only three paisa. He looked at others with hungry eyes, couldn’t he just buy one for himself.

Mohsin offered, “Hamid, come, have a sesame candy, it smells good.” Hamid knew deep down it must be a cruel joke; he knows that Mohsin can’t be so generou. Yet knowing all that he still went to Mohsin. Mohsin took a piece out of his leaf-wrap and held it towards Hamid. Hamid extended his hand to take it but Mohsin immediately put the candy in his own mouth. All others clapped their hands and laughed as if it was the funniest joke ever. Hamid felt humiliated by this. Mohsin then said, “This time I will let you have it. I swear by Allah! I will give it to you. Come and take it.” Hamid replied, “You keep your sweet. I too have money.” Sammi argued, “All you have are just three paisa. How many things would you buy with them?” Mahmood contributed that, “Mohsin is a rascal. Hamid, come, I’ll give you a gulab jamun. Mohsin is just playing around.” Hamid replied, “What’s so great about sweets? Books are filled with bad things about eating sweets.” Mohsin, too cruel to let go, added, “But in your heart you must be wanting to eat them. Why don’t you take out your money?”

Mahmood added, "I know all his tricks. When we have spent all our money, he will buy these sweets and eat them just to tease us."

Following the sweets shops there were few hardware stores and shops of real and artificial jewellery. There is nothing there to attract the boys' attention. Thus they moved forward. Hamid stops at the shop that was selling iron things. He saw many piles of tongs. It occurs to him that his grandmother does not have a pair of tongs. Each time she bakes chapattis, the iron plate burns her hands. If he were to buy her a pair of tongs she would be very pleased. Then her fingers won't get burned. It would be a useful thing to have in the house. What use are toys? They are a waste of money, he thought. All they provide is short term entertainment and then are forgotten. They might break into pieces before they even reach home. A pair of tongs is very useful. You can use it to hold chapattis and bake them as you like. And if someone comes to borrow fire, you can just pick a piece of burning wood and hand it over. My poor Amma has no time to come to the market. And then, when would you have money for this! She burns her fingers every day. These thoughts crossed Hamid's mind.

Hamid's companions have moved ahead. He started thinking; They are drinking sherbet at a stall, how selfish they are! They bought so many sweets but nobody shared them with me. And then they ask me to play with them, do odd jobs for them. Now if they asked him to do things, he would tell them, "Go suck your lollipop, it will bum your mouth; it will give you a rash of pimples and boils; your tongue will always crave for sweets; you will have to steal money to buy them and get a good beating in the bargain. It's all written in books. My tongue won't be infected. And amma would come running towards me on seeing the tongs and cry out, "My child, you have brought this for me!, My child has brought me a pair of tongs", and showers me with a thousand blessings. She will show it to her neighbours. Soon the whole village would be saying, "Hamid has brought his grandmother a pair of

tongs, how nice he is!” No one will bless the other boys for the toys they have got for themselves. Blessings of elders are heard in the court of Allah and are immediately acted on. Because I have no money Mohsin and Mahmood show off. Let them play with their toys and enjoy their sweets all they can. I will not play with toys. I will not stand any nonsense from anyone. I may be poor, but I don't go begging. And one day my father and mother will return. Then I will ask these chaps, “Do you want any toys? How many would you fancy?” I will give each one a basket full of toys and teach them how to treat friends. I am not the sort who buys a paisa worth of sweets to tease others by sucking them myself. I know they all will laugh and say Hamid has brought a pair of tongs. Let them, I don't care!

Hamid asks the shopkeeper, “How much for this pair of tongs?” The shopkeeper looks at him and seeing no older person with him replies, “It's not for you.”

“Is it for sale or not?”

“Why should it not be for sale? Why else should I have bothered to bring it here?”

“Why then don't you tell me how much it is!”

“It will cost you six paisa.” Hamid's heart sank.

“Tell me the right price.”

“All right, it will be five paisa, bottom price. Take it or leave it. “

Hamid hardened his stance and said, “Would you give it to me for three?”

Saying this proceeds to walk away fearing an angry retort from the shopkeeper. But the shopkeeper, on the contrary, called Hamid back and gave him the pair of tongs. Hamid carried it on his shoulder as if it were a gun and strutted up proudly to show it to his companions. Let us hear what they have to say.

Mohsin laughed and said, “Are you crazy? What will you do with the tongs?” Hamid flung the tongs on the ground and replies, “Try and throw your water-carrier on the ground. Every bone in his body will break.” Mahmood inquired, “Are these tongs some kind of toy?” Hamid threw the tongs on the ground and said, “Just you do this with your toy sipahi. All its bones would crack in no time.” Mahmood argued, “This is not a toy.” Hamid replied, “Why can’t it be a toy? Place them across your shoulders and it becomes a gun; wield them in your hands and it is like the tongs carried by fakir. One smack and it will destroy all your toys. And much as your toys may try they can not harm my tongs. My tongs are like a brave lion.” Sammi had also bought a small drum and was impressed with Hamid’s toy asks, “Will you exchange them for my tambourine? It is worth two annas.” Hamid looked at the drum with contempt and said, “My tongs can rip your drum apart. All it has is a leather skin that makes a dub-dub noise. A touch of water could silence it forever. My brave pair of tongs can stand against fire, water and storms, without budging an inch.”

The pair of tongs has mesmerized everyone. But now no one has the money left. And then they are now very far from the fair. It is well past nine and the sun is getting hotter with every passing minute. Even if they talked their fathers into it, they could not get the tongs. Sly Hamid saved up all his money just to taunt them, they all thought.

Now the boys got divided into two factions. Mohsin, Mehmood, Sammi and Noorey are all on one side, and Hamid by himself is on the other side. They were engaged in a debate. Sammi has defected to the other side. Even though Mohsin, Mahmood and Noorey, are all elder to Hamid by a few years, they feel terrorized by Hamid’s verbal onslaughts. He has the force of justice and strength of policy on his side. As if clay is set against iron. Hamid is unconquerable and deadly. If a lion came their way, the water-carrier would be flattened. If a tiger was to spring on them the water-carrier would be out of his wits; Mister sipahi would drop his clay gun and flee; the lawyer sahib would, out of sheer fright, lie down flat on the

ground and hide his face in his gown, lie down on the ground and wail as if his nani had died. But this brave pair of tongs, Champion of India/Rustum-i-Hind would leap and grab the lion by its neck and pluck out its eyes.

Mohsin summoned all his courage in his plea, “Ok, But they cannot go and fetch water, can they?” Hamid raises the tongs upright and replies, “One angry word of command from my tongs and your water-carrier will go running to bring water and start spraying it at his doorstep.” Mohsin was dumbstruck, but Mahmood brought in reinforcement, “If he’s caught he would be dragged to the court. And then he would have to fall at lawyer sahib’s feet for help.” Hamid could not refute this forceful argument. Yet he asked, “Who would catch him” Noorey said with pride.” This rifle-carrying sipahi of mine.” Hamid made a face and taunted hi, “Will this poor fellow catch my Rustum-i-Hind? Ok, come, let’s have a wrestling match. Far from catching them, he will be scared to look at my tongs in the face.” Mohsin thought of a new ploy, “Your pair of tongs would burn its face in the fire everyday.” He was confident that Hamid would become speechless. That is not what happened. Hamid retorted at once, “Mister, it is only the brave who can jump into a fire. Your miserable lawyers, sipahi, and water-carriers will run homewards like frightened women. Only this Champion of India can perform this task of leaping into the fire.”

Mahmood made another attempt, “Lawyer sahib would sit on a chair. But what will your tongs do other than lie on the kitchen floor?”. This argument roused both Sammi and Noorey. They thought this was indeed an important argument. Mohsin had said something great. What else can a pair of tongs do except lie in the kitchen? When Hamid cannot think of an appropriate retort, he starts speaking nonsense, “This tongs won’t stay in the kitchen. When lawyer sahib is sitting in his chair, my pair of tongs would go there, catch him and drag him to the ground and thrust his laws into his belly.”

Well, that was no argument. It was a mere abuse. But the idea of thrusting the laws into the lawyer's belly completely overwhelmed everyone. So much so, that all the three warriors were utterly squashed. It was as if a half-paise kite had sent hurling down a giant kite by cutting off its line. Law is a thing that comes out of the mouth. Shoving it into the belly sounds absurd but it does have a novelty to it. Hamid had won the fight. His pair of tongs is the Rustum-i-Hind. Now, Mohsin, Mahmood, Noorey and Sammi can't raise any more objections to this fact.

The respect that a victor naturally deserves from the vanquished was given to Hamid. The others have spent between two to three annas each and bought nothing worthwhile. Hamid had done wonders only with three paise. Isn't it true that toys are meant to be broken but Hamid's tongs will remain intact for ever.

Negotiations for terms of a truce began. Mohsin said, "Come, Give me your tongs for a while, you can have my water-carrier for the same time." Mahmood and Noorey also offered to show their toys. Hamid had no problem with these terms. The pair of tongs was inspected by all in turn. And Hamid petted the toys one by one. How pretty these toys were!

Hamid tried to wipe tears of the losers. "I was just kidding. How will these iron tongs compete with your toys? The toys seem like they are going to come alive any moment." But there was no consolation for Mohsin's party. The tongs have won the day and no amount of water can wash away their stamp of authority. Mohsin said, "No one will bless us for these toys." Mahmood retorted, "Blessings! We might well get a beating. Ammi would ask whether this clay toy was all I could bring from the fair." Hamid had to concede that no one's mother would be as pleased with the toys as his grandmother on seeing the tongs. He had only three paise to do everything, and there was no reason to regret the way he had used his money. And now the pair of tongs was the Rustum-i-Hind and king among all these toys. On their way

back Mahmood felt hungry. His father gave him bananas to eat. Mahmood shared them only with Hamid. All the other boys kept staring. This was a reward won by the tongs.

By eleven the village came alive. All those who had gone to the fair were back. Mohsin's younger sister ran up, snatched the water-carrier out of his hands and began to jump with joy. But then Mister Water-carrier slipped out of her hand, fell on the ground and departed for heaven. At this the brother and sister began to fight; and both of them cried. Which caused their mother to lose her temper because of the racket they were making and slaps them both twice.

Noorey's lawyer met an honourable end, befitting his status. A lawyer could not sit on the ground. He had to keep his dignity. Two nails were driven into the wall, a wooden plank was put on them and a carpet of paper was spread on the plank. The honourable counsel was seated like the great king bhoj on his throne. Noorey started fanning him. He knew that in the law courts there were khus curtains and electric fans. Shouldn't there be at least an ordinary fan here?, otherwise the hot legal arguments might affect his lawyer's brains. Noorey was waving his fan made of bamboo leaf. We do not know whether it was the breeze or the fan or something else that brought the honourable counsel down from his high pedestal to the depths of hell and reduced his gown to mingle with the dust of which it was made. Then there was great mourning and lawyer Sahib's remains were consigned to the garbage heap.

Only Mahmood's sipahi had survived, but the day was still young. He was immediately put on duty to guard the village. But this police constable was no ordinary mortal who could walk on his own two feet. He had to be provided a palanquin. A small basket was brought and some red-coloured rags were spread in it. The sipahi was made to lie down in it. Noore picked up the basket and began to pace up and started roundabouts. His two younger brothers followed him, lispig, 'chone wale jagte laho' on the sipahi's behalf.

But night had to be dark; he stumbled, the basket slipped out of his hand. Mister Sipahi with his gun crashed on the ground and one of his legs was fractured. Only today Mahmood realized that he was such a good 'Dactar'. He found an ointment that could repair that broken leg. But he needed some sap from the banyan tree. The sap was brought and the fractured leg repaired. But the moment the sipahi was made to stand his leg gave way. When the surgery failed his other leg was also broken. Now at least he can sit comfortably. With one leg he was unable to sit or stand. Now the sipahi has become a sanyasi and keeps watch in the sitting posture. Sometimes he acts like a god. Some lines have been etched on his head to make it look turbaned. Now you can do with him whatever you like. Occasionally he is used as a weight.

Finally, listen to Hamid's story. The moment Ameena heard his voice she came running and lifted him up in her lap and began to fondle him. Suddenly she saw the tongs in his hand, and cried "Where did you get this?"

"I bought it."

"For how much?"

"Three paisa."

Ameena started wailing. "What a foolish boy!", she said. It is already noon and he hasn't eaten anything. And what has he brought, this pair of tongs! "Couldn't you find anything else to buy at the fair? Except for the iron tongs." Hamid said with a sense of guilt, "Your fingers get burnt when you cook. So I bought this."

The old woman's anger at once changed into affection. Not the affection that is long-winded and expresses itself in a spate of words. But one that is quiet, thick and sweet. How full the child is with renunciation, generosity and understanding! He must have been tempted to see others buying toys and eating sweets. How did he restrain himself? There too he

thought of his old grandmother. Ameena thought and was filled with uncontainable joy. And now the strangest thing happened. Even stranger than Hamid buying tongs! Now the roles were reversed, The child Hamid had played the role of the mature elder Hamid. The old Ameena now turned into the little girl, who just got the most precious gift she was craving for long. She had spread her apron and was begging Allah for blessings, for little Hamid, and shedding fat tears. How would Hamid unravel this mystery? How was Hamid ever to understand what was going on inside her mind and heart!

AUDIT COURSE

ENG A02

A translation of 'Sabdangal' by Vaikam Muhammad Basheer

Submitted by: Anagha S Kumar

Submitted to: Bindu Ma'am

Roll No: 05

VOICES

1. Midnight Visitor

Once upon a time there was a young man who was an orphan. He committed a large number of murders. In his twenty- fourth years of life he...

In between let me ask you a question! Are you beginning the story?

Yes!

You are coming to say about whom.

_About myself

Oh! That's nice.

Didn't you ask me to begin the story from somewhere?

Yes... yes... right. I was not serious about it. I thought you were...

Insane? Isn't it?

What's your illness?

Insanity!

So? Everyone has a small portion of madness in them. Can't you brush your teeth and take a bath? Just look at your looks, hair, beard and your foul smelling clothes. At least you can take a bath and go about clean know?

I think water is the blood of earth.

Then... what else?

I have no other clothes to change or a towel to bath.

Who sent you to me in the middle of the night?

I came myself. No one sent me. I noticed you in the daytime. I listened when your name being mentioned. You were pointed out to me. I began to follow you. On the way many others joined you. All of you gathered here and were talking till now. When I saw them leave after the discussions, talks, laughter and noise, I entered this room.

Oh! You were standing alone in that darkness till now?

Yes.

How you are familiar with me?

I have read your books.

Where did you get my books?

I bought them.

Where did you get the money?

I was in the army.

So that's how you became a killer, isn't it?

Yes. I have killed not only the enemies. Is there any meaning in enemies and allies?

Ok. So you are an admirer of mine. Isn't it?

Yes, of course.

What have you brought for me?

I have nothing with me.

Then?

What is your opinion about murder?

What you mean? Whether it's good or bad?

Yes.

What can I say?

Nothing to say about it?

Don't get disturbed! I will say something. I don't want to be murdered by anyone. Usually I look whether the killer is stronger than me. If he is not I fight with him courageously. If he is stronger, I ran away as fast as I can!

Are you kidding?

What do you want now?

My life has no philosophy. I want to tell you some stories.

Is it ok for tomorrow? Now I am so tired listening too much of talk. Now I want to eat something and go to sleep. It is better for you to come tomorrow. You don't need to come too early. It is good if you come about by eleven or twelve. I wake up only then.

Where will I go till then?

Don't you have a place to go?

No.

Are you familiar with someone here?

I don't know.

Have you taken food?

No.

Do you have any money with you?

No.

Oh nice!

What you want now?

Want?

Yes!

I will tell. You should not get angry. Two: you should not stare at me. Three: you have to brush your teeth and take a bath. Four: wear washed clothes. Five: comb your hair and beard if you have it with you. Six: I have food enough for one. Seven: both of us can share the food. Is that ok?

Yes.

Then you go this way to the next room and don't touch my bed. Towel and tooth powder are placed in that corner. You can take that torch with you. Just a minute, I will give you new clothes. Don't bring back what you wear now. You can use the bed in the next room. When it is time to sleep I will close the door. If you want to go out, you can. You are totally free. Now go and take a bath. Then we can have our dinner and go to sleep. We will do all the discussions tomorrow. Is that ok for you?

Yes.

Let me interrupt. Were you discharged from the army?

Yes.

What was the reason?

Don't you know? We won the war!

How many soldiers were discharged from the army?

May be about four or five lakhs.

Are you their representative?

I am not a representative of anyone. I am a representative of myself. Don't I have the right to say things on my own?

You have every right.

I don't have any particular affections for anything. I love this entire macrocosm. I am born on this earth know. Everyone here is related to me of any religion or of any opinion. I love them all. I became a soldier. What is the duty of a soldier? To kill people as many as possible... so I killed. None of the leaders of the war were on the battlefield. It is said to be people's war. People

supplied with destructive weapons ranged on opposite sides and killed one another. And called people's war. Which people?

Did you forgot our condition? Don't get angry,ok? And remember one thing. I am not the person who send you to the army. So why are you getting angry with me?

I need to express my anger with someone. I am hurted deeply.

Oh! That's great.

What you want now?

Nothing. Have your bath. Then let's have our food and go to sleep.

2. Four Way Junction

It's been long time since I slept in peace. Without place, food and work.

Do you have acknowledged parents...?

No.

Then how do you...?

Came into being? Isn't it? Just like any one of you.

But I have acknowledged parents, brothers and sisters.

I don't have anyone.

Where were you born

At a four way cross road.

Means?

I know only what my adoptive father told me. He got me as a new born baby from a lonely path on an early morning.

Then?

He took me and informed the police and the government authorities too.

And then?

No one wanted me. So he took me with him. He bathed me and laid me on a clean white cloth. He kept me in a small box and carried me away. From the millions of names, he gave me a name... then I grew up in his religion and gave a moderate education too.

So you grew up in his community.

That's only. I don't believe in any religion now. All religions are almost same and everything tries to make man better.

Which religion were you born into?

How do I know? Can be from any religion. Christianity, Islam, Hindu, Jew, Parsi... or perhaps from a union of any two people. Anyway I have never sucked a mother's breast! I feel very thirsty when I see breasts. Breasts! Breasts! Enormous breasts!

What did you do after your foster father died?

My studies stopped and go looking for a job and finally became a soldier. I can't tell my story systematically. Instead I can tell bits from here and there.

Who was your foster father?

Audit Course

2020-2021

ENG2 A02 Translation Theory and Practice

Submitted By

Anila C Vincent

Ist MA English

Roll No:06

The World Renowned Nose

Vaikom Muhammad Basheer

It is a wondering piece of news. A nose has become a matter of dispute among intellectuals. I record here the true history of that nose. The owner of that world-renowned nose had completed twenty four years of age, when the story began. No one knew him before that. Does the twenty-fourth year in a person's life have any special significance? Who knows? If one looks through the recorded pages of world history one finds that the twenty-fourth year had great significance in many great lives. Students of history need hardly be told this. The hero of our story was a cook, a kitchen worker. He was not particularly intelligent. He could not read and write. He was confined to the world of kitchen. He was totally indifferent to happenings outside the kitchen. Why should he pay attention to them? He could eat to his satisfaction; inhale as much snuff as he wanted; sleep; work. This was his daily routine. He did not know the names of the months of the year. When it was time for him to receive his salary his mother would come and take it. If he wanted snuff the old lady herself would buy it for him. He lived a contented life till he reached his twenty-fourth year. Then an amazing thing happened! His nose grew slightly in length. It passed his mouth and reached his chin. The nose began to grow in length every day. Was it possible to hide this? Within a month the nose reached his navel. Did he feel uncomfortable? Not in the least! He could breathe freely. He could inhale snuff. He could distinguish between smells. No inconvenience worth talking about. Such noses might have been there in the recorded history of the world, very rarely. However, because of his nose, the poor cook was dismissed from his job. What was the reason? No group came forward with the slogan: 'Take back the dismissed employee.' Political parties shut their eyes to this injustice. 'Why was this man dismissed?' No philanthropist came forward with this question. Where

did all the intellectuals go? The poor cook! No one had to tell him why he had lost his job. The reason was that the people living in the house where he worked could find no peace because of him. People came visiting night and day, to see the long-nosed one and his nose. Photographers, interviewers, news reporters became a nuisance; a vast sea of humanity. A number of things were stolen from the house. Even the eighteen year old girl was also tried to be kidnapped. As the dismissed cook sat starving in his lowly hut, he was convinced of one thing, he as well as his nose had acquired wide publicity! People from distant lands came to see him. They stood stunned with surprise at his long nose. Some touched it too. But no one asked: 'Have you eaten today? Why do you look so weak?' There was no money in the hut: not even to buy a small packet of snuff. Was he a wild animal to be kept starving? He might be a fool, but he was a human being. One day he called his old mother aside and told her in a whisper: 'Get these horrid people out and shut the door!' and the mother promptly put them all out and closed the door. Good fortune dawned on the mother and son since that day! People began to bribe the mother to see the son's nose! Stupid people. Some upholders of justice protested against this corruption. But the government did not take any action. Many protested against the inaction of the government and joined revolutionary parties, out to sabotage the government! The income of the long nosed one grew day by day. Why say more? In six years the poor cook became a millionaire. He acted thrice in films. What vast audiences were attracted by the technicolor film: 'The Human Submarine!' Six poets wrote epic poems about the noble qualities of the long nosed one! Nine well-known writers wrote biographies of the long-nosed one and won wealth and acclaim. His princely abode was also a guesthouse open to all. Anyone at any time could get a meal there; and a sniff of snuff. He had two secretaries. Two beautiful and well educated women. Both of them loved the long-nosed one. Both of them worshipped him. When two beautiful females love the same person at the same time, troubles cannot be avoided. Troubles came into the life of the long nosed one. Other people also loved the long-nosed one. That long nose reaching down to the navel was considered a sign of greatness, definitely yes.. The long-nosed

one gave his opinion on important world events. Newspapers published his comments: 'An aero plane with a speed of 10,000 miles an hour has been built! The long nosed one commented on the event as follows 'Doctor Bundros Furasiburose has brought a dead man to life! The long nosed one made the following speech about it!' When people heard that the highest peak in the world had been scaled, they asked: 'What does the long-nosed one say about this?' If the long nosed one said nothing about an event....Phoo. Then it was unimportant. And so the long-nosed one was expected to comment about anything and everything! Painting, the watch trade, mesmerism, photography, the soul, publishing house, the writing of novels, life after death, the conduct of newspapers, hunting. Was there anything that is unknown to him? It was at this time that conspiracies were hatched to capture the long-nosed one. Capturing something was not new. The major part of world history consists of conquests and captures. What is this capturing? Suppose you plant coconut seedlings on a piece of barren land. You water the land and manure it. You fence it and the trees bear fruit after some expectant years. Coconuts hang in proud clusters from the palms. Then who will not try to take that garden away from you? First of all, it was the government that made a revolutionary attempt to capture the long nosed one. They tried a confidence trick. The government awarded him the title 'Chief among the long-nosed ones' and gave him a medal. It was the President himself who tied the bejeweled gold medal round the neck of the long-nosed one. Then instead of shaking the long nosed one by the hand, the President tweaked the tip of the long nose. This was filmed by cameramen and shown in television and all theatres. By that time the political parties in the country came forward enthusiastically. Comrade Long-Nose must give leadership to the people's struggle! Comrade Long-Nose indeed! Whose Comrade? Comrade in what? God! Poor long-nosed one! The long-nosed one must join the Party! Which party? There were many parties. How would the long-nosed one join different parties at the same time? The long-nosed one said in his own tongue, 'Why should I join parties? I am too tired'. Then one of the secretaries said: 'If Comrade Long-Nose likes me, he must join my party.' The

long-nosed one said nothing. 'Should I join any party?' the long-nosed one asked the other secretary. She understood what he was aiming at. She said: 'Why should you?' But that time one of the political parties had come out with the slogan, 'Our party is the long-nosed one's party, the long nosed one's party is the people's party!' The long-nosed one said nothing to that. Members of other parties were irritated by this. They got at one of the secretaries and made her say a scornful statement against the long nosed one: 'The long-nosed one has deceived the people! He has been cheating them all this while. He has made me a partner in this fraud. I regret for that. Let me declare the truth to the public that the long nose is made of rubber!' hoo. All the newspapers splashed this news. He is a fraud, liar. The nose of the long-nosed one is made of rubber! Would the people keep quiet at this? Would they not react in anger? Cables, telephone calls, letters from all parts of the world! The President was allowed no peace or quiet. 'Destruction to the rubber nose of the long nosed one! Down with the long-nose party! Long live revolution!' When the anti-long-nose party put out this statement, the opposing party made the other secretary issue a counter statement: "Beloved countrymen, citizens! What she has said is a lie. Comrade Long-Nose did not love her. This is her revenge for that. She was trying to keep for herself the wealth and good name of Comrade Long-Nose. One of her brothers is in the opposite party. Let me reveal the true colours of the members of the other party. I am the faithful secretary of Comrade Long-Nose. I know the fact that the nose of the Comrade is not made of rubber. It is as real as my own heart beat. Long live the members of the party supporting Comrade Long Nose at this critical juncture! They have no motives of gain other than the progress of the people. Long live revolution!' What was to be done? There was chaos in the minds of the people. The leaders of the party against the long nosed one began blaming the President and government. Stupid government! They gave the title of Chief among the long-nosed ones' to the deceiver of the people. They gave him a bejeweled gold medal. The president and the prime minister is also a part in this fraud. The President must resign. The ministry must resign! The rubber-nosed one must be killed! The President

and Prime minister reacted angrily to this.. One morning the army and air tanks surrounded the house of the poor long nosed one. He was arrested and taken away. There was no news of the long-nosed one for a time. The people forgot about his existence. Everything was peaceful. Then came a fresh news with the impact of a nuclear bomb! Do you know what happened? Just when the people had forgotten everything came a brief announcement from the President: 'The trial of the 'Chief of the long-nosed ones' will take place on 9th March. Expert doctors who come as representatives of 48 countries will examine him. All the newspapers of the world will have their representatives on the spot. The proceedings will be filmed for the entire world to see. People must keep calm'. Stupid revolutionaries. They could not keep calm. They came in large numbers into the metropolis. They invaded the hotels. They burnt public conveyances. They set fire to police stations. They destroyed government buildings. There were communal riots. Many died as martyrs in this fight for the long-nosed one. The square in front of the Presidential palace was a vast sea of humanity on March 9, eleven am .The loud speakers announced: 'People must be disciplined. The examination has begun!' The doctors surrounded the long-nosed one in the presence of the President and cabinet ministers. There was pin drop silence among the public. One doctor blocked the nostrils of the long-nosed one; he immediately opened his mouth wide. Another doctor took a needle and punctured the tip of his nose. To his amazement a drop of blood appeared at the tip of the nose. The doctors gave their verdict. 'The nose is not made of rubber. It is genuine. One of the female secretaries kissed the long-nosed one on the tip of the nose. 'Long live Comrade Long Nose! Long live the chief of the long nosed ones! Long live the Progressive People's Party of the long nosed one!'As this shouting ended, the President thought of another trick. He nominated the long-nosed one as a Member of Parliament! That was the end of it all. But the parties of which the long-nosed one was not a member formed began to say: 'The ministry must resign! The nose is not real. 'Look at the way falsehood was being perpetuated!' What would the poor intellectuals do? Would there not be confusion of thought....The world renowned nose.

Second semester Audit course

Translation of “Aakashdeep” by Jayshankar Prasad

Submitted by Anjali.G.M

Sky lamp

“Prisoner”

“What is it? let me sleep”

“ Want to be free?”

“Not now, when you wake up, shut up.”

“There might not be another opportunity”

“ It is too cold, Put on a blanket from somewhere it should free you from cold.”

“ There’s a chance of Storm this is the opportunity. Today I am free from shackles”

“So are you a prisoner too?”

“Yes, Keep it down there are only ten sailors and gods on the boat

“Can we get away any weapons?”

“It can be arranged, will you be able to cut the rope To The vessel?”

“Yes.”

Tide began to surge both started colliding with each other. First prisoner managed to free himself and started trying to free the second prisoner. The unlikely push of wave embraced each Other. Both were freed in the dark second prisoner embraced the Other suddenly he said, “ what is this? are you a woman? “

“why, is it a sin to be a woman?” the woman said by freeing herself from his embrace

“where are the weapons? your name?”

“Champa”

The wind was grieving after meeting with the darkness. There were Revolt in the sea. The boat was perplexed in waves. The woman moved cautiously colliding herself with body of a drunken sailor. She reached the drunken sailor. took out his sword and moved cautiously. Suddenly the the pioneer shouted from the ship and said “Storm”.

The danger alarm started bringing. Everyone started being careful. The young prisoner remained in the same position. Someone caught the Rope which was attached to the vessel. The young prisoner rushed to the Rope which was attached to the vessel. The stars in the sky was covered, the Waves begin to stir and sea began to Roar. The ruthless storm shook the boat like vampirine. It began to be whipped in hands of the storm. The boat was free in one stroke. The two prisoners laughed loudly. no one could hear them.

The Sweet rays of dawn erupted in the eternal flow of water. Soft Golden rays and waves created smile. Ocean was calm, The sailors noticed that The vessel was missing so were the Prisoners.

The hero said, "Buddhagupta who freed you?"

Buddha Gupta said "He did."

"Then I will make you a personal again" said the hero

"For whom your the grandson? Manibhadra will be in the bottom of the ocean hero! now I am the owner of the boat"

"You? Pirate Buddha Gupta?". Hero said with shock and begin to frumble his sword . It was captured by Champa before that she began to jump in rage.

"So are you ready for a duel; whoever wins Masters the ship" said Buddhagupta and signal Champa to give the Sabre. She handed the Sabre to the hero. They began to ambush each other massively. Both was skilled and quick-witted. But the Buddhagupta freed his both hands by holding his Sabre by teeth. Champa begin to look awed and amazed. Sailors began to look pleased but the Buddhagupta very carelessly grab heroes Sabre hand and put the other hand on scytha with A terrible hunk dropping. In the next movement Buddhagupta is victorious. Sabre began to shine in the rays of dawn heroes eyes begin to start begging for life.

"Speak, do you accept or not?"

" I am a follower, I take oath on the name of god varuna. I shall not betray".

Buddha Gupta left him. Champa came near the young pirate and looked at his bruised eyes and soft hands. She did vijayatilaka on his a well-built body.

"Where will we be?" asked Buddha Gupta while taking rest

"Far away from Bali Island, probably near a new one where people like us visit less often, Where there is a dominance of Sinhala trees."

"In how many days can reach there"

"If winds are favourable we will be there in two days. Till then there will not be shortage of food." suddenly Hero commanded the sailors to scold and seated himself holding the helm. Upon asking Buddha Gupta he said "there is a submerged rock block here and it may hit the boat if we are not careful."

"Why did they impression you? "

"Because of Manibhadra sinful lust."

"Where is your home?"

On the banks of river Jaanvi. I am a Kshatriya girl from city of Champa. My Father used to be a guard for Manibhadra. I came along with my father on the boat after my mother's death. This is my home since last 8 years. When you attacked the boat my father killed seven bandits and drowned in the sea, it's been a month I have been a prisoner . It feels like an infinity in this boat and above water. Manibhadra Made discussing proposal and I verbally abused him for that. From that day I was made a prisoner"- Champa was burning with rage.

“I am also a Kshatriya from Tamralipti, Champa but unfortunately I am living my life as a pirate. What will you do now?”

“I shall let my unseen remain unspecified take her wherever she goes”. Champa is aimless in the vast sea. There were no red string with anxiety. Just as a blind had faith in his senses like children. Even the murder bandits shook up on seeing him. An observant devotion aroused in the first waves of youth in him. Ranting on seachest began to tremble the dusk. Champa's untied hair was scattered on his back Durdhanta Bandit saw it.

He began to grope his heart in awe. He just discovered a new object. She was softness itself. At the same time Naik shouted “we have reached near the island”. The boat hit the Shore. Champa jumped out boldly. Majhi also landed. Since it has no name we shall call it Champa Island said Buddhagupta . Champa laughed.

Five years later

Green sky was giggling with Dhawal constellation in the month of autumn. On the Bright victory of Chandra goddess autumn scattered blessings of flowers and leaves. City on high altitude of Champa Taruni was lighting a lamp with great delusions. He hold the lamp in mica box and pulled it's string with his delicate fingers. He started climbing up the candle Tower. His innocent eyes were looking at her with great Joy climbing up. Champa wished that Sky lamp be shaken by constellations in the sky. But she knew it was impossible. His eyes turned hopeful. There were water with Silver decoration in the front. For varuna girls, waves of sapphires and Diamonds were being made by rock beads, And there were being deceived by Mayavini who hides leaving her laughter behind. From far behind descendant of fishermen expressed their music with sound like doors smashing. Champa saw the image of conifer in the pool full of water that was disturbed. He used to do hundreds of rounds with just for perfection. She stood up to straight free no one around her s he called “Jaya” a shy young lady came in the front of and stood up. She was wild and native. In his face lined a smile which look like blue nabhomandal. Buddha Gupta commanded that she would fall Champa “The Queen”.

“When shall the great sailor arrive? would you ask?” Champa said. It Jaya went away.

Durgat wanted to take rest in the lap of pure Champa. Don't know why she was acting stupid today. Suddenly a long standing man put his hands on his back and made him wonder. He turned back and said “Buddhagupta! Are you mad? Why are you why are you still lighting the lamp? you have to do this work?”

“Should made in light the lamp to please the external ksheernidhisayee? “ laughs

“To whom do you want to show the path by lighting the lamp is it the one whom you consider God?”

“Yes sometimes they wander forget otherwise why would they give so much opulence to the Gupta?”

“So what went wrong Champa Rani of this Island!”

“Free me from this prison. Now you control the trade in Bali Java and Sumatra. But I cherish the memories of old days when we owned only one boat and we used to live happy life by loading goods in subdivision of Chamba. We used to live in the water under night of stars and used to snort. Buddhagupta! you remember we used to travel by Manjhi and lamb extinguished so we tied our body in sails and saw Each Others face? The sweet Shadow of constellation.

“So Champa! Now we can explore world in a much better way than that. You are my soulmate, My everything”

“ No no you have left the tenancy behind but you heart is still auspicious, satisfied and Flammable. You satirizes my Sky lamp, You laugh at Gods. Sailor how destroyed were to find a single Ray of light in that thunderstorm. I still remember, when I was young my father used to go to sea for work and my mother used to hang a clay pot with bamboo on banks of river Bhagirathi and we used to pray take my path corrupt sailor on the right path in the dark. when my father would turn he would say- “Sadhvi god protected me in adversity because of your prayers” she would be excited to hear those words. My mother? Oh sailor this is the purest of her memory. My father... you pirate you are the cruel cause of death of my brave father get away suddenly her face began to change colour. Buddhagupta never seen her this form before he laughed hard.

“What is this Champa? You might become unwell stay asleep.” He walked away saying this Chamba turned around with closed fist.

The Waves collided with shore of an inhabitant see. The wayfarer of South was tied and his face turned pale. Thought Jalnidhi. He was not moved by faint rays of light.

Champa along with Jaya came slowly to the Shore and stood there. The wind rising from the waves disturbed their garments. As known as they both Sat On The boat sailor got down. Jaya started rowing Champa wanted to mix herself with the gloomy sea

“So much water! So cold it wouldn't quench the thirst of heart. Will it be able to drink? No should I cry like Indus who shouts after being hurt in Vela, Should I try like that or should I drown in eternal water. Champa slowly dissolved the image ingulfed by pain slowly dissolved in the Indus, A quarter half and completely dissolved. Champa turn her face after taking a long sigh. He has the Barge of Maha Nayak Buddhagupta. bowed and extended his hand. Champa climbed on the barge with his support. Both sat down next to each other.

“ It is not good to move around such small boat there is that submerged rock block nearby what is the both collides or goes up Champa?”

“That would be great Buddhagupta. Being detained in water is much better than ramparts.”

“Champa how ruthless you are! Just see what he does by giving command to Buddhagupta who would create new islands for you. Test him and see, Champa! Remove your heart from Sword and submerge your hands in the stagnant water” - Mahanavik whose name islands of Bali, Java and Champa echoes. wind trembles and sat on his knees in front of Champa. In front of the wild watery land on top of mountain ranges, Neel Singhal Sandhya, good heart's

imagination of nature, Cool Shadow of relaxation begin to create dream island and the secret of that siren got murmured as the whole space was moist and with alcohol. And the creation got filled with Indigo lotus. Champa held both hands of Buddha Gupta. There was a hug like Indus and sky in Horizon. But suddenly Champa gained consciousness. She took scimitar from Scissors- "Buddhagupta today I will submerge my Vengeance in sublime in waters". Heart deceived again and again the Sword glowed and merged with the sea.

"So today I can believe you? Am I forgiven?" asked astonished Buddhagupta with a dry throat.

"believe? Never Buddhagupta! When I cannot believe my heart I saw the lamp then how do I say that? I hate you. Yet I can die for you" Champa wept she closed her eyes in colourful dusk of Dream taking a deep breath Mahanavik said "I shall build a Lighthouse on the memory of faintly Champa! Champa here on the hill it may illuminate the hasty evening of my life".

Another part of Champa lied paranormal rock flock. She was immersed in water of Indus for a long while the sea water was thrashing on her. Tribes lived in those rock flocks and there was a ceremony of tribes on the same day. They decorated Champa like a goddess. Champa decorated in flowers was going to Shivkund in category of many military sailors is in Tamralipti.

On the crest of the rock a strong lamp pillar was built to alert the sailors of Champa built. It was cause of celebration that day. Buddhagupta stood at the door of the pillar. She landed, Champa with the help of Shivika. When both of them entered inside the pillar flute and drums started making music. flower decorated in a garland started dancing. Looking from the upper window of the pillar Champ asked Jaya "what is that Jaya? where did he get so many girls?"

"Today is Queens wedding isn't it?" Jaya laughed while saying this.

Buddha Gupta was looking at the vast Ocean "is it true?" Shockingly asked Champa.

"If you wish it can all come true, Champa! I have been keeping the fire inside me so long".

"Shut up Mahanavik! Are you trying to take revenge thinking I am helpless?"

"I didn't kill your father Champa. He was killed by weapons of another bandit. "

"Buddhagupta if I could believe this it would be the most beautiful day, the most glorious. You would have been so kind even in this ruthlessness."

Jaya went down stairs. Buddhagupta and Champa sat opposite to each other in the narrow cell of the pillar. Buddhagupta held Champa's feet and started saying "how far are we from our birth place Bharatvarsha who worships Indira and Sachi like these innocent creatures but do not know what can separate us. It is is a country or philosophers to Remember. that Glory those attract my memories even after attaining so much and still poor. Your touch turned my stone heart into precious Moonstone. Champa I don't believe in God or sin. I can't understand Mercy but I have found of weak spot in my heart. like it faded star into my heart.

A soft line of flight started smiling on the waterproof. in mines of worshippers of animal power and wealth Quiet and lonely Desire begin to blossom.

“will you Champa?” we are loading in numerous amount of money on the vessel we are leaving to Bharat. Waves of Indus will follow the command of great Buddhagupta. Champa! shall we?”

Champa hold his hands. In an Unexpected moment their lips became one. Suddenly Champa said “Buddhagupta for me all lands are clay; all waters are liquid; all winds are cool. No special aspirations burns inside me. for me all is void, dear sailor! you return home and leave me for sympathy and service of this innocent people.”

“ I will definitely go Champa. I can’t have authority over your heart by staying here. Ah now I believe in those waves”. There was a disturbance in exhalation .

Then he asked. “What will you do here alone?”

“ at first I thought I shall light the lamp in this tower and explore my father’s tomb in this water. But now I see I also have to burn in this like the sky and the lamb.”

One day in the dawn of Golden rays Champa saw a series of boat Leaving The Island and moving Northwest. Her eyes filled with tears. This is a story centuries-old. Champa kept lighting the lamp. people worshipped as mother as mother Maya-Mamta and offered her services but one day she also became a playful toy in hands of death.

AUDIT COURSE 2020-2021

Topic: A Translation of "Kadaltheerathu" by O. V Vijayan

Submitted by,

AnjithaReji

Roll No:08

“On the Beach”

O. V Vijayan

When Vellayiappan started his journey, a loud wail went up from his house. In Ammini's house and Muthuravuthan's house people became attentive and sad. And about fifty houses around these houses in Pazhuthara also filled with sadness and sympathy. Vellayiappan was going to Kannur. If there was money to pay for the train fair, all the Pazhuthara people including Amminiyettathi, Muthuvannan, Nakelachan, Kombipooshari etc, would have gone Kannur with vellayiappan. The train journey to Kannur was mainly for Pazhuthara's people. Vellayiappan passed through the compound and house inhabited by owners and tenants and entered into the long field path. The cry became low and ended behind him. Now he left the field path and entered the plot.

Through the yellow grass of the plot, the footpath continued as a mark of stripe of someone's sorrowful journey.

"Gods, Lords!" - Vellayiappan called.

The wind caught the Palmyra tree which stood both sides of the footpath. Vellayiappan feels the movement of wind on leaves of Palmyra tree as strange for the first time. The Palmyra leaves were speaking. Like the Gods and ancestors speaking through the Palmyra leaves. The hand is wet with the wetness of packed meals, which was tied in the towel. When his Kodachi tied this meal, she might have shed a lot of tears in it. The moisture of the tears spread through the knot on the towel. For reaching the Railway Station, he had to walk four furlongs more. After walking a while, he met Kuttyasan Mappila coming from the opposite side. Kuttyasan Mappila respectfully moved from the path.

"Vellaiyee!" - Mappila said.

"Marakyare!" - Vellayiappan replied.

That's all. Two words, names, but they knew the long and rich sequences conversation in those two words.

"Marakyaree I owe you fifteen rupees....No....no fifteen rupees and four paisa"

"Vellayi, don't remember that in this journey"

“I may never be able to give you that Marakyar”

“The unpayable debts are the deposits in God’s treasure. Let them remain as such”.

My heart is broken, my life is uprooted.”

“May God help you, Muthunabhi may help you, your and my god may help you”

The wind through Palmyra trees became saturated with godliness. Leaving Kutuasan Mappila behind Vellayiappan continued his journey. He should walk four furlongs more.

Look! There is another person coming face to face Neelimannathi.

Neeli, who came with a bag of washed clothes on her shoulder, stood aside from the path.

“Vellayiacho” - "Neeli said. Only that much.

“Neeli” vellayiappan said. That’s all.

Two words only. An abundance of consolation in between the two words. Vellayiappan walked.

The footpath joined a narrow road. Vellayiappan walked through the road.

The road stepped into the river. If you climbed the hillock after crossing the river, that would be the path to the Railway Station. Vellayiappan stepped into river. Embracing the feet and carrying the fishes in the river. When he reached the middle of the river, the feeling of a bath dawned on him and it grieved him. He remembered having bathed the dead body of his father and having bathed his son in his childhood days in a pond. He also remembered like warm water. He wept till he climbed the hillock after crossing the river.

Vellayiappan reached the Railway station stood in the queue for taking a ticket. He put out the money from the corner of his dress.

“Kannur,” Vellayiappan said. When the clerk sealed the ticket and gave it to him through the window, he felt that he had crossed a part of the journey. Tied the ticket in the corner of his dress and he reached the platform. After climbing the steps, he was waiting for the train, sitting in a bench. The sun drooped far away. The birds flying on the top of the darkened Palmyra trees had reached the nests. He remembered his son who wondered when he saw the setting birds, catching his little finger, in the field path of the Mundakan field. He also remembered his father who walked through the field alone during the sunset. Two pictures. Between that, like between two names, like between two words, the prosperity of anything. An old man, who was seated in the remaining part of bench asked: “To Coimbatore?”

“To Kannur” Vellayiappan said.

I am going to Coimbatore.

“O.”

“The Kannur train is at 10. o ‘clock”.

“What is the job in Kannur?”

“Nothing specially”

“Going without any reason?”

The conversation of the stranger gripped the neck of Vellayiappan as a hangman’s rope. If he crosses the chief path of Pazhuthara, everybody is a stranger to him. The uninterested conversation of strangers became numberless tightening his neck. Old man seated beside him in the bench went away because the train to Coimbatore came earlier. Vellayiappan became alone. Couldn’t have the mind to open the packed meal. Vellayiappan sat touching the wetness which came out in the towel. Like that he slept. Dreamt in the sleep. Vellayiappan said in the dream, “Kandunni my son”.

The trembling and hissing of the train wakened Vellayiappan. He stood up with a flutter. He checked whether ticket was there in the corner of his dress and made sure of it. He slowly moved to the train. Began to climb, in a vacant place.

“This is first class, old man”

“Is it?”

“Next box”

“It is reserved”

“Is it?”

“See the next one, old man”

The sounds of strangers. At last he got in to a box. There was no place to sit.

He stand there by holding on something. I will stand. I haven't had sleep. My son would not sleep this night. The rhythm of train, the changing rhythm based on changing existence, the street lights, the sanded river banks, trees. Earlier, he had once travelled in the train, in the light of day. This is night train. The train was through a tunnel which have on either side walls of faded pictures.

When he reached Kannur, the sun had not risen. The unopened packed meal remained in the hand. Vellayiappan went out after surrendering the ticket at the gate. Far away, there was some sign of the blossoming dawn in the darkness of sky. The crowded horsemen didn't ask to Vellayiappan, if he wanted vehicle. Vellayiappan asked “which is the way to prison”?

Someone laughed “Here is an old man asking for the way to jail early morning!”. Another person also laughed: “Uncle! Steal something and then you can easily go to jail”. Vellayiappan felt suffocated. Again the talk of the strangers strangled him.

At last someone showed the way. Vellayiappan walked. The sky became bright on the top with the crying of crows.

The Guard stopped Vellayiappan at the Gate.

“Where are you going in this morning?”

Vellayiappan was frightened. He stood in front of the Guard with the helplessness of a child. Then slowly untied the corner of garment, took a yellow paper. The paper was curled and disorder.

“What is that?” guard asked.

Vellayiappan handed over the paper to the guard. Guard didn't look at the paper. Vellayiappan said “my son is here”

“Who asked you to come this morning?” the guard asked roughly. “Let the office open”

By the influence of some habit, the guard looked at the paper. His face suddenly filled with kindness.

“Is it tomorrow?” the guard asked.

“I don't know,” Vellayiappan said. “What is written in the paper, I don't know”

Guard keenly read the information in the paper again.

“yes, tomorrow morning at 5 'o' clock. He said. Vellayiappan's eyes expanded.

They were full of a feeling of shock.

“Is it?” Vellayiappan said.

“Sit here elder brother”

“O”

He sat in a couch fixed in the wall in front of prison, as if he were waiting to open the doors of a temple.

“Did you have tea or coffee, elder brother”

“No”

My son would haven't slept this night. He didn't wake up without sleep. Didn't sleep, didn't wake up, How would he have the mind to drink the tea? Vellayiappan's palm

was pressed on the packed meal. This meal was packed by your mother for me. I took it here without eating in the journey. It is the only thing, which I have to give you. The food which was packed in the towel is fermented. The time became heavy slowly.

The office opened. The people occupied the places behind the tables. The guard marched. The prison became crowded.

The superior officer checked the paper. They ordered. The strange sounds of orders. Traps without hatred and derision. They strangle and suffocated. The heat of the sun light increased.

“Wait here”. Vellayiappan was waiting.

One of the guards bought him, inside of prison. The corridor which didn't know the heat of sunlight.

“Here it is” Kandunni stood behind the iron bars.

Kandunni looked at Vellayiappan strangely. The cells of mind which could neither give nor receive solace. The guard opened the door and Vellayiappan entered in the prison. Son and father stood face to face for a while. Then Vellayiappan embraced his son. Kandunni cried in a sound which was unheard. Vellayiappan cried “son!”

Kandunni replied “father”.

Only two words. In between these two words, in sorrow, in silence, father and son exchanged knowledges.

“Son, what did you do?”

“I don't remember father”

“Son, did you kill anyone?”

“I have no memory”

“Don't worry son, you don't remember any thing”

"Does the guard remember?"

"No son"

"Father do you remember my pain?"

The loud silent cry." Father don't let me to hang"

All these exchanges, in between two words.

"Old man, come out, time is over"

Vellayiappan came out, the iron door closed behind him. Kandunni stood strangely, looked out through the iron bars as if he were looking out from the compartment of a moving train. Vellayiappan walked away with the look of the last devoted prayer.

He lied down and waited here and there in the surroundings of the prison. The sun came to the head. Time became low. Does Kandunni sleep this night? The night was passing away. Kandunni lived inside the wall.

Vellayiappan heard the resounding of horn, before the dawn. He didn't know that, it was a custom during the execution of death sentence. They said that it was at 5 am in the morning. Vellayiappan knew the time, without the watch; he had an inborn sense of a farmer.

Vellayiappan received the dead body of his son as a midwife.

"Old man, you can cremate the body as you like."

"No, I have no interest."

"Don't you take the responsibility of the body?"

"Sir, I have no money."

Vellayiappan walked behind the vehicle pulled by scavengers. Vultures flew in the top of the open places outside. Vellayiappan saw the face of Kandunni before it was covered with soil. He placed his palm on the forehead and blessed his son. Wandering

in the heat, Vellayiappan reached the beach. He saw the sea for the first time. Something was there in the palm, wet and dripping. It was the meal which was packed and given by Kodachi. Vellayiappan opened the packet. He threw the food to the ground. The crows came to peck the food from the upper reaches of the blazing sun.

AUDIT COURSE

A Translation of " Kaatu Paranja kadha" by O.V Vijayan.

Submitted to : Bindu Maam

Submitted by: Aswathi.kc

Roll no: 09

STORY OF A WIND

From Paalakad we reached kanjikode through the highways of Coimbatore. The intersection was not even suitable for a rough rental jeep. But on this trip, this is the second trip after long ten years.

Theyyunni never blame anyone.

By taking a look to the intersection driver said “ this intersection was full of pits.”

“ You want to stop here, I can walk” Theyyunni said.

The rest of the way is about two hours. Theyyunni did not dislike that pedestrain, because he used to travel only by car to the Airport and again from the Airport to the Five Star Hotel.

“ No. Let's go slowly. Just hold on.”

“ok”.

The jeep- like journey travelled through the path that is full of hills and valleys.

Theyyunni opened his eyes and ears for the first time to the wild hill valleys. There is a cooling sun on the mountain, and the east wind blowing through the valley like mountain water.

“ The trees here are all gone” Theyyunni Said to the driver.

“All the trees were cut down. Five years ago there was a forest here. Elephants also come down here.

Yes. At the last time you came here, there were huge trees on both sides of the road. Wild trees you did not know. From their canopies the chirps of the beetles shook and shook. Theyyunni remembered that journey. My wife came to the airport to receive me on my way back to Bombay from Europe.

She said: “ There is a letter from home. I think the letter is from your brother.”

“Anything special ? Didn't you open the letter, Feebi?”

“No, I never used to open it.

Theyyunni stared into Feebi's face who is sitting behind the steering when the car was moving to *Juhu*. She is look like a sculptur. The golden hair that wrapped around her beautiful face in the breeze. Breaking her husband's letter is not in keeping with her culture. There are lot of things in her culture that is attracted me the most. She has the courage to make an attempt to confront her love to me and hugg and kiss publically when we sitting in a garden. If our relationship pays off tomorrow, I do not love you, I want divorce, she has the ability to tell all these things sincerely. This was the challenge that motivated me.

I remember feebi is my colleague in Standford University and I came into my home to inform my father that I'm in love with Feebi. My father never regret me. He smiled in a sweet way.

My mother said: I was looking at Devooti's horoscope.

Devaki is a girl in the discussion. She is a daughter of an Inland farmer.

I convinced my mother without showing any hatred towards the concept of horoscope.

“That’s it. Mother? We never given any promise to them.

There is a small silence without any talk.

Then mother said: Understanding is bigger than words. Devaki accepted you with all her heart.

Father said: Isn’t boys determination, Madhavii...Why do you just saying nuisance?

Mother sighed. “ I didn't say anything.”

Son, you never get worried about mother. Do you love Feebi?

“Yes” I replied with a sort of shyness.

Mother said: An American girl can accept our old traditional home?

“Isn’t she need to accept?”

Father said: Are they going to come and stay here?

Mother said: So did the father and son decide not to stay here?

“We will only go anywhere after she comes and stays in this house.” I said.

I saw my mother eyes are going to wet. After some time mother said. My blessings are always with Feebi and I wish Devaki’s rest of life will be full fill with peace.

Mother said: kuttaa... “ I never tell you to change your decision, but you just look at your father.

“What”

Do you remember how your father was looking like earlier ? He became aged now.

Father again interupted with a sweet smile.

Father said: “ why do you again make him so worried Madhavi...You never need to take seriously about what your mother says kuttaa...”

Even in the novelty of love, my mind is filled with Devaki and her rurality. Nilavilaku was showed in the evening. There is a farmer bride who can easily going with Milk and Yogurt.

Mother said: There is only one thing in my mind. Your sister in law is a handicapped women. Believe me Devaki will look after your father in this old age.

I never said anything. I cant say anything at that time and now also. Feebi was never tryied to break the letter. Feebi drove very skilfully to Juhu. After long years of our marriage, Feebi

Was advised me when my father was sick. "Your small city is actually a rural village. There is no any good treatment facilities. We should provide him a good treatment in a city hospital. We can afford the expenditure".

Some ganga water and our presence is the only two things that needed for my father demise. I came back to home by carrying this. Then bid goodbye to my father.

Demise of my mother is also happened at my home. At that time Feebi is at Stanford. From there she was send a formal condolence message to Bombay. I realised the value of Devaki. she became a melancholy.

When I reached Juhu I began to read the letter of my brother.

Kuttaa... I'm not feeling well, I'm writing this letter just to let you know. I never tell you to come this hill station in these busy days. I want just you to remember me. That is equal to came here. I not informed Sreekumar about this. I am afraid when I say this he will decide to meet me in anxiety. It is not easier to came here from Cambridge. If your sister in law was alive.....weakness of old age.

By crossing the grooves, jeep continued its journey.

This journey is seems to be difficult. You have any problem?

Driver said: "No, this is part of our job."

It will be take one hour. After the death of sister in law, my brother resigned from his job and decided to stay this foothills. Actually I was against this decision taken by my brother. So I wrote a letter to my brother. "what are you going to do in paalakadan churam, which is disturbed by Tiger and Wild boar. Also you have the right to continue your service until ten years. A Nuclear Physicist can do many things even though resigned from job..."

He replied to my letter. "Everyone has the responsibility towards this family and society". I feel like I have been showed my responsibility to the best of my ability. Now I have some other obligations. So that is why I looking for a place at the foot of the mountain to pay for it.

He did not say what those obligations. Theyyuni did not ask about it. The gentle brother think for a long time to decide something. When something is decided he will never turn back. He again wrote about his new house. If you leave the road and go inside for four hours, you will find a fertile soil lying outside the forest. He built a small house on two acres of land full of coconuts, vegetable, mangotrees and jackfruit trees. The earthen wall, the wooden Piece and cement polished floor. To reach the next village it is needed for go a long way. But in the meantime, a farmer named Ponnuswamy was living in a hut. If need any help, can call Ponnuswamy. Except it he is alone in the foothills. Tiered of not knowing the meaning of the penance, Theyyuni forgot about it. Years passed, but when he read what Feebi had handed over to him without breaking, he felt he felt urge to go to the foothills.

"let me go there and find out the information, feebi."

What is the name of the place ? It is Kanjikode.

"Yes."

“He was written to me that it was a foothill. I remember he is being invited me to see the mountains.”

“ I remember”.

“It should be a place to stay for enjoyment, but he is sick out there and it is dangerous. Take him we can treat him in Jeslock”

Feebi is repeating the treatment recommendation, Theyyunni was upset at the suggestion given earlier.

“ it is not possible to determine what is in his mind, Feebi. Let me go over there”

That’s how I first got there ten years ago. It was not only the anxiety of physical condition and solitude of brother. The journey of Theyyunni was to get angry about that ultimate penance. When I landed in Coimbatore, rented a car and drove back to Kanjikode, my mind was full of anxiety. It didn't take much provocation for me to say bad things to the driver by discouraging him from seeing intersections and grooves.

“Driving this way will break the axle of the vehicle”. The Tamil driver quarrelled.

“What is the price of your vehicle" I asked.

Alas! Sir, what are you saying.

“If the vehicle is destroyed, let it be destroy. I can pay for it" let drive.

When I get out of the car, I saw my brother is walking around the garden in a pleasant manner.

Why did you come here kuttaa....He rewarded the effort of the journey.

You could say so brother? Stay in the woods, get sick, write letters, then how I can't come.

“Come dear”.

Theyyunni went inside the small house and looked around in disgust.

Theyyunni asked: why you had given it to yourself, this punishment?

If you see me, do you think this is a punishment?

Both of them did not say anything for a long time.

Then Theyyunni asked: who treated you when you was sick?

Treatment? No one treated me.

What I can say to this?

He smiled. You can't understand anything, do you kuttaa..?

Brother, what do you do for food?

I said to wife of Ponnuswamy to come here, in keeping with your arrival. My food is just like this.

He pointed a basket carrying two Tender coconuts. This is my breakfast and lunch also.

This is your food?

“Nor only food but also medicine.”

When it got dark at night, Theyyunni asked.

Will thieves come here brother?

Brother burst into laughter. “ four white clothes, four top clothes, two towels and number of pots. This house only consist these things. The thief is generally calm. Every thief does it because of our greed.

For the first time in years, I am sleeping on the mat and sleeping without an air conditioner. The strong sound of the wind is heard from outside.

East wind is blowing through the pass.

“kuttaa”..

“Yes brother”

“Do you hear the sound”?

I can hear. What?

Brother remained silent for a while in the darkness and he said “ no you do not hear it”

Unsatisfied with brother exile, I returned.

On the way, brother told me that “ I had made a mistake. A weakness. I felt like writing when I was not feeling well. I will not bother you anymore. There is no incurable disease in this foothills. If there is such disease, can it cure man?”

So ten years later, this journey comes again. Feebi is not with me today. She was honest enough to say that the love between us has waned and ended. Theyyunni did not board the flight from Bombay. I rode to Paalakad with other people. A two day trip in a second class room just like my childhood. The hill, the ridge, the river and the village, which were slowly disappearing through the window, I reached Paalakad.

The old family house is no more. After spending the night in a hotel, we left for Kanjikode in the next day. The tiredness of that journey, ten years ago is no longer in the present journey. My gentleness seemed to permeate his fellow passengers and the disappearing landscape. It calmed even the driver of the jeep from paalakad.

“Are you worried driver”? I asked

No, we are familiar with this. I am worried about you.

Driver, that is the place.

It is an isolated place, sir

Ponnuswamy was already in the field. In order to receive Theyyunni, Ponnuswamy came down. They stood face to face.

Then Ponnuswamy wiped his eyes.

I wrote the letter according to what he said. Ponnuswamy said.

“I am sorry “

But I can understand, you respect your brothers wishes.

Ponnuswamy walked in to the field. Theyyunni followed him.

A mind plant was slowly growing in the area levelled at the edge of the field, with ashes spots all around it.

This is the place. Said ponnuswamy.

Theyyunni touched the soil and greeted it .

The bone flowed into the rived named ‘ Perur’. You can do more deeds for your satisfaction, but

What Ponnuswamy?

He said he did not need any deeds . I have no education. I thought he was talking about some sacred state.

That is the correct understanding.

Will Sreekumar come here?

I called him on the phone from Bombay. He will not come. He has informed me of something.

“ To take this house and land to Ponnuswamy”.

He told me this. You or Sreekumar can take this.

“This is my brothers wish. So you should obey it.”

Ok. Let it be so.

How many children’s does Ponnuswamy have?

“Four”.

“Good”. May this place be useful for them to grow up.

Ponnuswamy greeted again.

“ my children and I will vacate the place if you ever feel to come and stay here”.

Ponnuswamy... there will be no such need.

Theyyunni told himself that he did not deserve to stay here.

They went to home from the field.

Please take rest. Ponnuswamy said. I will bring you a tender coconut.

There is a driver in the jeep outside. Call him let him quench the thirst.

Yes sir.

The driver came in and told the driver to sit down.

After bringing the tender coconut, Theyyunni said Ponnuswamy ' You can go'.

Ponnuswamy left and Theyyunni asked the driver : can you stay here?.

The driver sat in silence.

When I came here, I did not think this was the situation.

This is the house of my brother. I came here because of my brother demise. I could not see my brother before his death.

The driver was careful.

Theyyunni continued. I wish to sleep here today.

Driver reluctance was silenced by the desire Of Theyyunni.

He sat in front of Theyyunni like a relative who is sharing his grief.

Then he said: I agree to stay here.

I will give what ever you want for agreeing to stay here.

No, I do not want anything from you.

There is a sunset on the top of the hill. I went to inner room and opened his wooden box. Inside the box there is a white clothes, tops, and towels. Theyyunni's tears fell on it. There was no regret when I went to bed at night. There is a satisfied grief only. There is a ray of love and the fullness of the race.

At midnight I was wake up in a shock and lay down again. The pass was full of wind. Only this night I can hear this music. After this night there is a journey back to the city. The wind is filled with mercy of my brother who changed Thief to Valmiki. A mantra can cure diseases and reduce the ultimate cure for love. The pinch sounds of the off springs, attention voices, This night is the culmination of a lifetime.

Hearing this, Theyyunni fell asleep.

AUDIT COURSE

Second Semester

ENG2A02

TRANSLATION THEORY AND PRACTICE

submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of Masters of Arts

BY

ATHIRA PRABHAKARAN

MAY 2021

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

PROVIDENCE WOMEN'S COLLEGE

CALICUT

MALAYALAM TO ENGLISH TRANSLATION

THENMAVU (തേൻമാവ്)

VAIKOM MUHAMMAD BASHEER

(Thenmavu : The Honey Mango Tree)

‘ What you vu heard is all nonsense. I adore no tree; neither do I worship nature. But I have a special affinity for this mango tree. My wife Asma has it too. This tree is a token of an exceptionally great endeavour. I shall elaborate..’

We were seated beneath that mango tree. It was resplendent with mangoes. There was white sand spread out in a big circle all around it. Roses of various hues were planted on the outlying fringes, protected by stone and cement sentinels.

His name was Rashid. He lived with his wife and son in the house nearby. The couple were teachers in the neighbourhood school. His wife sent over mango pieces- peeled and cut exquisitely- on a plate carried by their teenage son. We relished the fare : it was sweet as honey.

‘How does the mango taste?’

‘ The tree is undoubtedly Thenmavu!’

‘ That we are able to savour this mango fruit... I am awed when I reflect on it!’

‘Who planted this mango tree?’

‘ Asma and I, we planted it at this place. I shall narrate the story of this tree. I have told it to many. But they forgot the incident, and propagated it as tree worship! There is no worship involved, just the memory of a great deed.

My younger brother is a Police Inspector. He was working in a town almost seventy five miles away from this place. I had gone to visit him. I was out strolling one day. It was the peak of summer. Even the wind that blew was hot. There was a scarcity of water at that time. It was then that I saw an old man, lying exhausted, underneath a tree, on a by-road.

He had overgrown hair and beard, and seemed around eighty years of age. He was extremely fatigued and was on the verge of death.

As soon as he saw me, he said, ‘ Alhamdulillah! Son, please give me some water.’

(*Alhamdulillah: Praise be to Allah!)

I immediately stepped into a near by house and seeing a woman reading a newspaper, requested her for some water. The beautiful woman got some water in a brass tumbler. Seeing me walk away with it, she enquired about my destination. I told her that someone had fallen by the way

side, and I was taking the water for quenching his thirst. She accompanied me. I gave the water to the old man.

The old man got up slowly. Then he did something astounding! He staggered to a dry mango sapling- drooping in the heat-on the road side, and reciting Bismi, poured half of the water from the vessel over it.

(*Bismi: Bismillah or Basmala means ‘ In the name of God’. Usually invoked before any action soliciting the Lord’s grace)

Someone had eaten a mango and thrown away the seed carelessly on that roadside. The sapling had emerged. Most of the root was visible above the ground. The old man dragged himself back to the tree shade. He recited Bismi and drank the rest of the water. He praised the Lord again : ‘Alhamdulillah.’

Then he said: ‘ My name is Yusuf Siddique. I am more than eighty years old. I have no relative. I was wandering the world as a fakir. I am going to die. What are your names?’

I replied, ‘My name is Rashid. I am a school teacher.’ The woman said, ‘ I am Asma. I am a school teacher.’

‘May Allah bless us all,’ said the old man and he lay down on the ground. Yusuf Siddique died in front of our eyes. Asma stood guard while I fetched my brother. We hired a van to carry the

dead body to the mosque. After bathing the corpse, we enshrouded it with a new cloth and conducted the burial as per norm.

There was six rupees in the old man's bag. Asma and I pitched in with another five each. Asma was entrusted with the task of purchasing sweets for all that money and distributing those among the school children.

In the course of time, I married Asma. She kept watering the plant. Before we shifted our residence to this house, we uprooted the mango plant carefully and shifted it into a mud filled sack. For two or three days it stayed like that- leaning against the wall- in Asma's bed room. Then we brought it here and transplanted it; adding dry cow dung and ashes. On regular watering, it sprouted new leaves ; then we added bone meal and green compost. Thus the mango sapling turned into this tree.'

'Absolutely marvellous! The old man, before dying , gave water to a mango sapling which could not voice its thirst! I shall remember that.'

I had just said good bye and started walking, when I was hailed from behind. I turned to look.

Rashid's son was approaching me. He wrapped four ripe mangoes on a paper and offered it to me.

'For your wife and children.'

‘ Are you a student?’

‘ Yes, in a college.’

‘ What is your name?’

‘ Yusuf Siddique.’

‘ Yusuf Siddique?’

‘Yes, Yusuf Siddique.’

Audit Course ENG2A02 Writing Skills

(Takur ka kuam) TAKUR'S WELL-Munshi premchand

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of Master of Arts

BY

ATHULYA E

LPEG11

MAY 2021

THE POST GRADUATE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

PROVIDENCE WOMEN'S COLLEGE

CALICUT-14,KERALA

Takur ka kuam-Munshi premchand

While Jokhu brought the lota to his lips to drink, the water gave off a nasty smell. He said to Gangi, 'What kind of water is this? Can not drink due to the bad smell. My throat is dry, and you're giving me to drink this foul water.'

Gangi used to store up water in the evening. The well was far away, and it was difficult to walk the distance again and again. The water she had brought yesterday was good. How could that smell like this today? she wondered. she brought the lota to her nose, it was really stinking. An animal must have fallen into the well and drowned. But from where would she get water now?

No one would allow it to be drawn from Thakur's well. They would drive her away from a distance. Sahuji's well was at the other end of the village. But who would allow her draw water from there? And there was no third well in the village.

Jokhu had been ailing for many days. Though thirsty he kept quiet for some time. Then he said, 'I can't hold my thirst any more. Come, I'll squeeze my nose and drink a little bit.'

Gangi didn't allow him to drink dirty water. She knew that if he drinks this water he will become more ill, but she didn't know that boiling it would make it safe for drinking. She said, 'How can you drink this water? We do not know what animal it was. I'll bring water from somewhere.'

Jokhu looked at her with surprise. 'Where will you bring it from?'

'There are two wells: the Thakur's and the Sahu's. Won't they let me have even one lota-ful?'

'You'll get only broken arms and legs, nothing else. Sit quietly. The brahmin will bless you with curses, the Thakur wields his lathi, and Sahuji charge five for one. Who knows the pain of the starving

poor. Even when we die, no one comes to see, least of all to lend his shoulder to the bier. Will such people let you draw water?

This was the grim reality . Gangi kept quiet, but she did not allow him to drink the stinking water.

It was nine o'clock in the night. The exhausted labourers had gone to sleep but a few idlers were gathered outside the Thakur's door. The times and opportunities for showing valour in the battlefield were now gone. They were talking of battles won in the law courts. How the Thakur had bribed the thanedar and saved his skin. How cleverly he had obtained the copy of a landmark court judgement. The nazir and other court officials had said that a copy couldn't be given. Some demanded fifty, others a hundred. He obtained the copy without paying a single cowrie or paisa! One should know the art of manipulation.

At that time Gangi arrived to draw water from the well.

A faint light from the street oil-lamp was falling on the well. Gangi came and sat close to the platform around the well, sheltering herself, and waited for an opportunity. Everyone drank from this well. No holds barred, but they alone, the ill-fated, were forbidden.

Gangi's rebellious heart began to hit out at the traditional society's restrictions and compulsions. What makes us low, and them high? Just because they are wearing a string around their necks! All these people are so crooked, each one more than the other. They steal. They cheat. They file false cases against others. Only the other day the Thakur poached the shepherd's sheep, then slaughtered and ate it up. And this panditji's house is a round-the-year den of gamblers. And this very Sahuji adulterates ghee with oil. They make us labour for them, but don't want to pay for it. In what way are they higher than us? In swaggering, yes. We don't go shouting in the streets, like them, that we are superior.

Whenever I walk through the village, they look at me with lusting eyes, and their hearts turn and twist in envy. Yet they pride themselves on their superiority!

She heard someone coming towards the well. Her heart began pounding with fright. Hell would break loose if she was seen. She picked up the pitcher and the rope and, bending herself low, walked away towards a tree and hid herself in its dark shadow. They show no mercy to anyone. They had beaten up poor Mahngu so badly that he had kept spitting blood for months—just because he had refused to work without being paid! And they are higher!

Two women had come to the well to draw water. They were talking.

‘They’ve come in to eat, and have ordered us to bring fresh water.’

‘These men become agitated if they find us resting for a while.’

‘They didn’t have the decency to come here and draw water by themselves. They only know how to give orders, as if we were their bond women.’

‘What else are you, if not a bondwoman? Don’t you get food and clothing? And you snatch a few rupees from them, off and on. How are bond women different?’

‘Don’t insult me, sister. I’m not able to relax even for a short while. Had I laboured like this at another’s household, life would have been a lot easier. And he would have been grateful too.’ Will die working here, but not even get a good look’.

Both the women walked away after drawing water. Gangi came out of the tree’s shadow and walked towards the well. The idlers had gone away. The Thakur too had shut the door from inside and was readying himself to sleep in the courtyard. Gangi heaved a sigh of relief. The coast seemed clear now. Even the prince who had gone to steal amrita, would not have taken such diligent care. Gangi treaded the edge of the well with soft steps. Seldom had she experienced such a sense of triumph!

She looped one end of the rope round the pitcher's neck. She peered to her right and left, like a soldier readying himself to pierce the enemy's defences. If she were caught now, there would be no mercy at all. At last, invoking the gods, fortifying her heart, she lowered the pitcher into the well.

The pitcher sank into the water gently, making no sound at all. Gangi pulled the rope up quickly, and the pitcher came up to the top. Even a powerful wrestler couldn't have drawn up the pitcher so swiftly.

Gangi leaned forward to catch the pitcher and rest it on the edge of the well. Just then the Thakur's door opened suddenly. A lion's look could not have been more terrifying than this sound. The rope slipped through her hands, and the pitcher went hurtling down the well and hit the water with a loud thud. The water kept making a rippling sound for a few moments.

The Thakur was advancing towards the well, shouting, 'Who's there? Who's there?' and Gangi, jumping from the well's platform, was running furiously.

When she reached home, she found Jokhu drinking the dirty water from the lota.

AUDIT COURSE

Professional competency

ENG A02: Translation Theory and Practice

Translation of the Malayalam novel

"Amma ennoodu paranja nunakal" (The Lies My Mother Told Me)

by Ashitha

Submitted by:

Bindiya Bisind

Roll no:12

1st MA English

Providence Women's College, Calicut

The Lies My Mother Told Me

Ashita (1956-2019) is the author of this short story, first published in Malayalam as “Amma ennodu paranjanunakal” in “Mathrubhumi” in April 1996. Ashita’s short stories were known for their sensitive portrayal of life. She also wrote haikus and stories for children. She is the recipient of the Kerala Sahitya Akademi Award, the Edasseri Award, the Padmarajan Award and the Lalithambika Antharjanam Smaraka Sahitya Award.

MY mother told me more lies than anyone else in this world. The realisation burns through my being

with the relentlessness of an unwavering flame.

Amma is reading the Ramayanam, seated in front of a glowing oil lamp in the pooja room. From the doorway where I sit, her face is clearly visible... the grey bhasmakkuri on her forehead, the spectacles that have slid down her nose, the wrinkles in her cheeks, the slight movement of her reading lips. In old age, Amma herself seems to have become one large wrinkle in the folds of memory. Her index finger, the one with the broken nail, moves slowly across the lines of the book. The very first lies I encountered in this world were the dos and don'ts born at the tip of that finger.

Ahmed Ikka of the corner shop had given me lemon-drops on my way back from school once. Amma snatched them from my hand, and flinging them to the ground, scolded me. "Ahmed Ikka indeed! What is he to you? How dare you accept things from all kinds of strangers? Just let Acchan get home!" Ants carried away each one of the lemon-drops as they lay in the courtyard.

The painful awareness that it is lemon-drops like those, ones offered by strangers, that make up the sweetness of life, came to me much later. But it seemed unjust even then that Ahmed Ikka should be called a

stranger. And that a man who had neither a sweet word nor look to offer me, a man who terrorised the entire household with his weekly visits, should be my father!

The sight, on coming home from school, of rough hands stroking a bald head showing up above the back of the easy-chair. Loud after-dinner spitting sounds and clearings of the throat. Angry roars directed at the servants. The whistling sound of the punishing cane as it came down on me to the count of wrongdoings accumulated over a week. These constituted Acchan.

The only person with whom Acchan

behaved less harshly was Chellamma Akkan, Amma's close relative. If Amma was the straight fragrant line of a bhasmakkuri, Chellamma Akkan was the heady scent of a whole bunch of jasmine and the magic of laughter. Even before she started to laugh, Chellamma Akkan's breasts would heave, the single dimple in her cheek would deepen, and her nose ring glitter and sparkle.

I don't remember Chellamma Akkan ever coming to our house. Yet, I felt her constant presence—in Amma's curses, in Acchan's uncharacteristic silences, in the jasmine bud I once found in his shirt pocket. I liked Chellamma Akkan. But sometimes,

when the arguments between Amma and Acchan became heated, I hid under the bed or table and prayed reluctantly, that Chellamma Akkan should die. And she did.

Chellamma Akkan committed suicide one day. I consoled myself with the thought that Amma would never again have cause to cry. Getting ready to go to the house-in-mourning, I wore my best frock. Amma handed me a faded, everyday one instead, saying “What will people say?” Unable to reconcile the contradictory thoughts that rose in my mind, I stared at her. Amma’s face was inscrutable, like a bhasmakkuri.

It was the season of falling leaves. As

I walked along, kicking carelessly at withered leaves, Amma warned me, in hushed tones, “No laughing and playing once we are there. Don’t forget those people are in mourning. You must sit quietly. No fidgeting.”

“Are you happy that Chellamma Akkan is dead?” I asked her.

Amma faltered. She seemed to be at a loss. Acchan, who was walking well ahead of the two of us, stopped and turned around with an air of impatience mixed with gloom.

As if on cue, Amma picked up the edge of her veshti and blowing her nose noisily, dabbed at make-believe

tears. I was amazed. Someone with a deepened dimple seemed to laugh mockingly as Amma went through the charade of wiping her tears.

On our way back, I rushed to catch up with Amma.

And I asked her the question that was bothering me. “Amme, when I grow older can I also tell lies as I please?”

Amma’s face, the bhasmakkuri on her forehead included, set itself in angry lines as though it had caught the faint smell of jasmine. “Good-for-nothing! Why do you have nothing but improper questions on your lips?” she said. “Only wicked children have

wicked thoughts. And you can be sure that God will punish you for each one of them.” The light of the setting sun glinted like the remnants of someone’s laughter. I lowered my head in shame.

I now realise that Amma had made me feel ashamed to escape her own guilt. And I had reason to feel guilty. Those were the days when, away from Amma’s watchful eyes, I gained access to certain hidden truths and a whole secret world of my own making.

At the borders of the ungiving world Amma had erected for me with her grey-ash marks, her dos and don’ts, her instructions and calls for

obedience, I discovered another world altogether—in the homes of my friends, in Chellamma Akkan's laughter, in proximity with the workers who laboured in our paddy fields and coconut groves. It was an unreal and unsophisticated world, one steeped in poverty. But certainly a freer world. And a happier one.

I was a confused child, caught in the dilemma of not knowing the difference between a lie and a truth. Yet I knew that I preferred the coloured beauty of lies to the ashen grey of truths. Like water seeking its natural course, I went in search of my secret world whenever I had the opportunity. I savoured the unrivalled

joy I discovered in breaking Amma's rules. In sharing mealtimes with the workers and eating off their enamel plates; in hanging on to Chellamma Akkan's fingers as I accompanied her to the fields during the busy harvest months; and in memorising the swear words I overheard the labourers shout at each other.

The more I tasted of such forbidden pleasures, the bolder I became. I have a clear memory of one childhood evening, when I sat in front of the very lamp before which my mother sits now and, having said my prayers, uttered the word "whore" ten times over, totally unmindful of God's wrath.

I also remember lying awake through sleepless nights, biting my nails in dread of the punishment in store from God for a wicked child with wicked thoughts. And when I did manage to fall asleep, I would hear the whistling of a cane through feverish dreams. In my worst nightmares the face of the punishing God was my father's face.

And then one day, Acchan was carried in from the field, his face twisted and his body completely paralysed on one side. The same day, the punishing God died within me, diminished to a helpless, paralysed lie. Acchan died many years later, just before my wedding, reduced to an insignificant reality, a truth that had no value.

Amma's gift to me on my wedding was another lie, wrapped in jewel-like radiance. Uncharacteristically, she came into my room the day I was to be married. Like any bride-to-be, I stood there, my heart laden with a sea of expectations and my entire being aflame with nervous emotions.

She looked at me searchingly. The concern in that gaze amazed me. Then, placing her hand on my shoulder, Amma said, "You can't afford to be a dreamer any more. You'll be going to a new home soon. Running your own household and looking after its needs is serious business, not child's play." She

paused, and with some hesitation, added, “There is only one way to a man’s heart, don’t forget.”

I did not forget. My husband was educated as well as sophisticated; a poet and a leisure-time politician too. While he read newspapers four and five times over, either carefully assessing current trends in literature or out of concern for the future of democracy. I followed my mother’s instructions and kept myself busy at the grinding stone, or washing utensils and laundering clothes. Willingly I abandoned my secret world of dreams.

As the years passed by, journeys from

the children's room to my husband's bedroom, and from there to the kitchen, and back again, defined the limits of my existence—journeys that I made in search of the way to my husband's heart. But when I entered his bedroom one evening, dressed in the grime and smells of the kitchen, I found that he hankered after fleshier breasts and thighs.

I felt betrayed, as though someone had spat hard upon my integrity. The sea of expectations housed within me—when had it flown away and disappeared? There is only one way to a man's heart—I finally learned the truth, a truth that my mother had failed to tell me, a truth that I

experienced in all the intensity of the lie she had told me.

That is how I too mastered the language of my mother, and that of my grandmother, and of all the women who went before them. The language of silence. And the habit of self-denial, steeped in negations and contradictions, that accompanied the occasional forays into speech.

As I grew older, relatives and neighbours said that I had begun increasingly to resemble Amma. The truth of their observations startled me whenever I unexpectedly found myself in front of a mirror. Small, trivial lies had pieced themselves together,

progressively, to turn me into one giant lie.

Lines from the Ramayanam crawl their way into my ears. Something of significance seems to have entered Amma's reading voice—or is it my imagination? She removes her glasses and closes the book.

The door to the bedroom is thrown open suddenly. My eight-year-old daughter stands bathed in the light inside the room. She is dressed in my silk saree, a doll on her hips. She asks me, laughing, "See, Amme. Don't I look just like you?"

My heart reels. Amma comes out into

the room, smiling with satisfaction, and sits down facing me. Then, carefully assuming an everyday tone of normal curiosity, she asks me the question that has obviously been agitating her for some days now. “So, why didn’t Balu come with you? No sign of a letter from him either. The two of you... Have you...?”

A moment of trapped silence.

Then I reply with ease. “Nothing’s the matter, Amme. We’re happy together. Very happy.”

After all, I too have told more lies to my mother than to anyone else in this world.

AUDIT COURSE

ENG2A02

A translation of "Velluthakutty" by Uroob

NAME: DHANYA K

ROLLNO: 13

THE WHITE BOY

[Uroob's "The White Boy" is a beautiful work that reveals the glory of love and mother's affection. Arriving in the guise of children's book, this story contains a lofty philosophy of life. The monster in this story is omnipotence. But smiling is impossible for him. His teeth are the obstacles. The only way to get rid of these teeth is to drink breast milk of a mother. Finally he was free from the monster's form after drinking the mother's breast milk. This story also points out that the root cause of the monstrous scenes that take place in our society is the growing generation without love.]

It is noon .The intense heat of sun that makes the flames to emanating from the earth. At that time no one can't touch his foot on the ground. But Kunjimon walked away. The sun was in its peak and he wishes the sun had subsided for a moment. Kunjimon found a way out. There is a stream in the middle of the field. He looked there. During the monsoon season, copper-colored herds would rush through the ditch. They are coming from the eastern hills. They seem to be frightened to hear the voice of thunder; they run fast without looking right or left. Many times he wished to get on the top of those bulls. But they will not stop for a moment. A voice rose from the bushes growing on either side and asked where are you going? When it hears the bulls make a noise and they run away. Now there is not a single calf in the field. He saw a bull for the last was two months ago and it was lying in a deep pit and he could not see it well. By then his mother scolded him for getting late. He thought if the bulls had run through the ditch today no one can stop it.

It was with this mind that he crossed the brook. It is sad to see the current state of the brook. Appukuttan looked at the brook. A cold wind that blew there like a mother's sighs. He walked through the burned lawn. It felt a little too far but it was an unimpaired way. He remembered that his master would hit him when he was late. A tremor in the mind. Yet he did not feel to leave the brook. As he was leaving, he wondered: 'why the master is always mocking me like that? The master always speaks very badly to himself and the mistress to his mother in a rude manner. Is there is any need for this? 'Their attitude seem to shows that we did something wrong against them' " Kunjimon whispered". His mother does everything for them. How many times she walked from the well to the kitchen and bathroom by carrying a pot with full of water. After pouring water in the pot she seemed to be exhausted.

That's enough, "mother" – said by Appukuttan. By saying, 'it's my duty to do all the jobs' and she continued her work. Even it is raining. She draws water from the well. Appukuttan, whispered. If he needs so much of water, He should stand in the rain? But he will not do that. How much firewood should be cut and cloths should be washed, the

yard should be cleaned and dung should be waxed for everything needs my mother's hand. But then the master seemed to be rude always to her. After all the jobs she seemed to be paralyzed and her heart rate went up. During that time I felt to hug her calling her "my mother" but he did not. If it is seen by the mistress she will inform it into the master and get punishment. So that he could only watch his mother's miserable condition. While looking at that, the mistress instructed him to go to the laundry man's side and ask him to bring all the clothes. He rum until his mistress eyes disappears but now he was not unable to run no longer.

The sun was in its peak and hot wind blew all around. He walked merrily through the brook; it's too hot; the wind is also too hot. Yet he walked slowly. He feels hungry, when he was went to buy some porridge the mistress orders him to go to the laundryman's side. When he thinks about it, he feels hungry.

He crossed the brook, near to that there is a Banyan tree. Suddenly Kunjimon remembered that the nearby temple was closed after the festival and the temple will be open after seven days. It is the third day after the festival. It doesn't feel to continue the trip. My mistress will be rude, if I go back. He hopes that if any one come through this he will a join with them. He looked as far as he could but there is no one and he is confused with continue or not. Finally he decided to sit under the banyan tree.

Under the banyan tree there was a blue carpet with golden dots. He thought that there was not even such a beautiful carpet in mistress's bed room. Then he becomes wondered if he could sit on it or not. Finally he sat on it, what a relief! He feels like someone massaging on his body. He was leaning against the tree and felts sleepy. The golden dots on the carpet which spread out on the floor began to rise and walk. Not walking, but swimming. The boats are coming and going an endless procession. These are flying boats? Kunjimon was wondrously looking up it.

Kunjimon soon realized that the tree on which he was leaning was very soft. He leaned one more time. He feels it like leaning on a fleshy body. The sound of a pipe can be heard from the top of the head. He listen the music. Oh ! The wind is singing. The sound seemed to go through his nerves.

Immediately a howl comes from the top of the head, Kunjimon was shocked and looked up. Awesome! He saw the teethes which curved like a sickle. Two horny mustaches! Two huge eyes, and instead of hair there are flames. Kunjimon looked only once and closed his eyes. That is a devil! Kunjimon realized that he was leaning on the foot of a devil. He was totally terrified.

Laughing again and again .That voice was as sharp as a needle. Suddenly the devil pulled his legs Kunjimon would fall but he raise, the devil hit him like a ball. Kunjimon went up. He felt heat and cold alternately. A drop of water from the cloud hit

his body, immediately the intense rays of the sun dried them up. Again a laughing sound raised, suddenly he fell to the ground.

He looked all around he was sitting in the hand of the devil. The devil's huge eye turned to him. Flames were coming and hitting to his face.

The devil asked: "who are you?"

"Kunjimon"

"Why did you come here?"

"I'm going to Laundry man's side"

"Don't you know that this is our residence?"

"Yes. I know".

Ok. So you know this, then I accept you. The devil continued 'Do you come with me'?

Oh! I'm not.

"For me..."

Yes, tell me. What you have to say?

"I'm scared." Kunjimon says as if crying.

"Are you scared, to you seeing me? But, I will never hurt you. You can join with me and I will give whatever you want."

"I don't want anything"

"Foolish! Listen to me and you can decide. I will bring you the nectar from all the flowers of the world to drink for you. I will give you Gem encrusted dresses and I will let you to play with the Gems like stars that the Snakes have kept for a long time under the earth. What?"

"No. I want to go. My mother may be waiting for me".

Humans are more forgetful than they remember. In a few days she will forget you".

"No. She is living only for me".

Do you have a father?

"No".

Didn't your mother love your father very much?

"Yes". She did.

Is she still alive after the death of your father? My mother always says that I'm look like the exact copy of my father and the grief of my father's absence cure while she seeing at me. The devil ordered Kunjimon to look the direction he has pointed. There in the woods of the forest, a lioness lay with her cub, will that stay with her child forever? When the child grows up, it will go somewhere else. So your mother too will forget you.

"My mother is not like a lion, she can't forget me."

"This kind of belief makes man powerless." The devil laughed.

Please leave me I'm not strong enough to defeat you. I'm a power less creature. I don't wish to defeat you with my force, so that I will strengthen you as strong s I'm is and I f you defeat me you can go.

"Can I defeat a devil?" give a try. If you win I will be your slave forever, but if it happens as opposite, you must be stand with me. What do you think?

"No" I can't stay with you, I want to go!

I did everything that I could for you, by saying this, devil turned the nearby bush into a black rock and sat on it and said "You can decide." By raising his hand, the devil shouted: "Come on" Many sweet fruits fall down and the devil gives it to Kunjimon. I will take this only after seeing my mother he replied. The devil laughed. "Ok." Then defeat me and you can go.

Kunjimon was realized that there was no other way to escape from his hand. After thinking about something he agreed to the devils opinion and said "Make me strong." The devil stood near by Kunjimon and advises him everything. Now he was able to travel both on earth and in the sky. He also learned to change his appearance, place and time becomes unhindered. After teaching everything the devil said: we are now equally strong and you can try to escape from my hands and I will try to stop you.

Kunjimon turned to smoke and went up he started to fly over the sky and swimming in the clouds. The devil started to blow and the storm brought the cloud to the ground .When he landed on the earth and take his original form. Then he fell into the devil's copper colored mustache, like a coal block. Then he took many forms and tried to run away but then the devil blocked him everywhere. Finally they were in the battle field Kunjimon was defeated and the blood began to flow from his head. Finally, Kunjimon agreed his loss and devil joined with him.

The devil called out in joy and then he flew into the sky with the child on his shoulder. Then the devil said lovingly to the child: you are good, intelligent, and now you are strong enough you can achieve anything you want and I will help you for that. Kunjimon heard it silently he is sitting the devils shoulder by holding his round ears. Below, there are hills, mountains that come and fade away. It is needless to say the trip was not fun but when I thinks about my mother its make me paralyzed , suddenly I felt like jumping down .But where? Will he leave me?

“Devil.”

“What happened?”

“Where we are going?”

“To the center of the universe.” Where I live.

Kunjimon is looking far away. Suddenly he saw a circle in golden color and it’s getting bigger. “What is that?”

“Fire ring.” We have to pass through that.

“Doesn’t it burn? No don’t worry.

They went under the neck of two flamingos that stood like castle gate with their beaks attached. S mall well can be seen in the ground where there thorn hit. Before hearing the whole they had cross the flamingos. Darkness spread everywhere. Kunjimon was not able to see anything. After a long trip through the darkness they entered to a garden.

Kunjimon looked all around beautiful garden with lots of flowers: and fruits. “This is my residence.” Kunjimon moved to the nearby flowering tree. Someone laughed, that tree is started to walk! It is a Skelton with a diamond crown on its head. Kunjimon run back. The devil comforted him and says this is our emperor! He has my favorite for a long time. I gave him a huge subjugation and eventually he join with me.

The devil continued to walk and kunjimon followed him. On the way there is a huge hill and they walked through its slope. While walking they saw a Skelton holding a flower bouquet. “She was a royal dancer. After seeing a lot of things, they moved to the rocks suddenly the door opens for them and they get in, it was full of drinks and everyone is naked there.

Exhausted, he began to lean on the ground, and a flowered carpet appeared on the ground kunjimon lay on the flower bed and darkness spread everywhere. Kunjimon closed his eyes, but he could not sleep. His thoughts are pouring into the heart. “My mother” what she is doing now? Is she is waiting for me? His mother’s voice seemed to ring in his ears, he stood up “No” lay down again.

Kunjimon lay down and spent the whole night wondering how to escape. But he can't find a solution. The dawn rays are slowly approaching to the cave and its came through the east side of staircase. Kunjimon walked through the staircase, a light breeze with the fragrance of the lilies and spreading all over, he felt pleasure! He hurried up the stair.

The staircase leads to a beautiful landscape. There is a pond in the middle of it with half blooming lilies. Never seen such a beautiful morning, he felt that the universe is smiling at him. Suddenly a little light seemed to penetrate to head as well, Kunjimon smiled and said loudly "I will cheat him!

"What?" The devil asked, Kunjimon turned back. He saw the devil's teethes as white as ivory and curved like a sickle shine in the sunlight.

"Devil, will you change your stand? Kunjimon asked.

"Never." Do you want to challenge me again?

"Yes." I need.

"Ok." Let's see."

Look at me by saying that Kunjimon smiled beautifully and said "If you smile like me you will win but instead if you can't do that you will be my slave. "Now it's your turn. The devil tried to smile but it becomes a horrible one. "Is this a smile? – said by Kunjimon.

The devil tried to smile once again but he can't. His huge teeth do not allow him to smile. The sense of failure made his heart rate abnormal. He felt like pulling out those teethes.

"What happened"? Kunjimon asked: "Did you loss?

The devil agreed "Yes I'm". "Now I'm your slave".

If so, take me to my home. Kunjimon sat on the devil's shoulder holding his round ears and said "Don't let anyone to see you except me and my mother. "Ok." The devil replied.

When they reached at home Kunjimon run and hugged his mother. Where did you go? Don't cry. "I have brought something special for you." He showed the devil to his mother and she was shocked to see him. Don't be panic, he is my slave.

From then onwards the devil took over all the burdens like, to cook the food and wash the clothes. The devil started to bark at night times, and when other devils mock at his pathetic condition and call him as the "man's dog." It made him paralyzed. The devil bowed his head and started to cry. The mother become shocked and she felt mercy to him. She approached to him and asked, "Why are you crying?" The devil said about his miserable condition as a slave and started to cry. The mother tries to convenience him.

One day mother approached him and asked: Why can't you smile?

My teethes are the reason which blocks me from smiling.

Can't it pluck off?

No I can't

The mother thought for a while and said to the devil if you don't have any issue I will help for you.

How?

You have to take the form of a baby and suck the breast milk of mine. Is it ok for you?

Yes, the devil replied and become a beautiful baby. She took him in her arms and give milk to him. Four days later his teethes began to grind. On the fifth day his first tooth fell out and on the seventh day his second tooth one also fell out. And the white boy began to smile.

Kunjimon looked at him and said: "You are free now you can go." The mother also said goodbye to him. The white boy stared at his mother. A drop of tear welled up in his eyes, he said, "Mother, do not send me away. I will stay with you. The mother looked both of her kids and hugged them close to her breast. Both of the kids where smiling each other, the mother shed tears of joy and called out "My white boy!"...

Audit Course ENG2A02 Writing Skills

BIRIYANI

SANTHOSH AECHIKKANAM

BY

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BIRIYANI

Right now Gopal Yadhav started along with Kathireshan from Cherkala. Three Bengali labourers accompanied him. However fast it is the bus may require a minimum of 10-20 minutes to reach Poyinachi.

Till then we will speak about Kalanthan Haaji. Long ago he rowed a watercraft from his village Thalamkara to Dubai. Among his four wives he forgotten Kunjibi, otherthan that he had no other memory loses. The people of that village known that it's not four but Haaji could afford forty wives.

Haaji and Aamina had a daughter named Ruhiya. Riswan was Ruhiya's son. He is at America working as a cardiac surgeon. Last week at Bangalore they attended his wedding.

Now Haaji got a wish to arrange a function and serve biriyani for the village people on behalf. He is eighty six now. So Ruhiya advised her son to fulfill granpa's wish else after he passes away that would make Riswan disturbed and greif. So Riswan consented. The arranged a reception and time was fixed between 6.00 pm and 9.00 pm.

What you see infront is Kalanthan Haaji's house. Not house, a place. It was a long walk from the entrance of temporary awning to Haaji's house. About five thousand people were invited for the function. The dinning table as well as chairs were covered with white cloth.

Imported flowers from abroad were used to decorate the stage, ' Even after the function people will remember the stage' said Asainaarcha, one of Haaji's friend and business partner.

He took his phone and dailed Ramachandran as if he thought of something.

Ramachandran Perumbala is a shopkeeper at Poyinachi.

He sold stationary, newspaper, weekly magazines, sarbath, cigarette etc.. at his shop. Mostly the people reaching that junction in National Highway which is in rush get to know about Ramachandran and his shop.

Cash for chitty, a torch that should be carried while returning home at night...envelopes...where the person is going... When will they come back as well as many secrets that couldn't even be disclosed with their wives, likewise Ramachandran is considered as a tower providing branches to all these communications.

By the time Ramachandran attended Asainaarcha's phone call simultaneously Shukriya bus arrived at Poyinachi junction.

From the bus at first Kathireshan stepped out followed by the Bengali labourers and finally Gopal Yadhav.

The three Bengali labourers crossed the road came to Ramachandran and wished 'Namaskar' while he gave them three packets of 'mava', beetle leaf and it's fillings.

They took a pinch from those packets and put it in their mouths. They rubbed the finger tips on their jeans. By now a fat man came there on a pickup, he called them into and moved on.

Later Thomachan's jeep arrived infront of Kathireshan who actually called by night for plumbing. After he left Gopal stood totally alone. The light which fell on his back grown big and big.

For the last two years he was at Ulliyathadukkal. Along with Kathireshan's brother-in-law Annamala. As the job reduced steadily Gopal was unable to continue there.

While he was sitting silly out of work Annamala informed him about Kathireshan.

They came straight to Cherkala. While moving to Kanjanghad it's after passing Vidhyanagar town. Therefore they thought of a different condition rather than Ulliyathadukkal. Now Gopal sleeps on a bench laid at the tilt of Kathireshan's single roomed house. Before winter he must find some other place.

For having a room minimum five thousand rupees is demanded in advance. He decided to chew a meetapan till someone arrived. He got inside the shop and Ramachandran asked:

" Idhar naya hey tum? "

" Ha... Bhai "

While removing the veins of betel leaf Ramachandran asked:

" Kidhar kaa hey tum..??? "

" Bihar "

" Ooo.. Apani Lajuji ka desh ne aaya...??? "

Gopal Yadhav laughed. Then Ramachandran noted that three tooth of his lower jaw was missing:

" Tu kithana sal hogaya ethar "

" Sath " Gopal kept meetapan into his mouth.

" Abhi thum Malayalam seeka "

By sipping the juice of the betel leaf he said " Learned " shaking his head.

" I will give you a work. Will you do it? "

" Yes, I will. "

Ramachandran rubbed his fingers with lime on a cloth and took the phone. He called Asainaarcha and told him the matter.

Earlier when Shukriya bus arrived Asainaarcha called him to ask if he would get a labourer in urgent to Kalanthan Haaji's house.

Within half an hour Asainaarcha arrived in a fortuner. And he got out. He came to Ramachandran's shop.

In first look he understood that the middle aged man who looks Asainaarcha with grandeur is the one Ramachandran arranged for him.

" I will give you two fifty rupees. Is that ok " Asainaarcha asked even without facing Gopal Yadhav.

" Saabh, three fifty please Saabh "

" We pay Malayali labourers six hundred, Tamils five hundred, Bengali three fifty and Bihari two fifty. That's the rate here. It is only a work of 4-5 hours. We are not ready to pay fifty rupees extra for each hour. Can you do it or not. Tell me. " Asainaarcha lighted a cigarette.

" Hey Asainaarcha, what's going on there. We heard it is a big function. Chefs from Abudhabi and Hyderabad came to cook biriyani." Ramachandran asked.

" Not only biriyani. Kuzhimandhi is even prepared. This is not the biriyani which you ate at the local marriages here. It is made with first quality Basmathi rice, which is one load directly exported from Punjab "

" One load " Ramachandran heard it unbelievable.

" When the truck arrived and stopped infront of the house yesterday.. Oh my Ramachandran, you won't believe it! The whole village was filled in the fragrance of Jasmine. Still that fragrance is at my nose. That is Basmathi. "

When Asainaarcha returned Gopal Yadhav was seated at the backseat of his fortuner even though he asked a hundred rupees more.

While getting into the church side road Asainaarcha asked him.

" Gopala.. Where are you at Bihar? "

" Lal Maathiya " He said.

" What was your job there? "

" Of charcoal "

Gopal Yadhav started speaking about the Raj Mahal coal mine at Lal Maathiya. Secondary charcoal is found wherever company stopped mining. People start to collect them even if there are some legal restrictions. Women are more in collecting them. And it was from there Gopal met Maadhamghi.

His job was to pull the bicycle loaded with 250 kg charcoal from Lal Maathiya to Godhaware. Sometimes it is extended with a 20 kms more. Till Baanghra. Daily he got ten rupees.

" Oh god ten rupees "

Asainaarcha kept his hands on head.

I will have one fifty rupees. From that I must afford Rangdhaari for police, hooliganism as well as repairing works for the bicycle. And when all of these are done only ten rupees is left over, Saabh.

" Did you asked me ten rupees more " Asainaarcha looked Gopal in anger.

" When did you left your place? "

" Panthrah saal "

" Fifteen years ago "

By that time you earned ten rupees and now it may be hundred rupees. Here I have told you two fifty rupees and you are not enough with it.

Asainaarcha was murmuring like to someone while he was driving. Gopal felt it like not disclosing with him his difficulties.

He thought of his son awaiting for him after work with hunger and at last ate sand then slept, he seemed thinner than creepers with a slim neck and projected tummy which the murmuring Asainaarcha doesn't know.

Gopal felt that while we speak to someone about our pain that must be someone who would have experienced similar situation. Do not tell your problems with someone else. If we do so we might be portrayed as a criminal or a joker.

Lessons like this are already familiar. While police officers came to collect Rangdhaari he pleaded felling on there legs.

They considered him as a reptile and ignored him. Never gave him a reduction in their collection.

By the time car reached infront of Kalandhan Haaji's house. The fragrance of Basmathi rice floated in breeze. It was at Shukoor Miya's shop in Lal Mathiya that Maathangi introduced Gopal Yadhav this rice. By then she was six months pregnant.

When a handful of rice was brought near her nose it's fragrance made her eyes slightly shut. She was sure that people like them were unable to buy that rice.

Still he haven't made her desperate. He asked Shukoor Miya to give him fifty grams of Basmathi rice.

She chewed it till the time they reached back home.

By the time someone patted at his back. While he look around it was a boy.

He might be twenty years old. He felt like a bottle of perfume had broken while the boy came to him.

" Aare bhai thum mera saath aavo "

The boy handovered the spade and axe to Gopal, then he looked his specially styled straightly combed up hair in the glass of a car parked there. He was satisfied with his hair and he smiled.

Khalandhan Haaji's third wife Fatima's child Thaha's son Sinan walked forward. That area was cleaned and modified for the parking of vehicle's.

They walked a lot.

Then reached a coconut field and the boy pointed to an area filled with greengrass and said.

" Bhai, dig here. It's enough here "

It was by that time Gopal Yadhav understood that he was called to dig a huge pit there. "

" Depth"

" Let it be at your height, bhai "

Sinan replied while forwarding a whatsapp message to Riya Raphi one among many of his girlfriends.

" Width "

" Let it be your width, bhai "

Gopal Yadhav just drawn a measurement with his spade. He thanked the coconut leaves that doesn't made the sunlight reach the soil even if it was summer. The texture of the soil show that he might be able to complete the pit of one man height and width by evening. He started the work. Meanwhile the boy asked about Gopal Yadhav and he started searching about Lal Maathiya in Google.

" There is no place called Lal Maathiya in Bihar, bhai " the boy said.

Unable to get back the spade stuck in soil Gopal Yadhav looked at Sinan.

" Lal Maathiya is at Bihar. Ye mera ghaave he "

" Thum joke math bholo. It's at Jharkhand. See.."

As like we move the white cloth from the face of a dead man Sinan shown him the mobile screen that portrayed Lal Maathiya travelled to Jharkhand from Bihar. He felt that his place also left Bihar as if what he did. He inhaled. Then slowly breath out. He had done the same when his loved ones passed away.

Gopal Yadhav picked up the spade stuck in soil. Then a wet piece of mud brick fallen off from it like Bihar. His eyes filled with tears. He then broke the brick with an axe. It was broken into two pieces, like skull. One Bihar and the other Jharkhand.

" Where am I know "

He asked himself.

He don't remember anything. Everyone of them are are travelling in a line.

There bicycle's had two fifty kilogram of charcoal and it's pedals were removed. They are climbing up a difficult forest road.

They are panting.

He felt like the lungs would come out destructing the ribcage as if it is filled of air. He had only ate a little rice with old vegetables. He felt dizzy.

Manji who walked in front just shivered.

" What happened " before he asked along with the untied charcoal he fall down from the steep mountain.

Darkness surrounds him. What would the time be ? By watching the depth and width of the pit he was amazed. Sound of vehicles are heard leaving from the parking.

The function was somewhat finished. No noise is heard.

He lied in the soil in pit. The moonlight fell in through the torn coconut leaves. Sinan also arrived.

He kept his legs on the removed soil from the pit and asked.

" Hogaya "

" Ha.. ji.. "

Gopal Yadhav got up. Sinan extended his hands. As Gopal reached up from the pit a green barrel was bought to the pit by two three people and turned it upside down. With a steep increase in heartbeat Gopal Yadhav watched the Biryani with bone pieces dumbled in the pit like a hill.

As if from a clay pit Gopal raised his head when another barrel came. He couldn't count the balance barrels which came by. At last came on, a barrel with it's dhum not even opened.

The garbage pit was full.

" Now tread and make it all leveled " said the boy. Gopal Yadhav was silenced and stood by the side of the pit.

" Do it, bhai "

Sinan shouted " Time is already 11 o clock "

Gopal Yadhav raised his leg.

What lies in front of him is Basmathi.

" Tread it bhai " Sinan again shouted.

He treaded. Treaded on it's chest. First he heard a cry. Then it changed as a weeping. Later that was also not heard.

" Now you can cover it with mud " said the boy, Sinan to Gopal Yadhav who stood sweating and his legs covered with ghee and masala.

After putting the spade and axe to the pit Sinan took a selfie with Gopal and asked him

" Bhai, how many children do you have? "

" One daughter "

" What's her name? "

" Basmathi "

" Is she married "

" No "

After keeping his mobile back to pocket Sinan looked Gopal Yadhav in hope and asked

" Is she studying? "

" No "

" Then "

" Dead "

" Died..? " It made Sinan shocked and dull.

" How " he asked.

" Starving "

Gopal Yadhav once again kept a spade full of mud on Basmathi. Then he took a deep breath.

AUDIT COURSE

Professional Competency

ENG A02: Translation Theory and Practice

Translation of the Malayalam short story

‘ORMAYUDE NJARAMBU’ (THE VEIN OF MEMORY)

by K.R Meera

Submitted by:

Fathima Maria Shamsudheen

Roll No: 15

I MA English

Providence Women’s College, Calicut

The Vein of Memory

- K. R Meera

Her voice resembled of a moving rusted hinge. A violet coloured vein popped challengingly on her wrinkled neck. Adjusting her spectacles in upright position, the old woman asked without any gesture:

“Do you write dear?”

The girl said nothing. She just looked at the old woman. By chance, she noticed the old woman’s head. Half of her scalp was visible. But still there were few black hair strands on her head.

“Before we achieved independence, there was an assembly where Vallathol attended....” The old woman said.

When she uttered the word ‘independence’, her artificial teeth set bulged out miserably. The sight filled the girl with abhorrence. As if to hide her uneasiness, she twisted and turned the folds of the light blue shawl of her churidar.

“What was independence at that time, wasn’t it madness for everyone? Everyone burnt nylon and nylex and only wore khaddar. I had a saree with black boarder. Even saree was a fashion at that time....”

Since the girl was irritated to watch the old woman trying with her tongue to bring back her teeth set to its original position, she shifted her glance to the bookshelves in the room.

On the topmost rack of the shelf, there were some of old framed photos. A black and white photo of someone garlanding on somebody stood authoritatively among others. Other photos were moth-eaten and water stained family photos. On the second and third rack, there were only few books.

The girl again unintentionally looked at the old woman.

“I wrote a poem when Vellyamama asked me to and read it in the assembly.... The fragrance of the flowers of imagination lives in our humble garden too...”

When the old woman uttered the word ‘fragrance’, her teeth set protruded again.

In her attempt to recite poem tunefully, her voice got strained quite a lot as if she cried out when somebody tried to strangle her.

“The Mahakavi.” The old woman joined her hands to greet with respect as if she saw Vallathol before her.

“He called me to him and kept both his hands on my head and blessed by saying: Saraswati, you are true Saraswati.....”

The old woman gently touched on her own head which Vallathol's hands had touched. The girl discovered with disgust that there were black hair strands beneath her grey hair.

The room was filled with the smell of a sandalwood stick which had long since burned down. A hot breeze entered through the window madly, creating havoc in the room. A small steel flask kept on the table with faded table cloth shivered lightly. The ounce glass kept beside fell down and rolled. The aroma of some medicine instantly filled in the air.

Despite this, the girl had established a fondness for the room, which was packed with a variety of fragrances. This had to be the spacious room in the house, she thought.

"I was just nine years old at the time..." The old lady reminisced. But not like today's young ladies. I had the appearance of a sixteen-year-old. My spouse had noticed me during the event and..." She quickly stopped speaking and gently cut off a white thread that protruded from the edge of her neriyatu. She was dressed in a red-bordered mundu and neriyatu. Her white blouse had a few flaws, maybe owing to age.

As though agitated, the old woman stood up. She swayed unsteadily towards the shelf in the corner of the room. She sat in a chair near the shelf and poured through each book with rapt attention. The girl received the impression that the chair was a permanent feature in the room, and that the old woman sat in it on a regular basis to take the books.

"Not this...it is a book with a maroon cover...." Opening a book, the old woman remarked with tremendous enthusiasm. The girl shivered. The fine dust billowing up from the book when the old woman ruffled it again made the girl want to sneeze. When the old woman glanced at the girl, she didn't show any pity.

"I, too, faced this situation at times..." She took out a new book. "Isn't that why the book went missing? Due to my sneezing, I had been too lazy to keep the old newspapers, children's books, and other similar items in order... There was amongst all of this... This book somehow; somewhere... My husband would get upset if any old paper was spotted anywhere.... There was no paper or dust everywhere in the room. The place has to be kept clean at all times." Her breath trembled as she said. "Who could have predicted that a need like this would exist in old age?"

That had an emotional impact on the young girl. Who could deny it, right? She put the last book down and picked up a new one. "My husband was in jail when I wrote the first story. Communists were apprehended on the spot back then." The elderly lady's artificial teeth trembled dreadfully as she said the word "story."

The girl stood up and walked to the window, irritated. In the strong breeze that had blown in again, she sought to brush the strands of hair that had fallen on to her face. Her finger was wet in sweat from the sindoor she had applied on her simantarekha earlier in the day. It stuck like a drop of blood for a little moment. Then slowly it fell down and died. Another note book was opened by the old woman.

"Ramankutty's old notebook. The story was written in the corner of this room, away from the sight of the husband's mother, by the light of a lamp. When mother spotted someone reading or writing, she would become agitated. She'd wonder what good it would do for the family."

She gently flipped the pages of the book. "It appears that when he stated that he likes the girl who read the poetry at the assembly, it caused a stir. Isn't that so? What good are tales and poetry if they aren't used? Girls, like mother says, should cook and give birth to children..."

Slowly, she flipped over the pages.

"Ramankutty was named by my husband. Let him grow as Rama, he added. Ravindranath was a name that I liked at that time. After that, I decided to grant his wish. Why argue just for the sake of it? Isn't my son my own, whether he's called Ravindranath or Ramankutty? As a result, I had no idea what to call Sreekutty. He named her Sreekumari... I had suggested Ramankutty that if he had children, he should name Ravindranath if is a boy and Mrinalini if t is a girl. Tagore's name is Ravindranath, right? Mrinalini is Tagore's wife..."

The girl quickly glanced out when it was time to pronounce 'Mrinalini.'

Despite this, the girl began to develop a bond with the old woman.

"The first story was about a woman who was imprisoned in the fight for independence." The girl pursed her lips and covertly touched her teeth with her tongue as the word "independence" was spelled. Were any loose?

Another notebook was opened by the old woman. "I carefully hid that story in order to read it to my husband. But when I told him I'd written a piece a few days after he got out of prison....."

The girl was watching with great anticipation. The old woman's face had darkened. She returned one book and took another since she was in a rush.

"Hmm.....It was a book like this, I believe. A blue-lined book similar to this one. I started writing after putting "om" at the top. "Sriramajayam," I wrote at the top of the second story. My husband was in Delhi as M.P when I was writing the second story."

She put the book on the shelf after closing it. "I had a strong desire to see Delhi. He didn't take me, though. 'Later,' was the answer every time. The years slipped away. He took his mother and our children to Delhi once during their summer vacation. Who would look after the cows if I went as well? Who would light the lamp at the tomb of Father? These were Mother's inquiries. Anyway, I was never able to go."

The old woman leaned up close to the girl, as if revealing a grave secret. "That's when I started writing this second story..." The girl was now more curious on the old woman.

She wondered, "What was it all about?"

A woman who writes articles under a male pen name and submits them to periodicals. Finally, one of her stories wins a prize, and people start looking for her house. "Oh, that was certainly a story that I wrote," her husband responded after learning of this.

The old woman laughed, revealing her fake teeth. "What everyone longs for...?"

The girl wanted to know more about the narrative when she put the book down and picked up another. She said, "What about the third story?" The old woman was going to pick another book from the shelf. Padmakshi entered the room with vessels in her hands at that very moment.

"Valliyamme... well, have you started studying again for the exams?" Padmakshi said loudly and mockingly. "It's been a long time since you began studying. "When will this be over?" She winked at the girl as if she were a child. After that, she set the vessels on the table. A little pitcher held kanji, and a large steel plate with rounded corners was used to pour it out and drink it, another tiny dish with two pappads. "Valiyamme, do you want something to eat?" Come get the kanji, have your afternoon medicine, and sleep for a while... I'll swab your body as soon as you wake up."

"Don't raise your voice, girl," the old woman softly reprimanded. "You know, I can hear."

"Oh...so I'm to blame." Padmakshi's face contorted with scornful muscles. She shifted her gaze to the girl. "Dear, why didn't you attend the wedding?" she asked. "Didn't Sreemon convince you a lot? Wouldn't that be obvious that everyone is looking forward to see the new bride?" The girl remained silent. The old woman just laughed.

The rest of the story captivated the girl's curiosity. However, the old woman remained quiet. Padmakshi poured the kanji for her, and she drank it. She then headed to the washbasin. She cleaned her artificial teeth and placed them in a glass beside the basin after removing them. She walked slowly after cleaning her hands and face with the towel on the stand.

Padmakshi had grabbed a glass of water and a pill from the bottle on the table and was reaching out to her. The girl saw how difficult it was for the pill and water to get through the wrinkled throat. The pill was fighting with the thick violet vein. Then it gradually faded away. The old woman slid gently into the bed.

The girl's interest in hearing the rest of the story grew.

"She carried an old book with her. Since she lost her memory, she's been looking for it." Padmakshi whispered.

"She would seek for it by climbing up to the attic and then down to the basement. Finally, tired of it, Radha chechi gave her some old books of Sreemon and Minumol. That turned out to be a blessing in disguise. She'd spend the rest of her time flipping them over." The girl couldn't stop herself from sighing. "Come on over, dear! Valiyamma is now sleeping. She'll continue to lie like this till five o'clock in the evening."

When she walked out with the vessels, the girl stood there, confused of what to do.

"The third story..." she inadvertently muttered. With much difficulty, the old woman opens her drooping eyes forcefully and looked at the girl. Then, with a nasty smile, she

replied, "Death." The girl was astonished. The old woman stroked a violet vein on her neck. "When you wrap the noose around this vein, it should tighten. Who'd have figured?"

Under the effect of a fear-like reaction, the girl's body shook.

"Don't go for the vein," she cautioned herself as she closed her eyes. "If you make a mistake, you will lose your memory."

The old woman remained silent for the rest of the conversation. The girl was standing in front of the mirror, observing her exposed neck, when Sreejith returned late that night.

"What are you looking for?" he asked, his voice annoyed, as though a master who had not been treated properly.

"A vein," she said sulkily. "The vein of memory."

AUDIT COURSE

ENG2 A02: TRANSLATION THEORY AND PRACTICE

TITLE: LOLA (1965)

AUTHOR: P PADMARAJAN

Submitted

to the Department of English,
Providence Women's College, Calicut.

by

Geethika A.K.

LPEG16

Lola

My name filled her with astonishment.

‘Is it a name in Sanskrit?’

‘Yes.’

‘Do you speak Sanskrit?’

‘No.’

‘Then?’

‘Malayalam is a language that is closely connected to Sanskrit.’

‘Okay...but even then, can there be a name that could mean ‘the king of lotus’?’

‘King of Lotus?’ I was embarrassed and I replied. ‘We worship Lotus.’

She looked a little embarrassed. She wanted to say something to me ...When I encouraged her, she finally asked me how the lotus became an object of worship.

‘I don’t know.’

‘What did O’Brien say?’

‘I don’t know.’

She looked more shy.

From the back of her neck a fine red glow of dawn spreads to her face.

‘What do the petals of lotus signify?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘What do the seeds of lotus mean?’

I was started to get irritated. Our conversation was starting to feel like a formal interview to me. I felt a little bored. I replied her with a voice reflecting my boredom.

‘I don’t know. I’m leaving.’

During that time I noticed a mischievous smile that stuck in her eyes. Then she left.

In the four months of my American life, it was the first time I saw an American woman shy. (Because a shy American girl was only a kind of imagination for me . That might also have been the reason why I was so much fascinated about Lola.)

A page from the diary.....

It seems like I have fallen in love with this literature scholar, Lola Milford. Let it be. A girl like Lola.....the beautiful ... lovable ... Intelligent...talkative...!

Why did you touch my leg with your leg under the table... in the restaurant today?

Then, why did you...

Anyway, I am not able to read anything these days. This girl has made me crazy. I wanted to meet Lola at this moment. Now, in this night, in this night itself...

Just like Audrey Hepburn , she had cropped her hair short .She kept it spread on her forehead. I asked her, ‘ Is Audrey Hepburn your favourite actor?’

‘No. Shirley McLaine...’

I remembered Shirley’s eyes. Innocence was the soul of those beautiful eyes. I said. ‘Lola’s eyes are just like Shirley’s.’

‘Oh. Flattery’

‘No’

‘Yes’

‘No. No. Those eyes are the most beautiful I have ever seen. The most innocent...’ I said, ‘...is you.’ She suddenly lowered her head and grabbed my hand.

I noticed... her eyes were wet and misty...

‘I...’ She struggled to say something.

‘Tell me.’ I said. ‘What is it?’. But without saying a word she just pressed my hand.

Lake of the Clouds was covered in darkness in front of us. Snow had started falling on the water. A motor boat was vaguely seen passing through some distance.

Lola started murmuring, ‘I... I...’ Her lips started trembling. The hand that she held my hand was started sweating. Whatever the reason was, I knew that she was not going to complete it. I also knew what she was struggling to say.

Michigan... While we were standing on top of St. Croix river, I kissed her... That was the night before returning to Ohio. The silence had filled around us. While we were walking towards the car, by holding my waist, she murmured, ‘I’m a virgin. Keep that in mind.’

There was a black mole on Lola’s neck. She was sad about it. One of her teeth, on the top the fourth one from middle was artificial. Girls from Southwest America are more beautiful than the rest of the country; they are superior in the imagination too. Lola has both more than sufficient. She used to slip into poetry whenever she used to talk about her birthplace, Texas.

The cold breeze of Corpus Christi Bay...

The wide park on the banks of San Antonio River...

Come... Come to Texas once...

She used to write poems but she never published any.

‘Why don’t you publish your poems?’ I asked.

‘Because, I don’t want to be a second rated writer’ She said. She was so proud of American literature. She used to go crazy while talking about Mark Twain. She believed that Mark Twain is the greatest novelist of the world. Once when talking about him she invited me.

‘Let’s go to Missouri next Sunday.’

‘Sure.’

Missouri... We stood under the giant statue of Mark Twain at Hannibal. The river that he immortalized flowed in front of us. Lola passionately talked about American literature...

Christmas! I decided to spend the Christmas vacation to visit Las Vegas. Lola also was accompanying me. She appeared to be very sad during those days. She hated Las Vegas.

I asked. 'What is it?' It was the first time she told me about her father. He made money after coming to Ohio from Texas for the business. But he wasted all his wealth by playing Roulette from Reno and Las Vegas. He lost everything and he became a careless person.. Later he was sentenced by a court for murder. It was the first time I heard about John Milford. His wife was a low class prostitute, she was the one who made infrequent appearances in TV and movie screens. When Lola started growing up, John Milford took her to Ohio. Lola never saw her mother after that. When we crossed the Reno Arch, Lola slanted on my shoulder.

'It was from here my father destroyed himself.' She wept.

That day she drank uncontrollably. In the heat of liquor her childish cheeks and face turned red. She used some obscene language against the State of Nevada using her bladdered tongue.

'Is there any city like this in India?'

'No.' I said, proudly.

'Then, I also want to come to India.'

In that evening ,when she became completely clear-headed ...when we were riding two hired female horses through the shades.

She asked, 'Shall I come to India?'

I didn't say anything.

'Can we marry?' She asked.

'I'm a Hindu. I don't know if a Hindu is free to marry a Christian.'

'Then, can't you convert to our religion?'She asked.

I smiled. I thought a very stupid belief that converting to another religion for a girl would be similar to slavery. We stopped when we reached at the banks of Lake Tahoe.

She said to me suddenly. 'We could live here itself.'

I was unresponsive.

Seeing that, she asked. 'Do you need to take an American citizenship if you need to stay here permanently?'

'I don't know.'

'Do I have to take Indian citizenship if I want to stay in India?'

'I don't know.' My laziness flustered her. She abused both countries; Indian citizenship and American citizenship, India and America, Christian religion and Hindu religion, Hindu religion and Christian religion... she behaved like a madwoman for some time. While sitting in a hotel in the capital of Arizona, I described all of my circumstances to her.

'I would never be able to marry my dear Lola. You shouldn't despair dear'.

'No. I won't.' She said.

I noticed that her voice was weakening. I explained my situation in detail. The family which is depended on me... my country's poverty... the poverty of my house... (If it is not for this scholarship, I wouldn't have been able to come here) A person like her who was born and brought up in the U.S, could never be happy there in India. There are no big cities and beaches like here. There's only poverty there...but she did not understand. In front of us, below us, tall buildings of Phoenix lay scattered. The orchestra sang like something in hurry. She looked at me confused.

'Poverty?'

She came to my room the day when Marilyn Monroe died.

'Our biggest star was a fool.' I noticed that she was depressed.

'Anyway, it is better that these kind of assholes die.'

We talked a lot about suicide and the reasons for that during that day. She believed anyone who commits suicide is a fool. Whoever they are, whatever the reason is...

I said in the middle, 'When one gets depressed beyond a limit, sometimes...'

Suddenly she became silent.

After a minute, she asked. 'How many days are left for you to go back?'

‘Three months.’ I said.

I have thought several times later that why did she asked me that question at that particular moment.

A week before I returned, Lola said to me ‘This one week is mine. I will spend it the way I like... You should obey me.’

I agreed.

‘How are we going to spend this one week?’ When I asked her, she replied without any doubts, ‘This one week is our honeymoon... from Southern California.’

She said it with ease. Because she had unlimited money because an aunt of her had given it through a will before her death.

Southern California... the famous Hollywood; wide streets with Orange trees, the very famous Rose bowl Stadium... She had said the truth from a house that was on one of the cliffs that stuck out to the ocean in La Jolla... that till then ,Lola Milford was a virgin. Mother had written to me earlier. That says, “ they want to have the wedding as soon as you come back.”

My future wife who grew up with me, wrote: ‘I wish to see you.’

Through that white night we two sat on your window sill. (The poems of Zhivago.)

‘Can you imagine that a child of yours is inside my womb?’

‘Then...?’

‘I will give birth to him .Right?’

‘Yes. Then...?’

‘I’ll raise him.’

‘Yes.’

‘He will grow up just like you. When he becomes just like what you are right now ,I might be very old then, then ...then I will kill him.’ I felt a little sad. Even then I asked her.

‘Then, why don’t you kill me now?’

‘I don’t think I can do it.’ She said. She wept with her face pressed against earth.

‘All these shouldn’t have happened .All these...’ A wind blowed from the valley which had millions of Azalea flowers. Her hair started dancing lazily caught in that wind. I slowly put my hand on her shoulder. She jumped up and rubbed her eyes. After looking at me closely for a minute, in a new state of excitement by kissing my fingers, she said ‘Forgive me...’

Southern California is the land of sand dunes. A hot wind would be permeating in the atmosphere every time. Giant Joshua trees stood carrying heavy bunches of fruit ,in thirty feet height .While the wind blew, the branches shook and danced. Flowers flew in single and a group leaving the branches behind. I captured Lola in camera standing foreground with the background of a bunch of flowers. She posed, smiling beautifully. After taking the photo, she murmured as if to nobody: ‘It seems like I too will do that foolishness.’

‘What is it?’ I asked.

‘The foolishness that Marilyn did’ The bells in Santa Barbara Mission tolled in a sad tune. The twilight flew low .The doors of the ancient church closed silently. Through draining through mist, a bell toll from another church from some other place reached us

. In the darkness, lying on my lap, Lola asked. ‘Isn’t that my way?’

‘Don’t talk stupidity. You should give a good farewell to me, happily’ I said. She did not say anything. I felt sad. A lot of faces that I saw, in the San Gabriel Mission and the St. Charles Boromio that stood facing the Carmel Bay, entered into my mind. The brides and grooms of eternity!

‘You should never do it.’ I said. ‘It’s a kind of cruelty.’

The long black dresses which were moving in the distance melted into the dim light of the valley. Fog covered on the top of Orange trees. I wiped her wet cheeks.

The last day...

Lola pretended to be highly energetic. But, I knew that was just a mask. Until it became too late in the night, we wandered through the streets. She kissed me whenever we reached the dark spots in the streets. Nightclubs were becoming louder. We were not talking to each other. I feared that Lola’s faking would come to an end at anytime and she would burst into tears. It happened in the turning of a road. We saw three youngsters taking a girl who was

only wearing a bikini into the darkness. That girl was drunk. In an unclear voice she went on abusing someone. They disappeared in the darkness. After sometimes, someone sang in a rough voice.

‘Golden memories, and silver Tears...’

Lola said, ‘Let’s go.’

We walked again. She was struggling to say something to me.

After we walked a lot, she asked. ‘That stupid girl was trying to forget something by drinking and fornicating, right?’

Her voice reflected her tears. I stopped her and looked into her eyes. They were filled.

‘Let’s walk back.’ I said.

We walked towards the hotel. The doors closed. Only we both were there. It was too late in the night. We were able to see the morning coming closer. I sat on the bed. Lola sat on the floor, near my feet. She kissed my hands smoothly, occasionally. Some other times, she silently looked at her face. It was difficult for me to believe that she was an American in those minutes. We both were parted in the morning. There was no chance of anything like meeting again. You may consider that I am dead and I will consider that you are dead. Farewell to the lips that kissed.

Audit Course

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ENG02 A02 Translation Theory and Practice

Submitted By

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Ist MA English

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Panch Parameshwar

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Jumman Shiakh and Algu Chowdhry were very close friends. They were partners in cultivation. Some of their dealings were also done jointly. They trusted each other without reservation. When Jumman had gone on hajj he had left his house under Algu's care. And whenever Algu went out he left his house to Jumman to look after. They neither inter-dined, nor were they of the same religion. But there was between them a certain concurrence of views. And that indeed is the basis of true friendship.

Their friendship began when they were boys, and Jumman's worshipful father, Jumeraati, was their tutor. Algu had served his guru with great dedication, scrubbing many plates, washing many cups. He never let the guru's hookah remain idle even for a moment, because he got half an hour's respite from books every time he went on to light the chillum. Algu's father was old-fashioned in his views. He believed that serving the guru was more important than toiling to acquire knowledge. He would say that one acquired knowledge, not by reading books but through the guru's blessings and kindness. Therefore, if Jumeraati Shaikh's blessings or close contact with him did not yield results, Algu should then rest content with the thought that he had tried his best but he did not succeed because he was not destined to acquire knowledge.

However, Jumeraati Shaikh himself did not subscribe to this view. He had greater faith in his rod. And because of that rod Jumman was greatly admired in the villages around here. Not even the court clerk could raise any objection to the documents prepared by Jumman. The postman, the constable and the tehsil peon – all relied on his generosity. As a result, while Algu was respected for his money, Jumman Shaikh was esteemed for his invaluable knowledge.

Jumman Shaikh had an old aunt who had some property. She had no other near relation than Jumman. He had coaxed her into transferring this property in his name by making tall promises. Until the transfer deed had been registered, the aunt was pampered and indulged. She was treated to many tasty dishes. It was raining halwas and pulaos; but this hospitality came to a stamping halt as soon as the transfer deed was stamped. Jumman's wife, Kariman, began to dish out, along with rotis, hot and bitter curries of words. Jumman Shikh too became cold.

Now the poor aunt had to swallow bitter words every day: Who knows how long would this old woman live! She thinks she has bought us by just transferring a few bighas of barren land. Rotis don't go down her throat if her dal is not fried in ghee! We would have bought a whole village with the amount of money she has already swallowed!

Khaala listened to all this for a few days, and when she could stand it no longer she complained to Jumman. Jumman didn't think it right to interfere in what was the domain of the mistress of the house. And this unpleasant state of affairs dragged on for some more time. At last the aunt said to Jumman, 'Son, I can't carry on like this. You pay me a sum regularly. I shall set up my own kitchen.'

Jumman retorted rudely, 'Do you think we grow money here?'

Khaala asked politely, 'Do I or do I not need a bare minimum?'

Jumman replied sternly, 'We had never thought you had conquered death.'

Khaala was offended. She threatened to call the panchayat. Jumman laughed heartily like the hunter who laughs to himself as he watches the deer walking into his trap. He said, 'Why not? Call the panchayat by all means. Let things be decided once for all. I don't like these everyday quarrels.'

Jumman had no doubt at all who would win at the panchayat. There was no one in the villages around who did not owe him a debt of gratitude; no one who would dare to antagonize him. Angels won't descend from heavens to hold the panchayat.

After this, for many days, leaning on her stick, the old woman moved from village to village. Her back was bent like a bow. Each step was painful. But the issue had to be settled.

There was hardly a soul to whom she did not narrate her tale of woe. A few dismissed her story with just lip sympathy. Some decried the world in general. 'One may have one's foot in the grave, yet there is no end to greed! What does a person need? Eat your bread and remember Rama. Why bother about land and tilling now?' There were some who got an opportunity to poke fun at her. Bent back, toothless mouth, matted hair – so much to laugh at! Just, kind and compassionate people who would listen to this unfortunate woman's sad story and console her were few indeed. Finally, she came to Algu Chowdhry's door.

She threw down her stick and sat down to rest. Then she said, ‘Son, you should also come to the panchayat meeting.’

Algu said, ‘Why call me? There will be many people from the villages around.’

The old woman said, ‘I have cried my heart out to all. But now it’s up to them to come.’

Algu said, ‘I shall come, but I won’t open my mouth.’

‘Why, son?’

‘What to say? My will. Jumman is my old friend. I can’t go against him.’

‘Son, won’t you stand up for iman for fear of losing your friendship?’

Algu had no answer to this question, but these words were echoing in his mind: Won’t you stand up for iman for fear of losing your friendship?’

One evening the panchayat gathered under a tree. Shaikh Jumman had spread his sheet even before. He had made provision for paan, ilaichi, hookah and tobacco. Although he himself was sitting with Algu Chowdhry at some distance. He greeted with a discrete salaam everyone who came to attend the panchayat meeting. Soon after sunset, when the flocks of chattering birds had settled in the tree, the meeting began. Every inch of the ground was occupied, but most of those who had come were onlookers. Of those the old woman had invited only they who had a score to settle with Jumman had come. A fire was smouldering in one corner. There the barber was filling up chillum after chillum non-stop. It was impossible to decide whether the smoke rising from the burning cowdung cakes was thicker or that from the puffs exhaled by the hookah smokers. Boys were running all around, shouting, crying. It was a noisy scene. The village dogs too had descended upon the scene in large numbers, hoping there would be a big feast here.

The five members of the panchayat sat down and the old woman began her submission.

‘Pansho! It’s three years now, since I transferred all my property in the name of my nephew Jumman. You know all this. Jumman had promised to feed and clothe me till my death. But I neither get enough to eat nor to wear. I have put up with

it for a year. I can stand it no longer. I'm a helpless widow. I can't go to court. Where else should I come with my miserable tale except to you? I shall accept whatever you decide. If I'm at fault slap me. If Jumman is wrong, admonish him. Why does he want to earn the curses of a helpless woman? The word of the panch is the word of Allah. I shall obey your order without questioning it.'

Ramdhan Mishra, many of whose clients had been won over by Jumman, said, 'Jumman mian, choose your panchayat. Decide just now. Afterwards you will have to accept its judgement.'

Jumman saw that most of those present here were hostile to him for one reason or another. He said, 'The word of the panchayat is the word of Allah. Let khaala choose whomsoever she wants. I have no objection.'

The old woman shouted. 'O man of Allah, why don't you name the members? I should also know something.'

Jumman retorted angrily, 'Don't force me to open my mouth. You have complained. Choose whomsoever you like.'

The aunt understood Jumman's taunt. She said, 'Son, fear Allah. What're you insinuating. Members of panchayat don't take sides. And if you can't trust anyone, let it go. Hope you trust Algu Chowdhry. Come on, I choose him as the sarpanch.'

Jumman was delighted, but hiding his feelings he said, 'Let it be Algu. For me Ramdhan Misr and Algu are the same.'

Algu didn't want to get involved in this. He said, 'Khaala, you know that Jumman is my close friend.'

Khala said, 'Son, no one barter his imaan for friendship. Khuda resides in the heart of a panch. Whatever the panch says is the word of Khuda.'

Algu Chowdhry was designated the sarpanch. Ramdhan Mishra and some others, hostile to Jumman, cursed the old woman in their hearts.

Algu Chowdhry said, 'Shaikh Jumman, you and I are old friends. We have helped each other on many occasions. But at this moment we are not friends. You and

khaala are equal in my eyes. You can put forward your case before the Panchayat.’

Jumman was sure that he would win the case. Algu was saying all this for a public show. Therefore he spoke in a very composed manner. ‘O members of the Panchayat, three years ago khaala jaan had transferred her property in my name. I had agreed to provide her with food and clothing till her death. Allah is witness, I have never ill-treated her. I regard her as my mother and it is my duty to serve her. My wife and she don’t always see eye to eye. What can I do in this? Khaala jaan is demanding a monthly allowance from me separately. All of you know the value of the property. It is not so profitable that I can provide a monthly allowance to her out of it. Moreover there is no mention of a monthly expense in the agreement. That’s all I have to say. It is now for the members of the panchayat to give their judgement.’

Algu Chowdhry needed to go to the court regularly for some or other of his business. This had made him a completely legal minded person. He began to cross examine Jumman. Every word he said was like a hammer stroke on Jumman’s chest. Ramdhan Mishra was enjoying it all. Jumman was taken aback at Algu’s conduct. Only just now he was talking to him like a friend, and now he seemed so changed and bent upon rooting him up. Was he trying to settle some old score? Will his long friendship be of no help?

While Jumman Shaikh was lost in this mental tussle, Algu announced the judgement.

‘Shaikh Jumman, the Panchayat has considered this matter. To us it looks fair and just that khaala jaan be given a monthly allowance. We are of the view that the property is valuable enough to provide khaala jaan a monthly allowance. This is our decision. And if this is not acceptable to you, then the agreement for transfer of property would stand annulled.’

Jumman was stunned to hear this decision. Your own friend behaving like an enemy, stabbing you on the neck! What else would you call it except the vagaries of time? The very person on whom you had all the faith betrayed you when you needed him most. Such are the times when friendship is tested. So that is what friendship is in the Kalyug. It is such crooked and deceitful people who have brought so many calamities upon the country. The epidemics like cholera and plague were the punishment for such misdeeds.

On the other hand, Ramdhan Mishra and other members of the Panchayat were heartily praising Algu Chowdhry's sense of justice. They said, 'This is what a Panchayat is. He has separated the grain from the chaff. Friendship has its own place but to follow the dharma is the most important thing. The earth has stayed where it is because of such truthful people or it would have sunk underwater by now.'

This judgement shook the very foundation of Algu and Jumman's friendship. The old intimacy was gone. Such an old tree of friendship could not stand just one blast of truth. Surely it had stood on sandy ground.

Now their relationship turned very formal, and limited to mere courtesies. They met but just as a sword meets a shield.

Algu's treachery troubled Jumman day and night. He was always looking for an opportunity to take revenge.

The fruit of a good deed done takes a long time to mature, but not so of a bad deed. The opportunity to take revenge came to Jumman very soon. A year ago Algu Chowdhry had purchased a fine pair of oxen from Batesar. The oxen were of the Pachchain breed, handsome and having long horns. For months people from the neighbouring villages came to cast their admiring glances at the pair. It was just a chance that one of the oxen died just a month after Jumman's panchayat. Jumman said to his friends, 'This is punishment for his treachery. One may rest content but God keeps watch on our good and bad deeds.' Algu on the other hand began to suspect that Jumman had poisoned the ox. His wife too threw the blame on Jumman. She said Jumman had done some mischief. And one day a war of words broke out between Algu's wife and Kariman. Words flowed in great streams from both sides. All the similes and metaphors, sarcasms and hyperboles were exhausted. Jumman somehow pacified them. He rebuked his wife into silence and made her quit the battlefield. On the other side Algu used the stick to silence his wife.

Now a single ox was of no use. Algu tried to find a matching one but without success. At last he decided to sell him off. There was a trader named Samjhu Sahuji who drove a single-ox cart. He carried gur and ghee from the village to the market and returned with oil and salt, which he sold in the village. He thought of buying this ox. If he had this ox, he would be able to make three trips

easily. These days it was difficult to make even one. He looked at the ox, yoked him to his cart for a trial, got the hair on his body examined to know whether he was a propitious animal to buy, bargained the price and finally bought him. He promised to pay the price within one month. Algu Chowdhry agreed, unmindful of any loss.

As soon as Samjhu Sahuji had the ox he began to drive him hard. He made three to four trips every day, without caring to feed and water the animal properly. All he cared was to drive him. When he took him to the market he fed him with some dry fodder. And before he could breathe easy he was yoked again. At Algu Chowdhry's home the ox had a very easy existence. He was yoked to a chariot-like cart once in a while and then he would go racing for miles without care. At Algu's house his daily diet consisted of clean water, ground arhar dal, fodder mixed with oil cake; and not only this, on occasions he had the pleasure of tasting ghee too. From morning till evening an attendant looked after him, brushed his hair, cleaned and patted his body. That life of peace and enjoyment, and this twenty-four hour grind! He became emaciated just in one month. The moment he saw the yoke his mouth dried up. Moving even a step became difficult. Bones became visible. But he was self-respecting. He didn't like to be punished.

One day while on his fourth trip, Samjhu Sahuji put a double load on him. Exhausted after the day's work the ox was unable to lift his feet. But Sahuji kept on whipping him. He ran with all his strength, and after a short distance slowed down to catch his breath. But Sahuji, in a hurry to reach home, kept on lashing at him with his whip. He once again tried to pick up pace but his strength failed. He collapsed and did not rise again. Sahuji whipped him

mercilessly, pulled his legs, pushed a stick into his nostrils, but how would a dead animal rise on his feet? When Sahuji suspected the worst he cast an intent look at the ox, then unyoked him, wondering how to drive the cart home. He shouted but the country pathways, like the eyes of children, close at sunset. He could not find any help. There was no village close by. In anger he delivered a few more lashes to the dead animal, and cursed him, 'You wretch, if you had to die you should have done it after reaching home.

Sahuji was burning with anger. He had sold many sacks of gur and many tins of ghee. So he was carrying two hundred fifty rupees tucked at his waist. In addition there were a few sacks of salt and tins of oil on the cart. He just couldn't go away leaving them here. Helpless, he lay down on the cart. He decided to spend the night keeping awake. He smoked a chillum, sang a song, smoked again and in this way he tried to keep awake till midnight. He thought he had kept awake throughout, but when he opened his eyes at the break of day and touched his waist he found the pouch containing the money missing. A few tins of oil were also missing. In anguish the poor man beat his head and fell flat on the ground. He reached home wailing and weeping. When Sahuji's wife heard the story, first she cried and then started cursing Algu Chowdhry for having sold them an unpropitious ox that had caused the loss of their life-long earning.

NAME: MEGHA SURESH

ROLL NO: LPEG 18

**TITLE: 'PREMALEKHANAM' BY VAIKOM
MOHAMMED BASHEER**

NAME OF PAPER: AUDIT COURSE

NAME OF TEACHER-IN-CHARGE:

MS BINDU

Premalekhanam

By Vaikom Mohammed Basheer

Vaikom Mohammed Basheer was an Indian independence activist and writer of Malayalam literature. Besides his vocation as a writer, he was a freedom fighter, novelist and short story writer. His down-to-earth style of writing had also won him wide acclaim among readers and critics. He is especially famous for his novels and short stories.

Premalekhanam is a witty story which criticizes the dowry system prevalent in those times. The novel also supports inter-caste and inter-religious marriages. Indirectly, the novel also places high value on marital life. The success of a marriage solely depends on how well two individuals communicate with each other and how true they are. The setting of the novel is Kerala and the book was published in 1943. The title of the book comes from the letter that Keshavan Nair composes to reveal to Saramma his love for her. Vaikom Mohammed Basheer, being a lover of humanity, wrote sarcastically about the pressing concerns that society faced in those times. The novel probes into the matter of inter-religious marriages.

Keshavan Nair, the hero of the novel, is a tenant in Saramma's father's house. He is an honest and hardworking simpleton who was hopelessly in love with Saramma. Saramma is a young, beautiful, unmarried, unemployed and happy-go-lucky woman who had not a care in the world. She is the heroine of the novel and has the courage to speak out her mind to anyone and in whatever situation. She has keen interest in Keshavan Nair but has managed to cleverly disguise her feelings for him. This is in stark contrast to girls of the present day. He had been in love with Saramma for a long time but did not have the courage to face her with a proposal.

It all begins when one day he musters the courage to write a love letter to Saramma, but doesn't have the confidence to give it to her. Keshavan Nair pens down in his letter to Saramma extremely sentimental and personal thoughts of his. The letter is brief. He says,

“My dearest Saramma,

When life is at its most intense state of youth and one's heart has reached its most beautiful state of love, how does my dearest friend spend her time during this rare and short-lived beautiful period of life? As for me, I am living each moment of my life with my mind stirring hopelessly in love with my Saramma. What about Saramma? I request you to think deeply and kindly bless me with a sweetly generous reply as soon as possible.

Saramma's own,

Keshavan Nair....”

Letter in his pocket, Keshavan Nair returns to his rented room from the bank he is working.

Upon reaching the rented house, he is surprised to see Saramma using a long stick to get something from his room. He is a bit sad thinking she is sneaking and trying to

steal something, so stands there watching on silently. He thought that Saramma was unaware of his presence. But Saramma had already seen him approach and stand there quietly. She asked him to come up to his rented room. She asked him if he thought she was a thief and all he could do was stammer.

Then she stated that she was merely trying to get hold of a new magazine which the postman had flung in through the open window, as she was tired of boredom, sitting idle in the house. Apparently, she had no work to do. Keshavan Nair doesn't have much of an opinion about women. His opinion is that women have 'moonlight' in their brains. Keshavan Nair does not consider women to be intelligent beings who are capable of deciding as well as men do, if not better. He muses why can't she spend her time loving him as her education had been stopped by her step-mother. He feels it is the ideal time to show his love and hesitantly gives her the letter. He keeps wondering why she can't spend her time in loving him as she reads through his letter. She reads it and without any expression crumples it in her palm and throws it on the floor. He felt females were hard-hearted. So he opens the door and hands her the magazine. She flicks through the pages as if nothing had happened.

Then both of them talk casually to each other, ignoring the crumpled letter. They talk about Saramma's father and step mother and contemplate about how her significance in her own house has declined. Hence, her room has been given out for rent and that is the reason why Keshavan Nair is staying in her house. A lot of debt came in due to the treatments given to her late mother. Also for cremating her mother's dead body, a lot of money had been spent. That debt was paid back using the dowry of her step mother. She feels regretful, thinking that if her biological mother were alive for two more years, then she could have completed her BA and got into a job, which would have lessened her misery and boredom. Furthermore, she would have been creatively employed and would have been able to contribute some money to make up for the monthly expenditures. An additional source of income would also have drastically improved her moral state and she would've been more resourceful. She would've been financially more stable. Also, she would've proudly been able to say that she was a member who was contributing towards the national earnings. She feels that life had been unfair to her.

Keshavan Nair tries to console her by saying that even those who passed BA or MA are walking around jobless now. Even the educated youth had to roam in search of a job in order to earn a monthly income. So he sympathises with her present situation and asks her to be bold. He provides her with moral support and asks her to forget about the past and live in the present. Then, Saramma wants to know if there is any vacancy in the bank that he is working in. He replies in the negative saying that it is a small bank. She persists by asking if there is any other job suitable for her. Keshavan Nair romantically contemplates that his heart has a vacancy, she could easily get in there without any bribe or recommendation. He speaks to her enticingly. Thinking in this manner, he said that there is a very good vacancy about which he will say the next day. A happy Saramma doesn't discuss at all about the crumpled love letter, but goes away with her long stick and the new magazine. She dwells quite merrily in her own thoughts and goes about happily with her affairs.

The next day when Keshavan Nair returns, he collects the room key and magazine from Saramma.

A few minutes later, she slowly comes up to his room and asks about her job. This time, he has fun in continuing the suspense. He asks her if she knows house chores. She asks if the job is that of a chef. He mocks her asking if she is a society lady and asks her what all things are kept in her 'vanity bag'. Saramma becomes all the more curious about her new job. Keshavan Nair delays further saying he felt she may not like the new job, after all. She says whatever it is, she will take it up as her aim was to escape from the house, which was like a prison to her. Her parents did not have the money to pay dowry and that was something important in her community.

She persists with her questions on the new job and so finally, hesitantly, he discloses that the new job is, just like he loves her, her job was merely to love him back. To his surprise, she accepts it and enquires what her salary will be. He says rupees twenty only, as it is a small bank and he had a tough time working nine hours there every day. Saramma nullifies it saying that is nothing compared to her 'new job', which demands her full attention twenty four hours. She asks if the job was temporary or permanent; he says it is the latter. She asks if it will continue even after his death, wondering who will pay her after that and summarizing that no one will pay her in that case. Keshavan Nair replies that they will die together. Saramma feels that was so selfish of him.

She further asks if he will listen to her. When he replies positively she asks if he will be ready to kill somebody if she says so. Then finally, she says that there is no need for such drastic acts. In order to prove her point, he would have to do the yogic posture of *sheershasana*. Keshavan Nair does it easily and she is impressed. He once again asks if she has accepted the 'new job' to which she answers that she can reply the next day only. This builds up the suspense in him and he asks the same question the next day too and she gives the same reply. This continues for many days and Keshavan Nair feels insane with her repeated denial to his proposal. Dejected by her apathy, he decides to commit suicide. He felt that Saramma was cruelly preying on his poor heart and had lost all hopes of getting a positive reply from her.

Saramma took his threat in a light hearted manner. Saramma coolly asks when and how he plans to commit suicide. She goes on a step further and gives suggestions for it. He could lie down on a railway track, or hang himself on a beautiful flowering tree. Or jump off from a boat in the middle of a lake after hanging the other end of the rope with a rock. Keshavan Nair felt all these suggestions were too cruel and thought that she was making him feel miserable on purpose. He felt that she was a hard hearted and insincere soul. Saramma was jokingly evading all his threats with witty replies which further made Keshavan Nair desperate and disillusioned with love. He declares that he will commit suicide in that very rented room, writing a suicide note, in which he will clarify Saramma's innocence. He will write that he loved her very much, had given her a love letter and that she had crumpled it, yet she has no role in his death. She further goes on to neglect the seriousness of his feelings and declares that she had used the paper on which he had written the love letter to keep charcoal. Now, Keshavan Nair was sure that she was stone-hearted and that she could never love him. This made him fall into a sultry state and he had no choice but to mope around his house.

For many days he was sulky. He felt all women were hard hearted and mean. But one evening, Saramma came to him and stood with hands extended. And then to his

surprise, she politely asked for her salary. Seeing his surprise, she asks why she can't take the salary, when for a month she had accepted the job and was walking around with love for him. This conversation makes Keshavan Nair elevated and he enquires why she didn't tell him that she had accepted the job. Keshavan Nair felt that he could sing for joy after finding that she had accepted his proposal. Saramma replies that it was his own fault that instead of loving her, he was sulky and talking about suicide only.

Keshavan Nair takes her to the room and gives her an envelope addressed "Mrs. Saramma" in which he had put two ten rupee notes. She examines the notes and asks if they are not counterfeit. She further says not to delay her salary next time and that she must get the salary on the first of every month. She didn't allow him to fondle her even, saying that that clause wasn't in their agreement. It wasn't a part of the job description, according to Saramma, and she wouldn't allow him to even touch her without her permission. Such was her sense of modesty and propriety.

Five months passed on this way. During the third month, Saramma informed Keshavan Nair that she had won a lottery of rupees thousand using one rupee of her salary which he was giving every month. Keshavan Nair was shell-shocked after hearing the news but didn't probe deep into her affairs. He didn't seem interested in financial matters. He just loved her truly and selflessly. Keshavan Nair was not a worldly man. He was not money-minded and did not wish to indulge in her financial affairs.

As per her instructions, he later applies for jobs abroad. On his part, he also did certain things that she didn't demand- summon the doctor when she was sick and pay for the medicines, give her the medicines on time, pacify her when she had problems with her step mother, advice her father regarding duties of a father etc. But Saramma never orally thanked him for these favours. Not even once did she mention them in her conversations with him. She was as distant and indifferent in her relationship as could possibly be. On the contrary, she would mock him at times with the wordings from his love letter, which often made him defensive. However, Saramma's presence made him warm and cosy. Saramma's company had been all that Keshavan Nair had dreamed of in a future partner- she was kind and considerate. Moreover, she had the added charms of selflessness, a loving attitude and respect for others. He felt like seeing her all the time and loving her all the more. But Saramma pretended everything was normal and didn't make any effort to do anything special to prove why she deserved a salary of rupees twenty from Keshavan Nair. Saramma was not somebody who would shower her affection on anybody who gave her money enough to live in a decent fashion.

Finally, Keshavan Nair gets a job offer in a foreign company. As per Saramma's suggestion, he decides to take up this job which offered him a much higher salary than the previous company he had worked in. She reminds him to send money order by the first of every month. He invites her to join him at this new work place. Since he had to leave to the new place in ten days, he resigns his job in the bank. Saramma says that since he is going away, whether he still wants to continue with their 'contract'. He replies in the affirmative as he truly loves her and was more than willing to continue paying her the amount.

Saramma casually asks Keshavan Nair on whether he plans to go away and states that he must do so. Otherwise, he would not get his monthly salary which would cripple him financially. Keshavan Nair enquires if she is willing to come with him as his wife. She points out that the differences in their religions, caste and economic background would pose a problem in them being married to each other. Keshavan Nair was reared in an upper-caste, Hindu tradition whereas Saramma was a Christian. He doesn't mind that and says he could register marry her and take her fully as his 'dowry'. He was a peace loving and unselfish man who had no ulterior motives of demanding for money from Saramma. He tries to convince her by saying that both of them have struggled with troubling economic situations, her father and step mother have been unkind to her etc. He also reminds her that both of them are independent individuals, mature enough to take their own decisions. But she said he would be going to the temple, while she would go to a church. So they decide to stay in their own religion and beliefs and to rear their children without any compulsion on their respective religious beliefs. Then Saramma asks about the religion of their future kids. Keshavan Nair replies that their children will be brought up without any religion, only at a ripe age of twenty will they be informed about all religions. He states that once the children mature, they would be able to choose and decide which religion they wanted to belong to. Thus, they plan to see to it that no aspect of religion must influence their children at a tender age.

Saramma further asks about the name of their first child, which she specifies will be a boy. Keshavan Nair suggests a neutral name, which will not give away the religion. He asks "Shall we go for Russian names?" Saramma does not agree with the decision whole-heartedly as anything ending with "Visky" is a Russian name. She is not happy about Keshavan Nair's choice of name.

Then, Keshavan Nair asks "Shall we go for Chinese names like Kwang?" Saramma is still not happy. Finally after a heated discussion, they decide to write various names on lots and both of them pick one each. They write down names of objects like sky, sand, air, toffee, balloon etc on pieces of paper and decide to combine it as a double name. In the end, they both select two pieces of paper with the words "sky" and "toffee" written on them and joyfully call out the name 'Akasha mithai'. Both of them rejoice by pretending to call out this weird name of their 'unborn son'. Keshavan Nair shouts saying "Mr. Skytoffee", "Skytoffee", and "Comrade Skytoffee". Saramma interrupts Keshavan Nair asking him whether he wanted their child to be a Communist. Keshavan Nair good-naturedly retorts that "Let him decide on that".

Keshavan Nair decides to sell his wrist watch and gold ring to get money before he goes abroad. Saramma wishes him best of luck and says that no one will remember him once he leaves India. It was a sleepless night for Keshavan Nair. He was not hungry, thirsty or sleepy. He felt all the more melancholic about the attitude of Saramma, about how her attitude had been indifferent when he said that he was leaving. At eleven pm, Saramma comes in and consoles him. He asks her to join his trip at four am. She doesn't say anything but gives him a heavy envelope and asks him to open it only after his vehicle moves off from there.

Keshavan Nair wakes up before 4 am and keeps his luggage in the vehicle. Then he slyly calls Saramma, but gets no reply. So he lights the torch and is amazed to find no Saramma there, nor her bag. He wonders where she could have gone. Then he sees the thick envelope and opens it and reads it. In it she has written a letter to her

father and step mother. In the initial part of the letter she has copied the exact wordings as in the love letter given to her by Keshavan Nair explaining the philosophy of life. She further went on to say that she got an excellent job with a high monthly salary, also a nice man to marry her without any dowry and accepting her in her shabby dress. She then requested her parents to bless her and the man.

Keshavan Nair keeps the letter there itself and gets into the vehicle. Now, he understood that Saramma would be with him throughout his life as a wife. At the railway station he finds a smiling Saramma. She wonders how he knew that she too would join him in this trip. He buys two tickets and the duo board the train and sit together like a couple. After three stations they are alone in the compartment. They chit-chat in the train and even pick up a mock fight during which Saramma becomes bewildered. Saramma cries, saying that Keshavan Nair has to be kinder to her, as she is abandoning her parents to come and live with him. He pacifies her by addressing her as 'Akasha mithai's mother'. He proceeds to enquire if she has any problem in him register marrying her and making her his beloved. She is silent. When he asks again she says that silence shows her approval.

Keshavan Nair says that she will have complete freedom in three things – food, dress and trust. Keshavan nair gave Saramma complete freedom to decide on major details with regard to their food and attire. Since they differ so much in religion and customs, she enquires if there will be two kitchens in their house and whether she must prepare two kinds of food to which he replies in the negative. One kitchen and one type of common food will do. Further, she probes according to whose wish she must prepare the food. He said that will be according to 'his wife's wish'. This meant that Saramma would have total freedom in all those matters. She goes into minute details by saying that only coffee will be served by her in the morning. He agrees to it and says that after having that coffee he will go out and have tea which he likes. She declines that option, saying that it is a mere wastage of money. She further adds that his full salary will have to be entrusted to her and both of them will try to avoid wasteful expenditure.

Saramma also says that both of them will have to make a lot of sacrifices. He agrees to it saying that is nothing, as many kings have left their throne for being with their beloved, or even fought great wars. But not a single person would have done what he did for his beloved – stand in 'sheershasana' to impress her. Saying this, he once again performs this act and shows off in the train. He is really proud of this 'biggest sacrifice'. Saramma is really happy and goes on to check his pockets for the cover she gave.

Only then was Keshavan Nair reminded of that envelope and takes it out eagerly to read her 'reply love letter'. When he opens it, he is wonderstruck to see many currency notes enclosed in the envelope. He counts them with curiosity and it tallies to one thousand ninety nine rupees. Saramma tells him to buy a new watch and gold ring for himself with that amount. Though he felt pleasantly surprised to see the money, he was more curious to see the letter she wrote to him and searches for it in the envelope. He felt the letter was more important than money. Vainly searching, Keshavan Nair says that he longed so much to read through it. Saramma says to view her, as there was no letter by her in reality. Instead, the entire length of her symbolised her immense love for him. He understands what she means.

As a reminder of how their love blossomed, Saramma takes out an old paper, drenched in her sweat, which she had kept like a treasure. Keshavan Nair is surprised to see it was his initial love letter, which she had at that time crumpled and thrown on the floor, but in reality had valued and treasured it. Both of them glance through it happily and once again recollect the three statements he had written. Saramma conforms that both of them are 'living love letters' symbolising the love, care and respect they had for one another. For a relationship to blossom, love and mutual respect are necessary pre-conditions. Apparently, love which cannot be seen or heard can be perceived through the relationship between people. Love is when the other person's happiness is more important than one's own happiness. Keshavan Nair agrees to it whole heartedly. As the train picks up speed and moves on, the duo read the letter again and surge ahead into a blissful marital life.

Thus, the novel ends on a happy note with Saramma and Keshavan Nair going abroad together. They both easily forgive each other's flaws and live happily ever after. One can easily assume that their life would have been a happy one indeed. I feel that this novel is in stark contrast to the present day situation of instant love, shallow relationships like live-in, or marriages without love which easily end up in divorce.

AUDIT COURSE

ENG2 A02: Translation Theory and Practice

Topic: A Winter Night

Submitted by: Niranjana Sunil P

Roll no: 19

A Winter Night

Munshi Premchand

1

Halku entered and informed his wife, 'The moneylender is here at the door. Come on, give me the money you have. Let me pay him and get rid of this headache.'

His wife, Munni, was sweeping the floor. She turned and looked at him. 'Three rupees is all we have. If we give it up, how will we purchase a blanket? How'll you manage to guard the crops during winter? Inform him that we shall make the payment at the time of harvest. Not now.'

Halku stayed quiet for a moment, unsure about what to do. The winter season was at its peak and it's sure that he won't be able to sleep in the field at night without a blanket. However, Halku knew that refusing to pay the moneylender would cause him more trouble since that man would go to the extent of threatening and cursing him. He concluded that it is better to die in the open field rather than listening to the abuses hurled at him.

Halku dragged his hefty body (which discredited his name which meant 'light- weight'), moved towards his wife and begged her, 'Come on, please give me the money. Let me get rid of this. I shall find some other means of obtaining a blanket.'

Munni moved away from him. ‘What will you do? Just tell me how are you going to manage? Will, someone give you a blanket in charity? God knows how much more we owe him. There’s no end to this. I say, why don't you stop farming? You work hard day and night, and when the harvest is ready, hand it over to him. That’s how it always ends. We’re born to lead a life filled with debts. We work hard enduring all the suffering only to fill our stomachs. What is the use of such farming? I won’t give you the money. I won’t.’

Halku asked in a melancholic tone ‘So are you saying that I should face these insults? How dare he insult you? Does he assume himself to be an emperor that gives him the power to rule over us?’ shouted Munni.

However, she lowered her eyebrow just as she uttered these words. There was a bitter truth in her words and it stared at them like a fierce animal.

She went up to the opening in the wall, took out the money and placed them on Halku’s palm. ‘You better leave farming. We will work for daily wages and at least lead our life peacefully. We won’t have to face such insults too. What sort of farming practice is this? We make money working hard, but ultimately we are forced to hand over our income to someone else. Above that, we are also expected to tolerate the insults these money lenders inflict upon us.’

Halku walked towards the moneylender with the money. For him, it was like ripping his own heart out and handing it over to someone. He had managed to collect the three rupees bit by

bit, saving a small fraction of his daily wages to buy a blanket. He is going to lose this money today. With each step, he took his mind stooped under the weight of his helplessness.

2

A dark night. Even the stars appeared to be shivering with cold. Halku lay trembling at one edge of his field under the sugarcane-leaf shelter, on a cot made out of bamboo stick wrapped in an old thick cotton sheet. Beneath the cot sat his pet dog Jabra with his mouth pushed into his body, whining. Neither of them was able to sleep.

Halku tucked his knees up to his mouth and told Jabra, 'Are you feeling cold? I had asked you to sleep on the straw bed at home. Why did you come here? Now face it. What can I do! You followed me thinking I was coming here to feast on *halwa-poori*. Now lie here and mourn.'

Wagging his tail Jabra let out a loud whine and stretched his body once and fell silent. Perhaps his senses told him that his master was unable to sleep due to his cries.

Halku stretched his hand to stroke Jabra's cold body and said, 'Don't accompany me tomorrow, or you will go cold forever. God alone knows from where this wild west wind brings in such chillness. Let me light another smoking pipe. I have to survive this cold night somehow. I have already smoked eight. This is the joy of being a peasant! Many fortunate

men can drive away the cold by utilizing thick quilts, sheets, and blankets! Cold dare not come near them. How strange life is! We work hard and others enjoy it at our cost.'

Halku got up and filled his pipe with a cinder from the pit. Jabra also got up. As he smoked, Halku said to Jabra, 'Would you like to have a smoke? It won't drive away the cold, but it eases the mind a little bit.'

Jabra looked towards Halku, his eyes overflowing with love.

'Face this cold just tonight. Tomorrow I shall build a straw stack for you, and you can sit covered under it. You will be free from this cold.' Jabra placed his front legs on Halku's knees and brought his mouth close to Halku's mouth. Halku could feel his warm breath.

After smoking his pipe Halku lay down again with the determination to sleep this time. But he began to shiver in no time. His body was continuously turning and twisting and the cold wind had caught hold of his body like an evil spirit.

When he was unable to ward off the cold, he gently lifted Jabra, patted his head and placed him in his lap. The dog was stinky, but holding the animal so close to his body Halku could experience a kind of contentment he had not felt for months. Jabra was perhaps feeling that this was the very heaven, and in Halku's pure heart there was no trace of hatred towards the dog. He would never have embraced his dearest friend or his nearest relative with such

warmth! The terrible plight that had driven him to this situation hurt him no longer. No, this strange friendship had broadened his spirit in all directions, and every pore in his body was shining brilliantly.

Suddenly Jabra heard the footsteps of an animal. Halku's affection had infused a new spirit in Jabra that he thought nothing of the blows of the cold wind. He got up and began to bark vigorously. Halku tried to persuade him to come back to him but Jabra did not heed his calls. He kept on running around the field, barking. He would return for a moment but go back suddenly. His sense of duty was pouring out of his heart like an unsatisfied desire.

3

Another hour passed. The night was too cold. Halku got up. He folded his legs and brought his knees close to his chest and placed his head between the knees. However, this gave him no relief from the cold. He felt that the blood in his body had frozen completely, with ice flowing through his blood vessels.

He looked up at the sky to examine how long it will take for daylight to appear. The constellation *Saptarishi* was still halfway up. It will be dawn only when the constellation reaches directly above. Halku recognised that more than one-fourth of the night is yet to pass.

There was a mangrove near Halku's field. This was that time of the year when leaves fall off. There was a heap of dry leaves in the field. Halku thought of collecting them and lighting a fire to get some warmth. He reflected: 'if someone saw me gathering the leaves at this time of the night, they might take me for a ghost. Who knows some animal might be hiding in there among the leaves. However, now it was impossible to stand this cold.'

He moved towards the neighbouring pea field, collected a few stalks, tied them together and made a broom. He picked up a piece of dung cake and began to walk towards the mango tree. Jabra saw him and darted towards Halku and began wagging his tail.

Halku announced, 'I can't stand this cold anymore. Come, Jabra, let's go to the garden, gather some leaves and make a fireplace. When we have warmed ourselves a little we shall come back and sleep. The night is too long.'

Jabra wailed his tail in approval and led Halku toward the garden.

It was very dark and the wind was blowing with great force. Dewdrops were frequently dripping down the trees.

Suddenly Halku could feel the fragrance of Henna flowers, carried by the wind blowing towards them.

Halku said, 'What a fine smell, Jabra! Doesn't it tickle your nose?'

However, Jabra was busy with a bone he had discovered and was in an attempt to chew it.

Halku placed the piece of dung cake on the ground and began to collect leaves and place them around it. In no time he had managed to prepare a big heap of leaves. His hands were stiff with cold. His bare feet were in a state of numbness. He was trying to raise a mountain of leaves, lighting which he could fight the cold.

The fire started burning in a short while. Flames leapt out of the heath as if trying to touch the tree above. In the flickering flames of the fire, it appeared as if the heads of all trees in the garden were soaked in complete darkness. In this infinite sea of darkness, this light appeared to be swirling and dancing like a boat.

Halku sat in front of the fire. Soon he took the sheet off his body, tucked it in one of his armpits, and spread out his legs as if to challenge the cold. 'Come on, do what you can.' Having successfully conquered the lasting power of cold, he couldn't restrain himself from showing off his triumph.

He asked Jabra, 'Are you still feeling cold?'

Jabra whined as if to say, 'With this fireplace, how is this cold going to attack us anymore?' Halku replied: 'If we had thought of this earlier, we would not have suffered so much.'

Jabra wagged his tail. 'Come on, now let's jump over this fire and see who can cross over. And son keep in mind, if you hurt yourself I won't get you any treatment.'

Jabra looked at the fire with frightened eyes.

‘And don’t tell Munni about it, she would stir up a fight.’

Saying this Halku jumped over the fire, almost touching the flames but it caused him no harm. Instead of jumping over, Jabra walked by the side of the fireplace and joined Halku. Halku said ‘This is not the right way. Now jump.’ Saying this, he jumped over the fire again and landed on the other side.

4

The leaves had burnt out. Once again the garden was covered in darkness. Few embers of fire were still burning under the ashes, it would peep out momentarily with the drifting wind, and then close its eyes.

Halku wrapped the sheet around himself and began to hum a song. The fire had warmed him, but with the increasing intensity of cold, he felt drowsy.

Jabra barked and ran towards the field. Halku understood that a herd of animals had invaded his field. Perhaps it was a herd of *nilgais*. He could sense their movements and it seemed that they were grazing in the field for he could hear them munching.

‘No’ For a moment he thought, ‘No animal would dare to enter the field in the presence of Jabra. He would rip them into bits. It's just my imagination. I can't hear anything now. I was mistaken.’

He shouted: ‘Jabra, Jabra.’

Jabra kept on barking and did not come back.

Again he could hear the sound of animals grazing. He was not mistaken this time. However, to him, moving from his seat felt like devouring poison. How cosy it is! It seemed a ridiculous task to chase away the animals. He did not move.

He shouted, ‘*Liho! Liho! Liho!*’

Jabra barked again. The animals were engulfing the field. The harvest is ready. And what a fine harvest it was! But these vicious animals are going to destroy it.

Halku got up determined to chase them and walked a few steps. Suddenly a draught of wind, like the sting of a scorpion, struck him and he returned to the fireplace and stirred up the ashes to get some warmth.

Jabra was barking his lungs out, the *neelgai's* were destroying the crops, and Halku was sitting beside the warm ashes in a very relaxed manner. Laziness had seized him from head to toe.

He covered himself in his sheet and went to sleep.

When he woke up the next morning the sun was high in the sky, and Munni had started speaking ‘Do You plan to sleep the whole day? You are relaxing here, and there the whole harvest has been destroyed.’

Halku woke up and said, ‘Have you been to the field?’

‘Yes’, she said, ‘The crop has been ruined and you managed to sleep like this? What good did your so-called night patrolling do?’

Halku found an excuse, ‘Here I was dying, and you’re worried about the crop. I had such a severe stomach ache!’

Both of them walked towards the field. The entire field lay in a pathetic condition with Jabra lying under the shed almost lifeless.

Both of them were looking at the field. Munni was miserable, but Halku was glad.

Munni said, ‘Now, to pay off the debt and tax we shall have to work at daily wages.’

With a contented smile, Halku replied, ‘So what? I won’t have to sleep here on such cold nights anymore.’

AUDIT COURSE

ENG A02 TRANSLATION THEORY AND PRACTISE

Topic : Red Skirt by Madhavikutty

Submitted by

Sahada Bhanu

1st MA English

Roll no 20

Red Skirt

Madhavikutty

The maid was sleeping on a mat attached to the wall in the hallway between the kitchen and the dining room.

A little girl in a blue skirt. But the body has good growth. She is opening her mouth while sleeping.

"Wake up girl" ; the mistress said aloud. Then she scratched the girl's stomach once with her toes.

How long has it been since dawn? She continued again: this girl has a long sleep. Wake up girl. Go and light the fire on the stove.

The maid wakes up. The string which is tied to her hair was loosened and hanging in her shoulder. She wandered around like she had lost consciousness for a moment. And then she got up and went to the kitchen.

The mistress went to the courtyard and started brushing her teeth. I cannot wake you up everyday. She said, Are you the maid here or me?

Her face had a yellow colour. The cheeks were swollen. However there is a curiosity. The maid went into the darkness of the kitchen by looking at the mistress.

"What are you doing there?" Mistress asked. "No sound can be heard". Don't you understand what I said? How many have I told you that the dishes can be washed after you have lighted the stove."

The maid lit the thatch leaf and started blowing in the stove. The mist of sleep still could not leave her eyes.

"How can I continue with you alone?" I will adjust now. But next month until I give birth it will become difficult." The mistress said.

The only sound heard was the loud blowing of the fire from the kitchen.

"Can't you hear me, girl?" The mistress asked. Still silent.

"Hey, Radha!"-

"Yes"

"I thought you were dead". The mistress said with a laugh. The maid also laughed softly. She realized that she too was free to laugh.

The fire burned in the stove. Her sleep faded when the heat hit her. She picked up a brass vessel and a jug of coffee and walked to the edge of the well.

The ashes that she put the day before at the edge of the well were still lying there. She sat down and began to wash the dishes. Sitting next to her, a crow tilted its head slightly and cried very seriously.

"Caw.....Caw....."

The maid laughed. "There is no time to talk". She said in a low voice to the crow. "Will kill me".

"What are you talking about, girl?" The mistress asked.

"No one".

"Now I heard."

"I did n't say anything".

"And did I dream?" It would be cursing me. "I know your tricks."

"The mistress said" . She got up and poured the remaining water from the jug on her feet.

" O Krishna, O Guruvayurappa" she called out loud.

"O Krishna , O Guruvayurappa..."

The maid put the water in the teapot to boil. The rice for porridge was sieved, cleaned and drained . Then she took the broom and started sweeping the yard.

She could hear the sound of her bangles in her hand as she was sweeping. She feels that the bangles are talking to her. The jingling sound of the bangles is heard.

"Ok" the maid said. You are right. I would like a red blouse for onam. Red suits me".

The mistress went upstairs with difficulty and woke up her husband. "Don't you going to the store today?" She asked: " Is it enough to lie here and snore?"

As soon as he woke up, he laughed. After a couple of seconds he remembered his duties.

Then that smile faded his face. He was a dark-skinned man with a lean body. The top of his head was beginning to bald.

He stood up and put his hands up. His wife stood close to him by looking at him. There was a severe dissatisfaction on her face.

"What happened?" He asked: "Did the calf drink milk? Run out of firewood?" "None of that," she said. I am tired. This is what happened. I find it difficult to wake her up and get to work. I have to call her in half an hour to wake her up. She will do nothing. I have to keep saying everything from behind. Even better is not having a maid.

"That's it"

This is your answer to everything. This hum. Why don't you call and scold her? If I say something she doesn't value it. That's your fault. Radha comes here,Radha goes there ...

That's how a master calls her and then how will she value me

"What should I say,LakshmiKutty?"he asked.

You got angry when I said that. Why are you always angry with me? You are kind to everyone else, Radha, come here....Radha go there ,.. I cannot bear any of this. I am the only one who endures everything and lives here.!

Tell her to leave, if you don't want her. You will still say that I made you suffer. You cannot do all these works on your own.

He wrapped his dhoti and went downstairs. Wife followed him and went downstairs.

How do you live here when I am in the hospital? You will not have anything to eat after this girl has made the food. I am sure about it. Will you call her in the morning and wake her up?

It is just four days, Lakshmi Kutty, he said: That will be fine. If she can't, I will make the food. I am not bad at anything.

"Are you going to serve her food? Are you going to call her to have tea? I know you are waiting for me to get out of here."

There were cries in her voice. And a shiver.

Pretending that he had not heard it, he went to the courtyard and started brushing his teeth.

The maid poured him a large glass of tea and brought it to the south. The mistress's anger increased when she saw the beauty of her walk.

"What about the porridge?" She asked.

"The porridge is kept to get rid of the heat...She said.

The master hurried back to the south without looking at them. His walk also did not please the mistress.

"How long do I have to stand with an empty stomach in the morning?" It is lucky to be able to give birth to a healthy baby. I am doing things that should not be done..climbing the stairs..starving..doing jobs..but who is suffering?

The maid laid a wooden plank on the floor and placed the porridge in front of it. And a few chutney in one piece and she leaned against the wall with the porridge vessel, waiting for her mistress to sit.

When the mistress left, Radha held her mat close to the wall. She took the small chimney lamp privately and put it on the side of her head. Still she saw ghosts in the hallway. She felt her dead mother and grandmother come at the corner and squirm like cubs. She died suddenly before I was one year old and now she has come to frighten me.!

She took the basket of broken bangles and laid them on the floor. She put them in a circle.

"Now it looks like the sun," she said. Her mother was still squirming from the dark corner.

"I have no fear" Radha said: "I am not afraid of anyone".

She put the pieces back in the basket. She carried the basket on the doorstep. Then she heard the sound of her mistress moaning from upstairs. She had been listening to that cry for a while. Do elders cry like this? That big stomach must have hurt. She said to herself. How much pain a woman has to suffer to give birth to! She knows it as well. She remembers what Naniyamma said. If you are born as a girl, it is hell. It is better not to be born a girl. She turned her face to the wall and laid. She hoped that the lamp would have oil to burn until she fell asleep.

The next day she woke up with a severe pain in her stomach. When she opened her eyes the master stood with raised legs.

"Oops don't kick".

The mistress said moving towards him.

"Still to be kicked. Kill this bastard" The master said.

What is the reason for all this? Radha did not understand anything. She got up from the mat and rubbed her chest and abdomen by standing against the wall. Still the pain had not stopped.

"Are n't you afraid?"her master asked. Do you think of doing anything? He slapped her cheek. She began to cry.

"Crying....corpse".

He went to the courtyard. The mistress followed him.

The maid went to the kitchen and lit a fire on the stove. Her cheeks are burning with pain. But she did not cry. What is all this for? Her mind was searching for an answer to that question.

The mistress came to the kitchen and asked in a soft voice." Radha, does it hurt so much?" She shook her head.

"It does not matter". she said. Master beat me because of my fault. He is the one to punish and save."

"Ok".

The mistress's swollen stomach and yellow face caught her eyes. She felt sorry for her. "Does that wicked man give her such beating? She was amazed at this new disguise of her master.

"Radha,do not lie !" The mistress said: It's great anger to hear lies".

"Ok".

Radha did not feel like asking her what she was lying about. She walked to the edge of the well to wash the dishes.

When the crow saw her that day it turned the face away and cried.Caw...Caw....but Radha did not say anything.

That day the mistress went to the temple early to take a bath explaining the reason for Ekadashi. The master's tea becomes cold and lies in the south. Radha took it and heated it again and went upstairs with a little hesitation.

"Here is the tea"... she said

He was lying on his back. His shoulders went down and up. With a shudder.

"Tea..." Radha said.

Then she realized that he was bursting into tears. She stared at him in amazement.

"Radha, go with that " he said : ``Now she will come back and begin to say something, I cannot hear it."

when she saw the panic on his face, she got courage for some reason.

She picked up the tea glass and went down the stairs to the kitchen again. Her bangles were jingling.

"That's right".she said: "Red skirt suits me. I want a red skirt for onam.that is match for me".

Translation

"Vapsi" by Usha Priyanvada

Submitted by,

Saniya saji

First MA English.

The Return

Gajadar Babu took a look at the stuff stored in the room. There were two boxes, a basket and a bucket. He asked, "why this box, Ganeshi". Ganeshi replied while tying the bed with a sad face "My wife has given some ladoos in the box for you. She said you like it. Now when we poor people will be able to do something for you". After hearing this, Gajadar Babu experienced a feeling of sadness even in the joy of going home like he was losing the connection from the natural world.

" Sometimes, keep taking the news of us as well "Ganeshi said while tying the rope around the bed .

" Whenever you need something, just write a letter, Ganeshi. Also plan to do the marriage of your daughter by December".

Ganeshi wiped his eyes with a napkin. "If you wouldn't be here, who will give me the support! If you are present, it will boost morale".

Gajadar Babu was all prepared to go. The room of railway quarters in which he spent many years of his life looked empty and naked when things were taken out from it. The plants in the garden were also taken away by familiar people and the soil was scattered everywhere. But in the Imagery of living with wife and children, the pain of separation felt easy for him.

Gajadar Babu was very happy. After thirty five years of his job, he was going to retire and go home. Most of times in the thirty five years, he was alone. In those lonely years he always imagined the time when he would be able to live with his family. He was living with this hope in the past years. His life could be called successful in the eyes of the world. He built a house in the, did marriages of his elder son Amar and his daughter Kanthi and his other two children were studying in the high school. Gajadhar Babu always stayed in small stations in the rural areas due to his job while his wife and children stayed in the city for the better education of children. Gajadar Babu was a very loving person by nature and he always desired to be loved. When he was living with the family, after coming from the duty he got to enjoy some time with children and wife, but when they migrated to city, he experienced a feeling of desolation. After they left, he couldn't stay alone in the home during free time. He always missed the affectionate things his wife did for him. Despite of the heat in the

afternoon she served him hot chapatis after returning from the station. Also she always used to insist to eat more and served more even after he became full and she joyfully watched him while he was eating. When he used to return home after a tiring day, she used to come out fast from the kitchen and her eyes used to sparkle with the joy. After living alone, Gajadhar Babu remembered every little thing and he used to get depressed. Now he was going to live the same life after so many years of loneliness.

Gajadar Babu took off the hat and put it on the bed. He untied the shoes and placed it on the floor. He could hear his children's laughter from inside the house. It was a Sunday and the children were having their breakfast sitting together. A happy smile suddenly appeared on his face. Without making sound, he came inside the house with the same smile. He noticed that Narendra was probably imitating a dance seen in a film with his hands on the waist and Basanthi was almost bent down on the floor by the laughter. Amar's wife had lost awareness of her body, dress and veil on her head as she was immersed in the laughter. On seeing Gajadar Babu, Narendra suddenly sat on the floor and started drinking the tea. Daughter in law suddenly came into her senses and she suddenly covered her head. Only Basanthi's body was shaking in the attempt to control the laughter.

Gajadar Babu smiled at them. He asked " what were you imitating, Narendra? "

"Nothing, father". He replied.

Gajadar Babu wished to be a part of their jokes and laughter. But all became silent as soon as he entered the house. He felt bad about this in his mind. He asked while sitting, "Basanti, give a cup of tea also. Is your mother is busy doing her poojas and all?"

Basanthi bent her head towards her mother's room. She said "she would come soon". Then she started stirring the tea for father. Daughter in law had already gone inside. Now Narendra also stood up drinking the last sip of tea. Only Basanti was sitting beside him looking for mother to come back. Gajadar Babu sipped tea once and said, "tea is very pale, dear"

"Bring in, would you like to add more sugar", Basanthi asked.

"Let it be, I will drink tea after your mother come "After a while, she comes outside the room carrying prasad in her hand. Basanthi suddenly stood up seeing her coming. She saw Gajadar Babu and asked " why are you sitting alone? where are they?"

He suddenly felt sad hearing this and said, "They are busy with their own work. After all they are children".

Gajadar Babu's wife sat near the hearth. Gajadhar Babu sensed a foul smell and saw unwashed vessels all over the place. He said, "There are unwashed vessels everywhere.

Nobody is concerned about these things and enters the kitchen straight after doing pooja". Then Gajadar Babu called the servant many times but he didn't answer. Gajadar Babu's wife looked at him and said, "Daughter-in-law must have sent him to the market". Then She took a long breath and sat quietly.

Gajadar Babu sat and waited for tea and breakfast. Suddenly he remembered Ganeshi. He used to make hot puri and jalebi in the morning before passenger arrived. By the time Gajadar Babu got up and got ready, Ganeshi used to keep Jalebi and tea for him. Ganeshi used to make perfect tea which was filled till the brim of the glass and it was added with two and half teaspoon of sugar and thick cream. Even though passenger arrived at Ranipur lately, Ganeshi never failed to deliver the tea at time. Nothing had to say to Ganeshi regarding this.

Listening to the wife's complaints, Gajadar Babu's thoughts got distorted. She said, "The whole day is spent here in the kitchen. Doing all the household works, my life has passed. Nobody is here to help me".

"What does your daughter in law do?", Gajadar Babu asked.

"She does nothing and Basanthi has to go to college".

Gajadar Babu called Basanti loudly. When Basanti came out from the room of sister in law, Gajadar Babu said, "Basanti, it's your responsibility to make dinner tonight. Breakfast will make your sister in law".

Basanti replied with resistance to which Gajadar Babu has said, "Father, I have to study"

Gajadar explained the situation with love. "Do study in the morning. Your mother is old now and she has no energy left in the body. Here we have you and your sister in law and both of them should jointly do the household chores".

Basanti stayed quiet. After she left, her mother murmured, "She is just making excuses about the studies. She has no concentration in the studies. She is always at Sheela's home. In Sheela's home, there are many big boys and Basanthi is always there and I personally don't like it".

After eating dinner, Gajadar Babu went to drawing room. House was small and the arrangements in the house was in a way in which Gajadar Babu had no place to stay. Just like a temporary space is made for guest, a tiny bed was placed in the middle of drawing room by placing the chairs towards the wall for Gajadar Babu. Gajadar Babu experienced a strange feeling lying in that room. He started thinking about the trains that come in the station which waits for a short period of time and then leaves.

As house is small,he made all his arrangements in the drawing room itself.His wife had a small room.But one side of the room was filled with the cans containing pickles, grams ,rice and ghee and other side was filled with old blankets and stuff and it was tied with rope.She also had a bag full of clothes of everyone for winters.In the middle of the room,there was a hanging in which Basanthi carelessly put her clothes.He didn't go to that room often.The second room of the house was for Amar and his wife.Third room which was on the front side was drawing room.Before the arrival of Gajadar Babu,drawing room had three chairs from Amar's in law's house and chairs had blue cushions which was sewed by Amar's wife.

Whenever Gajadar Babu's wife had to complain for a long time ,she used to come into drawing room and spreaded the mat and complained.One day she came into the room with a mat.He striked a conversation about household expenses and he was noticing the attitude of the people in the house.He said very politely to his wife that he has got less money and therefore should try to cut down the expenses.

"All expenses are valid,who should starve?.I have become old by managing everything.I didn't get to wear clothes or jewelries which I like "

He looked at his wife, amazed.He never hid his status from her.It was natural to mention his wife about the tightness and scarcity she experienced.But there was lack of sympathy in her saying which shocked Gajadar Babu a lot.If she was asked for any opinion related anything ,he would have never felt bad but happy.But she always complained to him as if he was responsible for every problems in the family.

"What are you lacking ,Amar's mother?. We have a daughter in law,children and a man could be wealthy without money also" Gajadar Babu said and realised that it was his internal expression of emotion and his wife couldn't understand that." It's very easy with my daughter in law.She is managing the kitchen today?".She said and closed her eyes and slept.Gajadhar Babu kept looking at his wife while sitting. Was this his wife whose gentle touch and smile he spent his entire life?.He felt that ,that woman lost somewhere in the path of life and the woman who is present now is a complete stranger for both his mind and soul.The weight of his wife's body who is immersed in sleep,seemed very heavy and he felt ugly.Her face seemed to lack any charm and felt dry.Gajadhar Babu kept on looking at his wife with detached eyes and he lied down in the bed and started looking at the sealing

Something fell down inside and his wife suddenly woke up."The cat must have spilled something" .Then she flew inside.When she returned after a while,her face was swollen with anger."Daughter in law left the kitchen open and the cat spilled dal curry.Everybody will need

to eat, what will I feed?". She took a breath and said, "For preparing curry and a few chapatis she spent a whole bottle of ghee. She is not concerned about the expenses. Earners are doing hard work and here she is wasting the money. I already knew nobody could do the work properly".

Gajadar Babu felt that if he would say something else, his ear would start ringing. He turned his body against the opposite side, back facing against the wife.

At dinner, Basanti deliberately made food in a way that felt difficult to swallow through the throat. Gajadhar Babu ate it silently without making any fuss about it but Narendra shrugged off the plate and stood up and said, "Mother, I can't eat food like this".

Basanti heard it and said, "Then don't eat it. Nobody could satisfy you".

"Who asked you to make food?", Narendra screamed.

"Father asked me to do it".

"Father has no other job to do "

Mother tried to convince Narendra with the help of Basanti and made something by her own hands and feeded him. A while after, Gajadar Babu said to his wife, "She is a grown up girl and she doesn't know how to cook food!".

"She knows everything but she doesn't like to do anything", his wife replied.

Next day, seeing mother in the kitchen, Basanti changed her clothes and came outside to go. Gajadhar Babu asked her to stay. "Where are you going?".

"I'm going to Sheela's home". Basanti replied.

"No need to go now. Go inside and study", Gajadar Babu said in a rude manner. Standing uncertainty for a while, Basanti went inside. Gajadhar Babu used to go for a walk everyday in the evening. When he came back from the evening walk, his wife asked, "what did you say to Basanti?. She seemed pissed from the evening and she didn't even eat food".

Gajadar Babu felt angry. He didn't reply to his wife. He already decided in his mind that Basanti should get married soon. After that day, Basanti always tried to escape from his eyes. If she wanted to go, she always went through the back door. Gajadhar Babu asked his wife two times, after she replied, "she is pissed at you". He felt more angry. If she had been stopped earlier, father wouldn't have the need to speak! Then his wife informed him that Amar is planning to live separately.

"Why?" Gajadar Babu asked surprisedly.

His wife didn't give a clear answer. Amar's wife had a lot of complaints. She was saying that Gajadar Babu always lay down in the drawing room and there was no place

to make people sit when somebody came. Also, Father seemed to believe Amar to be a child and always interprets in everything and Amar's wife has to do lot of works in the house and mother in law always gives her taunt.

" Did any such conversation happen before I came?" Gajadhar Babu asked. His wife nodded her head and said no. Previously, Amar used to like as an owner of the house, Daughter in law had no restrictions, Amar's friends used to come home frequently and the breakfast and tea were prepared for them. Basanthi also liked the same.

Gajadar Babu said softly, "Tell Amar there is no need to hurry"

The next day, when he came home after the morning walk, he found that his bed was missing from the drawing room. He was about to ask about it but by the time his eyes fell on the wife sitting inside the kitchen. He opened his mouth to ask where daughter in law is but he didn't ask anything after remembering something. When he went to his wife's room, he found his bed in the middle of some cans and blankets. Gajadhar Babu removed his coat and glanced at the wall to hang it somewhere. Then after folding it, made some space in the wire and hang it on one side. Without eating anything, he laid on the bed. Whatever it is, the body was already aged. He used to go for morning and evening walk but felt tired on the way back home. Gajadhar Babu remembered the big quarter where he used to live. The relaxed life in the morning when the passenger train arrived. The station was crowded and loud and the familiar faces and the sound that train made was like a melodious music for him. The wind and the sound from the engine of the train was like a companion to his lonely nights. Some people who come to meet Ramjilal used to come to him occasionally and they become his friends. Now that life seemed to him like a lost treasure. He felt that he was cheated by life. He didn't even get a drop out of what he wanted.

While lying in the bed, he kept listening to the various voices coming from inside the house. Daughter in law's and mother's little quarrel, water flowing in the bucket from the pipe, the friction between the vessels from the kitchen and the conversation between two girls. He suddenly decided that now he would not interfere in anything at home. If there is no space for householder in the home, then it is better to simply lay down here. If they shift the place further, then will go there. If he has no position in his own children's life, it is better to live like an outsider in one's own home and after that day, Gajadar Babu really didn't say anything. When Narendra asked for money, he gave him money without asking anything. He didn't say anything even after Basanti remained in neighbour's house even getting very dark. But for him the biggest grief was that his wife didn't even notice any change in him at all. She remained ignorant from her husband's sorrow. She was at peace as her husband is not

interfering in family matters. Sometimes she said, "It's better not to interfere in between. children have grown up. we are doing our duty. we are providing them education and will get them married"

Gajadar babu looked at his wife being hurt. He realised that he is just a medium for money for both wife and children. The person whose existence by which wife is entitled to put vermilion on the forehead. She has a reputation in the society and she feels by giving him food two times a day, she is discharged from all her duties. She has made her world around the cans of Ghee and sugar. Now Gajadhar Babu is not the center of her life. Now Gajadar Babu's enthusiasm regarding his daughter's marriage is also extinguished. Even after stopped interfering in between, his existence couldn't be a part of family environment. His presence in that house seemed unimportant just like his bed lying in the drawing room. Despite being decided not going to interfere in between, one day he interfered. His wife was complaining about the servant as usual. "How lazy he is. He steals money from everything. When he sits to eat, he just go on eating". Gajadar Babu used to feel that the lifestyle and spending of his house is way more than from their status. After listening to what his wife said, he realised that having a servant is just useless. These are small works and in home there are three men in the house. So anybody could do the job of going to market. He dismissed servant that day itself. When Amar came from office, he started calling for the servant. Amar's wife said, "Father has dismissed the servant".

" why"

"He said, expenditure is high"

This conversation was simple but Gajadar Babu got upset with the tone with which the conversation happened. As Gajadar Babu was upset, he didn't go for evening walk. He even felt lazy to light up the lamp. Narendra ignorant of what happened, said, "Mother, why didn't you say anything to father. He just dismissed the servant out of doing nothing. If Father is planning to send me to mill for grinding the wheat in the cycle, I wouldn't go"

"Yes, Mother". It was Basanthi. "I have to go to college and on the top of that he asks me to do the home chores which is impossible"

" Old man", Amar murmured. "He is just lying down simply. why he is interfering in everything?" Gajadar babu's wife said, "He didn't get anything to interrupt. So he sent your wife to the kitchen. She finished the ration for fifteen days within just five days". Before Amar's wife say something, she sneaked into the kitchen. After some time, she came to her room and lit the light and saw Gajadar Babu lying in the bed and started talking about her

difficulties. She couldn't guess his sentiments by seeing his facial expressions. He kept lying in the bed closing the eyes and without saying anything.

Gajadar Babu entered home holding a letter in his hands and called his wife. She came with wet hands and wiped it with the brim of the saree and stood beside him. Gajadhar Babu explained without any special introduction, "I got a job in Ramjilal's sugar mill. It's better to earn for the house than simply sitting. He had already said it before but I refused that time" Then he paused a while and said, "I thought that after years of being apart from the family, I would be able to take a break and stay with the family. but... I have to go day after tomorrow. would you like to come with me?"

"Me?, she replied, shivering. "If I come with you, what about the house?. The household and young girl and everything"

Being Frustrated, Gajadar Babu cut the conversation in the middle and said, "Okay ,you stay here. I was just asking". Then he became silent.

Narendra tied the bed with great enthusiasm and called for a rickshaw. Gajadhar Babu's Bag and his thin bed were placed in the rickshaw. Gajadar Babu sat on the rickshaw carrying some eatables. He looked at his family for a second. Then he started looking at the other side and the rickshaw started moving. After he left, everybody came inside the house and Amar's wife asked Amar , " please take me to watch a movie ". Basanthi jumped up and said, "Take us too"

Gajadar Babu's wife went straight into the kitchen. She kept some remaining food in a box and brought it to her room and placed it beside the canister. After that she came inside and said, "Narendra, Take out father's bed from the drawing room. There is hardly any place to walk".

AUDIT COURSE

Second Semester

ENG2A02

TRANSLATION THEORY AND PRACTICE

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of Masters of Arts.

By

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DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

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MALAYALAM TO ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Neypayasam

Madhavikutty

(Neypayasam: A traditional sweet dish of Kerala made of jaggery, clarified butter, rice, raisins, cashew etc.)

We shall call that man ‘ Acchan’ (*Father): the one who has somehow organised the funeral rites at minimal costs and has shown deferential gratitude to his work- colleagues, before wearily starting for his home at night. The reason behind that classification is since, in that town, as if three children perceive his genuine worth. And they call him, ‘ Acchan.’

Seated among outsiders within the transport, he begun isolating each single minute of that particular day.

He had woken up on hearing her voice.

‘ It is Monday! Unni, get up now! Do not burrow under the sheets!’ She was waking up their eldest son. Dressed in her white sari- that had seen better days-she had then started working in the kitchen. She had come to him with a huge tumbler full of coffee. Then, then...what had happened then? Had she mentioned something memorable to him? Even after he pondered for long, he could not recollect a single word of what she had spoken afterwards. ‘ It is Monday!

Do not burrow under the sheets!’ That lone sentence reverberated in his memory. He murmured the words, as if they were part of the Lord’s name. He felt that his loss would become irreparable if he forgot that sentence.

She had pressed aluminum tiffin boxes with snacks, for the children’s school break. He had take note the stain of turmeric on her right hand at that point. The children had joined him within the morning as he began for office-they had gone to town together.

He had not thought of her- not indeed once- at his office. They had hitched after a year long

adore issues. Their families had not participated at all. However, they both had never lamented their choice. Of course, there had been hardships that had frequently depleted them :the visit bouts of sickness which frequented their youthful children, and the dubious finances... She had gradually become intrigued in dressing up. He had misplaced his capacity for bursting into a healthy laugh.

But they had loved each other. They also loved their three children. Three sons. They were aged ten, seven and five; and their faces were never clean. They were ordinary kids with nothing outstanding about them- either in beauty or intelligence.

Yet their parents often boasted about them:

‘ Unni is all set to be an engineer. He is always creating something or the other...’

‘ Balan- we should make him a doctor! Look at that intelligent forehead!’

‘Rajah is not even scared of the dark! He is very smart! He might join the army...’

Their home was in that portion of the town where the center course lived. A level with three rooms on the primary floor of a building. A little verandah- where two individuals might close to stand together- adjoined one room. A rose plant developed in a little pot in that space; Amma takes care of it fastidiously. Be that as it may, it had not sprouted till date.

On the kitchen divider hung different executes- spoons and their kind. Close the stove was a worn out square of wood which Amma had utilized as a situate. She would be regularly making chapatis, situated on the square, when Acchan returned from work.

He landed when the transport stopped. He felt a sudden flare of torment at one of his knees. Would it be the beginning of rheumatism? If he were to drop debilitated, who would watch out for the children? His eyes welled up all of a sudden. Wiping his tears with a or maybe dirty cloth, he rapidly made his way home.

Would the children be sleeping? Have they eaten something?

Was it likely that the children had rested? Had they eaten something? Had they cried themselves to rest? They did not develop sufficient lament. Or would Unni have stood gazing when he had quickly carried her into the taxi? The small one had cried, since he demanded on boarding the taxi as well. He had not comprehended the meaning of death.

Had he known himself? No. Had he ever suspected that she- continuously show in that house-

would one day drop dead on the ground? That as well without offering goodbye to anyone? He had peeped through the kitchen window when he had returned from the office. She was not there. The sounds of the children playing had risen from the patio. Unni was yelling, ‘ To begin with a class shot!’

He had opened the front door with his key. Then he had caught sight of her. She was lying sideways, with her mouth slightly open. He had assumed that she had fallen unconscious due to dizziness. But the doctor had given the verdict at the hospital :

‘ Heart attack. She has been dead the past one hour or so.’

A storm of feelings had overwhelmed him. He had felt preposterously irate at her. How seem she has fair cleared out like that, clearing out all the duties on his shoulders? Who would donate shower to the kids presently? Who would make them snacks? Who would look out of them when they fell sick?

‘My spouse is dead,’ he had mumbled to himself. ‘ Since of the startling downfall of my spouse due to heart attacks nowadays, I ask for two days leave.’ What a fine take off application that would be! It was not expressing that his spouse was debilitated; instep, it said that she was dead!

Perhaps his boss might call him to his cabin. ‘ My most profound condolences!’ He might say. Ha! His condolences, in fact! He had never known her. Her hair that twisted at the tips, her quivering grin, the delicate gait... the boss had known nothing! Those were his losses...his alone.

When the door opened, the youngest child came scampering to him.

‘ Amma has not returned,’ he chirped.

How was it possible that they had forgotten everything so soon? Did he expect the body carried into that taxi, to return by itself?

He walked towards the kitchen, holding his son’s tiny hand.

‘ Unni!’ He called. Unni got up from the cot and went to him.

‘ Balan slept off...’

‘ Hmm... did you all eat anything?’

‘ No...’

He removed the lids from the vessels kept on the kitchen ledge. The food that she had prepared for them: chapati, rice, potato curry, upperi, curd, and then Neypayasam- that she made occasionally for the kids that’s inside a crystal bowl.

Food that had been touched by death! No, they should not eat that!

‘ I shall make some uppumavu , these have grown cold...’, he said.

‘ Accha..’, Unni spoke, ‘ When is Amma going to come back? Has she not recovered yet?’

‘May the truth have the patience to wait for a day at least’, he brooded deep. What would be the purpose in hurting the child that night?

‘ Amma will come...’, he replied.

He washed two bowls and kept them on the ground.

‘ Let Balan sleep. Do not wake him up,’ he said.

‘ Accha...Neypayasam!’ the youngest said, and dipped his forefinger into the bowl.

He sat down heavily on the wooden block that his wife had used.

‘ Unni, can you serve? Acchan is feeling unwell...a headache...’

Let them have the food. The food prepared by their mother- they would never be able to eat that again.

The children started eating the Payasam. He sat dumb struck, staring at that scene. After a while, he queried:

‘ Don’t you want rice, Unni?’

‘ No, the Payasam will do...it is very delicious!’

The youngest child smiled, ‘ Yes...Amma made yummy Neypayasam...’

He got up swiftly and hurried to the bathroom. He wanted to hide his tears from them.

AUDIT COURSE _ 2

TRANSLATION

Submitted by

Shaphy Joseph J

MA Sem 2 , Roll no - 23

Source: ‘*kadayanelloorile Oru Sthree*’, a short story by T Pathmanaban

The Lady in kadayanelloor

That day he made a maiden attempt to talk with the lady at his neighbourhood.

It happened accidentally. Morning slipped into afternoon. Balachandran was at the peak of boredom. There was nothing specific to be done. The morning newspaper was there. But he read the daily entirely without omitting anything. It would be an exasperating task to re-read the same.

Time seemed to be unmoving in that village which was twelve miles from 'Thenkasi'. Balachandran stood near the water tank, outside the kitchen. Wild amaranth had pervaded exorbitantly in that area as it was rich in water. He saw the two frogs that hid amidst the amaranth. He had seen those companions when he was bathing or while fetching water from the tank. Those frogs were the only companions of Balachandran, a Senior Health Inspector, in kadayanelloor where two thousand people were residing.

A thought pop up in him when he was examining the movements of frogs – why shouldn't he had a talk with his neighbour? He was an educated person. Moreover, he had said good morning to him a couple of times.

He should have been at his home since it was Sunday.

Balachandran came outside and called : 'Mr Rahman !'

But no one was responding while he was waiting for the reply. He heard the sound of bangles and the movement of chairs. Then a woman's voice which was so tender that it would defeat the strings of sitar replied slowly:

'He has gone after finishing meals.'

Balachandran shuddered. He feared whether his visit would result a wrong impression upon her. As Rahman was not there, she would probably thought that he came deliberately at that hour. But in reality, Balachandran never conversed with ladies. He was a very shy man in those matters.

'What do you want?'

This question was raised by the lady when he had decided to go back to his room. Balachandran was in trouble. He stood there biting the tip of his finger like a child. He had to tell some reason. But, what? How could he tell to the wife of a stranger that he was trying to had a talk with her husband in order to kill the time? Rahman was not there, unfortunately. If he had told all these; would she have understood?

Balachandran came up with an idea suddenly. He said : 'please give some water.'

A few minutes later, a boy came and gave him water in a bronze bowl. He understood that this boy was not living at Rahman's home. Perhaps, Rahman's wife told this boy to hand over water.

He laughed as he brought the water to his lips. He had seen that lady when he returned to his room during afternoon. Though she was not wearing purdah, he hardly saw her face and she used to disappear suddenly.

If someone else was there in lieu of Balachandran he would have surely enquired about Raheem's wife, whether she was a nuurjahan or not. But never Balachandran thought about that.

He gave the bowl to the boy and said: 'please tell her my thanks-'

Balachandran astonished whether the boy imparted his regards to her.

He stood there for some time. Spacious area stood before him. Barren land. The soil was unsuitable for any crops. It was abound in thorns and rock stones. Some tamarind tree stood there. Sizzling rays of sunlight felt upon that land as if someone cursed that land a long time before.

He had been dreamt of another land, when he seated on the bus to kadayanellor – a greenish region with rich amount of humidity. But reality shattered him.

A village suffocated in the shadows of Western Ghats.

Balachandran came to veranda and observed the mountain regions that stood far away. The mountain ranges that seemed to be a castle made up of marble rocks mocked at his thwarted desire. During mornings the mountain ranges were not visible. A void of death lurked on it.

To be precise, the proximity of kadayanellor to his place were three furlongs. There were twenty five streets in it. Not one was hygienic. Muslims densely resided in narrow rooms in abject poverty. In the veranda, looms were there and warp on the streets. Water was oozing from the warp. On his first day at kadayanellor, Balachandran walked through it, wearing polished shoes. Later onwards he never used his shoes and kept them neatly. Moreover he was only a senior inspector with low wages.

A senior inspector-!

A moderate job on co-operative department.

But, not even a person understood that. He kept the shoes on the corner since it cost him Rs 13 and he walked barefoot through the path, stagnant with rice water. People used to look at him overwhelming, as he walked barefoot. Women who wore blouse covering up to their wrist and veiling their head with the edge of sari, men who wore colourful lunkis and children with their wilderness startled when they saw him. He was a senior inspector!

Five societies were there .Almost all were members of those societies. Some were not. But everyone needed threads. Thread! The basis of their life. The nexus that connected their loom and their life, even generations before.

Though the world got developed kadayanelloor still was searching in the cemetery of a bygone age.

When Balachandran joined on the department, he determined to carry out some useful plans for the people. He thought that he would indulged in social activities and his aim was for the welfare of the inhabitants . He also founded many possibilities as he was in the pinnacle of his youth.

But after reaching in kadayanelloor, he became sceptical. He understood that he couldn't make the people to think according to his plans. They only needed the certificates for threads. If he lectured on some other things ,they would never understood. He wondered how he would explain the new theories of production and preservation to their brains consisted of nothing but emptiness.

He read the Central committee report of the Reserve Bank during evening.

The next day, Rahman's wife was standing near the door, while I was returning from office. She didn't go as she usually did. Balachandran's eyes glanced at her face as an involuntary action. The very next moment, he put off his eyes. Later onwards she used to stand there. Balachandran also lifted his head and looked at her clearly. A good girl. Fair and had a lot of hairs. She might had a beautiful character also.

In his eyes, she was just a girl.

Four people who had moderate occupations resided in his block. All were mess, except Rahman and his wife. Rahman was a clerk in Registrar office, four miles away from kadayanelloor. He usually reached home at night. Sometimes if he got a free lift, he would reached home by afternoon. But Balachandran never heard voices of quarrels when Rahman was there or if he not. Thus he assumed that that girl should have a good character.

Nevertheless he hardly thought of them. He sat alone in his room after he came from society. The inhabitants of kadayanelloor was so amalgamated with the rock and soil of the region. He might have died of suffocation, if he had lived among the villagers.

One day he heard that a person, resided in one of the twenty streets, was infected with cholera . Balachandran decided to do something before humans might died of the disease like worms. It was an opportunity. But, no one informed him about that. They buried the news.

Balachandran did not overwhelmed. He anticipated it.

He reached at the water tank and observed the movements of frogs.

But , how long he could examine the frogs ? He needed humans .Humans who could understand mutually. He desired to work among those people. But ...

Those people were absent in kadayanelloor.

Balachandran came to his room and took the Central committee report. But ,he threw it on the table ,after reading a few lines .

‘ It is easy to say from there .Let them came here -!’

Then he thought about the girl who was also alone without any companions. But, he soon remembered - she was not alone during the twenty four hours of a day.

Perhaps like him ,she also sat alone and doing nothing. He wished to have a talk with her. Definitely she should understand him.

He wished to impart his desire somehow.

No !

How to start the conversation?

By asking some water ?

But ,didn't he have water in his room ?

It might have finished !

If he asked for water and then he got , then after that ?

About Rahman's work ?

Balachandran was incapable of picturising such thoughts. Their homes were separated by a wall. Balachandran stood near the wall and called : ‘Mister Rahman’.

He again heard the sound of chairs and bangles. She stood near a side ,without facing him : ‘ Do you need something? ‘ He has gone after eating meals ?’

‘ No problem ! Need some water .’

He heard Rahman's wife calling the boy to gave him water.

Balachandran wiped out the sweat on his forehead. He could hear his heart beating soundly.

That time , she herself came , with a tumbler of water. He took it. Though he tried not to touch upon her fingers he did the opposite. He withdrew his hand as if he got a bite.

She smiled. A beautiful smile like blooming of a pomegranate flower, slowly.

They both stood there. She asked ‘Is water enough?’

He nodded.

They had nothing to tell. Balachandran thought that she would go the very next minute. Yes, she was preparing to go.

‘The sun is so hot’. Balachandran said, watching over the sky. He lacked the courage to look at her face.

‘The rain comes soon ‘

She also looked at the sky, the dark crowded clouds were moving to the western mountain region.

Balachandran began. He talked her without fears. That girl who wore white sari with red blouse had knew him earlier.

‘I don't like this place ‘. He saw some kind of gloominess disseminating on her face as he told his opinion of life at kadayanelloor.

‘Yes ,a lot of difficulties -'

They both pondered on something.

‘When I came here, like you I felt the same thing and was unable to breathe’.

Balachandran felt more affection to her. They both felt unfitting in kadayanelloor. They only could contemplate their difficulties.

But ,how come she was unable to breathe? She had a good husband. He would never quarrel with others . Perhaps, they didn't have children. But, still they were young.

He said : ‘ You are doing fine here ,there is no problem, I think’.

Though she didn't tell anything, her eyes told something.

Balachandran thought whether his words inflicted pain upon her . Maybe she would never talk to him . If so –

He then attempted to have an explanation. Devoid of words, he kept silence. At that time, someone called her.

‘They are calling me’. She went with a smile. He stood there for some more time and pondered on his previous view about her life . But , his thoughts and doubts were all in vain.

Soon life became moments for happiness.

Balachandran talked almost everything under the sun. She listened to all those carefully. Sometimes she also talked about persons and incidents from memories. Their conversations used to end up at the same topic, kadayanelloor. Then from there, they would look for their own matters. Then the chain of conversation broke. They would never thought of the happy moments that had slipped a few minutes before.

But, you are never going to live here forever! - Balachandran never thought about that. Yes. She was right. He would left and never would return.

She ?

Oh... She didn't have any difficulties. Though she was living in kadayanelloor she breathe the air of her own native village. So she didn't have any problems-!

The young senior inspector was incapable to delve on such deep thoughts.

One day when he came near to the water tank, he didn't see the frogs. They went somewhere.

Balachandran told her about the missing frogs. She should never go somewhere without saying to him as the frogs did. If she went ,who would talk to him ?

She said : ' You don't speak to him!'

Balachandran didn't tell anything. She was right. But, Rahman used to go to his office at the crack of dawn and reach home by night. Balachandran never saw Rahman sitting on veranda during night. So at what time he talk to him.

Thus Balachandran asked.' Why should I ?' Then with a smile he continued: 'I will talk to him for you'.

Her face brightened.

' Could you please give the newspaper? '

But she never stood there for newspaper. Balachandran understood that she would sent Rahman to him for the newspaper. He thought ' clever girl!'

In that time also, she had a shadow of sorrow that would never erase from her eyes. He waited at night. He heard some chatting between Rahman and his wife. It was vague. But it had a tone of request. Balachandran felt as if she was persuading her husband as he stood hesitantly. He couldn't hear Rahman's voice. Rahman came lately. Suddenly he asked about newspaper. ' It is for my wife ,then ...then, are you doing well?'

Rahman's dialogue stopped. He suffocated like a fish caught out from sea. His state was deplorable than a weeping child.

Balachandran gave him the newspaper suddenly.

He started to breathe normally. He felt relieved. Balachandran wanted to giggle.

Rahman went the next day to Thenkasi in order to despatch some papers. He returned after a couple of days. Until then, Balachandran thought about that girl. He tried so hard , but she didn't vanish from him. When he glanced at the papers and when he conversed with his superior he had been distracted by thoughts about her. Her !

He was in a state of maze. Unknowingly she became a part of his life. As he returned from office, he saw her face tinged with paleness, untied hair flied freely, that told him that she didn't bath.

‘You become so pale?’

‘For two days – she bit her lips and then told him ‘I don’t know’.

She tried to wipe out the tears without facing Balachandran but he saw her. Poor girl! She feared a lot. It should be the news of cholera. He wished to console.

But, how. He inquired whether she went to hospital. She replied negatively.

‘Why?’

He never understand. Why Rahman didn't take her to hospital? There was a dispensary and a doctor in the next village. Though the village was far remote from kadayanalloor, it was for his wife, wasn't?

‘May I come with a doctor?’

‘That will be a trouble for you.’

‘No worries! Inform him.’

Balachandran learned on Rahman's arrival and he listened to their conversation . ‘I am sure that doctor will come if you tell to that Mister in the next room ; Why shouldn't you just ask ‘?’

After some time Rahman reached.

‘I am sorry to disturb you .But ...,

He stood there hesitantly.

‘Tell me – any issues?’

Rahman somehow told the matter. His wife taught him to utter those words. Balachandran confirmed that Rahman was a fool. But he felt sorry. A man capable of nothing!

In the morning, Balachandran called a boy and gave him a letter to sent it to secretary. He was sure that he would fetch doctor as soon as possible.

Doctor visited her and told that it was just a fever accompanied by cold and if needed he prescribed two dose of cold mixture.

Rain appeared out of nowhere followed by violent storms. Rocks shuddered. Balachandran was imbibed in his room. The streets became more unhygienic. He came outside .He glanced at the throngs of dark clouds that were focusing to hid the Western mountains. A dog barked from somewhere. Frogs cried at the corner of house.

His heart germinated an ecstasy of something that couldn't be defined. He mumbled his childhood poem. The meaning of the poem indicated that nature was going to experience the prangs of labor as she was conceiving a new life.

As he was walking inside , he saw Rahman's wife ,looking at him. Balachandran saw something bright in her eyes .

He asked: ' Have you recovered?'

She said: ' Touch me so that you can know'.

Balachandran startled.

'Feel it !'

He stood immobile like a wooden doll. She gave him her hand. He never saw such exquisite hands. But he hesitated to touch upon it. Two opposite forces were conflicting in his mind.

She belonged to another caste.

She was someone's wife.

But, isn't she a child?

Child?

Yes!

Balachandran touched her hand. He felt either hot or cold. She slowly elevated his hand on her forehead. He felt her as a child who recovered from illness. He tried to take away her hand. But she insisted to touch her body and she was undressing her jacket. No one was there on that premise except she and him.

She asked: ' Fever has gone, hasn't it ?'

He unanswerd and walked to his room. It was a new experience to him. She called him, but he never turned back. He was like a pot filled with water. It would rise and flow if a single drop of water was added to it. If he replied to her, his heart would break.

Balachandran fell upon the chair. He was on the verge of sadness. Eyes were filled with tears. He slept and began to probe his thoughts and past incidents. He was like a benighted man. He thought she was a child. Child-! He was wrong.

He was reminded of the cursed relationship existed between man and woman, that were etched in the ancient books. She haunted him like a dream that couldn't be erased. He condemned himself about his deplorable state.

Rain insisted on its service. At first the rain drops were dropped in a particular rhythm. Then they forgot their cadence. A huge sound ! He heard a huge sound similar to the intense wave that surfed towards the shore.

As he came outside and he suspected that kadayanelloor was floating away. Everything vanished. Utmost darkness.

A thunder stroked.

He ran towards the back door. The door had been opened. There, she was there . They saw each other.

Lightning appeared.

Balachandran suspected for a minute.

He said: ' Go '. She stood there. He repeated to go inside.

' I fear '

' I am here '

' Come, we can talk '.

He closed the door.

He was in a state of numbness.

The wind intensely The voice of the rain changed. He felt as if some little heart was being wept somewhere. He listened. Not only the voice of little one but also people who experiencing dismal situations were included . That sound raised gradually.

That girl was alone . She might have shuddered with fear. Perhaps she was weeping or she might have died of lightning. She should have thought of him when her heart paused beating. She called him on account of her fear. But he didn't go.

The reflection of lightning penetrated to the window. He came out.

Balachandran opened the unlocked door. Despite the room's darkness, he found her sitting at a corner. He came and sat beside her.

The rain intensified while the violent storm put off its power. A thunder stroked with a sound of a falling tree. He sat closer to her. He returned his room by evening. But rain continued.

As he reached his room, he unfolded the mattress and slept. A worker came with food. Balachandran told him to keep that in the shelf and the worker did the same and departed.

He didn't switch on the lights.

He remembered each and every moments happened before. He learned a new glance and a meaning at her eyes. He didn't understand that .

It was a big mistake. How could I face her?

Pain! Body as well as mind was in pain.

He packed all his things in the morning. He decided to leave kadayanelloor and he wrote a letter informing about his departure. He waited outside to give the letter if anyone came.

As he was standing there ,he remembered yesterday's conversation between him and her. He asked her :’ Why you are so sad?’

‘Sad? My life is nothing but a series of sadness.

Balachandran repeated those words in his mind. Till then , it’s meaning was anonymous to him. He thought: I am a fool. He thought that her life at kadayanelloor was her root cause of sadness. But the nexus between kadayanelloor and her was weak.

He felt ashamed when he considered Rahman as a fool.

He tore the letter into fritters and threw it on the water.

He opened the back door and glanced at her house. Yes, she was there.

They smiled.

She transcended to more than a girl to him.

AUDIT COURSE

ENG2A02

A Translation of Marappavakal by Karur

NAME: THEJASSY K

ROLL NO: 24

THE WOODEN PUPPETS

[Karur tells the story of the extraordinary interaction between painter enumerator and artist Nalini who create their own sculptures and seek meaning and purpose in life. It is her art that enables Nalini to fight the hardships of life; it is the artist's arrogance. Nalini and enumerator respect and enjoy each other by drawing her picture and presenting him with a sculpture modeled on parvati doing tapas. A very rare theme in Malayalam stories.]

The enumerator went to the yard and told himself ' 312 Asari parambil' in loud and asked if there is anyone, a women came down from the room covered with coconut leaf.

"Is the name Ummini? Enumerator asked, looking at the paper in his hand. The young women's large eyes widened a bit. She panicked that it might be a case, police or something.

"I am here for the census. Who is here?"

"Now I am alone .mom just went to the shore of the river to cut the palm leaves. Brother went to work".

"Whose name is Ummini?"

" Mother's name".

"Ok. Is Ummini male or female?"

She laughed, ridiculed. Beautiful smile though.

"My mother and I are women and my brother is a man".

"No father?"

"He died".

"So isn't Ummini a widow?"

"Now a widow".

Then she said, "The umbrella should not be held upright during the census, right? If the census is taken under the sun like this fire, the number of people will decrease. Please sit on this bench.

Enumerator sat on a bench on the veranda which had been cleaned and polished with cow dung.

All of Ummini's information's was questioned and recorded

"Your name?"

"My name is Nalini"

When she said this, she felt a little embarrassed.

"Age?"

"What do you think?"

"Felt nothing".

She sighed.

"Twenty Three".

"Are you married?"

"Yes".

"Is your husband here now?"

She sighed a little.

"Not here right now"-did you take the census at the 'Thirteenth Mile?'.

"Another person will go there. you have a husband, right?".

"Write whether there is or not". She said with a look of neglect.

"It's not the same thing to say yes or no".

"If so, write it down in a way that no one would understand".

"Isn't the wedding decided? If then, it should be written as unmarried".

"That's not. I am married".

She scratched the back of her head, causing the long, oil-free hair to fall out, which became a beautiful backdrop for her beautiful appearance.

" Husband?"

"I have a husband. But, I do not have,"

"Abandoned, right?"Then vibharthrika!"

"I think you can write that word. Let's hear it again, vibharthrika. This is a messy case like that. But not abandoned. If he really abandoned me, why does he send a messenger every week?"

"If then, you may have abandoned him"

"I did not request and did not abandoned him. Write what you want. You know everything"

"I do not know anything about your husband. I will write that you have a husband like you said".

"That's good".

"This is not a book to write good and bad. The fact is to be written here".

"I am right" she said ,tying her hair back .He looked at that unnecessarily.

"Have you given birth?".

"I have not given birth to a boy or a girl".

"Have you had miscarriage?".

"Of course! It started less than six months after I got there! One day or another could not have gone without miscarriage".

"Miscarriage, daily?"

"Isn't that why I came here".

"What are you saying? Miscarriage! That is whether abortion has occurred?".

"What misinformation is being asked?" It's a good thing that my brother is not here".

He sighed a little.

"What if the brother is here? This is a government matter. Even if there is your great uncle other than brother, I will ask what I need to ask, you have to be honest. If not, it's a crime. Everything said will be kept secret".

"If you feel very hot, use it". she said, taking a blowing layer and placed it on the edge of the bench.

"When my brother is here, I would be ashamed if you asked me all this".

"Then tell me".

"No".

"What no? Won't you say?".

"That's not it. Didn't you ask before about miscarriage? That did not happen".

"How much income do you have per month?".

"Brother has an income of rupees three".

"Not your brother's income, I asked your".

"I do not go to work".

"Then there is no income. Dependent".

"Me? Who said? that karatha at the boat dock would have said that. I have something to say about her too".

He laughed with pleasure.

"Katha? What was said? You didn't listen to what I said. If one has no income, one must live on the income of another. You don't have income. We need money to be spent on food and cloth. Isn't it true that you depend on your giver, mother or brother?"

" Its like question in a concert?"

"Have you been asked at concert?"

"That traitor caused it too".

" Husband?"

"He is the husband! Write that I don't have a husband and I will give you anything for that".

"Let it be. After all you have no income, right?"

"I have income. am not dependent. I earn at least fifteen rupees a month".

"Well, what is your job?"

"What does this government need to know? Jobs are not, one but many".

"Tell me all that. There is space to write all that".

"I am the one who makes porridge in this house. am the one who polished the veranda".

"Well polished. Shining like a mirror"

"My husband would say that my cheeks were shining like mirror, ha. Not mine-he would say. If then this veranda will be like my cheeks". She laughed like a joke.

He laughed too.

A girl from the neighboring house came to the yard and stared at enumerator's face.

"The girl is only ten year old; didn't you see how she staring? After two years, she won't allow people to walk this way".

The girl got angry."Did you lose something just because I looked at it? I am going". Having said that, she went the way she came. As she was leaving, she was muttering something.

"She must be angry. If she sees someone's head I don't know where from but the girl will be in the yard". Nalini said.

The enumerator was scared to be there.

"Then-you didn't say what your job is".

"Didn't I tell you? I do all the work in a house".

"I need to know which job you are earning from".

"If I don't have a proper job, will you give me anything?"

"If you ask me that.."He was reluctant to finish.

"If I ask ,you will give me, wont you?"

He looked around.

"When someone comes home, you have to be polite, don't you?"She said.

"Did I say something rude?" he quickly asked.

"No. But I was not polite. You seem to chew betel leaf". He noticed the sound of her tapping into the room after saying that.

A little later she brought the betel leaves. He began to chew. She went to the room again and brought three wooden puppets. Then said.

“This is my job. One day is enough for me to make one of these”.

He bought the puppets and looked at it. Female figures made of a chan length. Everything looks good. With glossy painting, beautiful organs, high chest, thick waist, attractive slowness, dense hair, all in all, sexy sculptures. He stared blankly, and then looked at her.

“All four look the same, wonderful”. He said

“It’s really amazing when you see three and say four “she said. He didn’t reply.

“Is it molded?”

“We are not mold workers’.

“Is it churned? It looks like Lakshmi who came when palazhi churned.

“I didn’t go to churn the palazhi. So I have not seen Lakshmi”. I just showed you what my job is. What do you mean by four?”

“ These inanimate three and the living one that make it. Four in total. Miracle is that everything looks the same”.

“ The living one, standing as if lifeless. No wonder, My fate!”.

Her eyes twinkled. Her face blushed when she went back to the room and came back. She also had a puppet in her hand, she put it next to him. He looked at it.

“Is this Lord Krishna in Kamsavadham?or did Munthiyarappan disguised himself as Krishna? If it was too big, it could be put inside the cucumber fence to keep it out of sight or if it was too small-“.

She interrupted.

“That’s how it turned out. It was at this level when ten or fifty were made. When the

image of Lord Krishna was created, all who saw it, bought it. I would have got three or four Anna's. Gradually the role changed to Krishna and the form changed into another Krishna. In other words, the second Krishna is the person I once I thought of as Lord Krishna. I get angry when I think of him. When the puppet is made, it will look like him. so, I stopped making male sculptures. Then I made the form of Sri parvati. In other words, a female form is made and named as Sri parvati. Besides, have I seen parvati or anything else?.It is said that parvati performed the tapas and danced with Lord shiva. I have seen in the movie. Then I heard that, parvati and shiva sometimes quarreled. With that in mind, I started making puppets. Sometimes I looked in the mirror and made appearances like parvati and made puppets. The work is done thinking that I am parvati. At the end, all parvati look the same.

Before she could continue, he said, "You and parvati are equal".

"How can parvati and I equal? parvati get my form when it is made "I started to feel embarrassed. If I make and sell my form, to buy-"

"There will be a lot of people" he said boldly.

Didn't I see that? Buyers will criticize me. The puppet is second to none. The puppet is sold to attract men by appearance. Didn't I tell you about katha? She said that looking at my face. I shook her that day. Her eyes seemed to crack. Then I thought, what if she says it without me listening. If someone else does this, I will blame that person too.

"It might be true, but the ability to make one's own appearance so perfect is unparalleled."

"You are just flattering. If you can make one, then look at it and make as many as you want. Make the first one as you look in the mirror. It's not that big of a deal "she said.

"That's true"

"Most of the people in the neighborhood were by my side whatever I said. I was scared of them all"

"You are not scared of me now, are you?"

"Now I am not afraid of anyone. I do not care if there is someone other than me".

"Many of those who work in the art are like that"

"That is what we call arrogance" he murmured as she walked back into the room.

She put four more figures in front of him. Her own forms that shows the peak of compassion, cruelty, wonder and beauty.

" If I say this is extraordinary, would it be criticized as flattering?"

"You may not say so. Why do you say that? None of this is for sale right now. This is the work I do to stay awake during the day. It will be needed someday. When it reaches the hands of those who do not see me, I know they will not object saying that, this is an advertisement of a prostitute."

"I know a job. Doing good. Why is it that there is no way to get income from it? Why are you afraid of scandals? Let people say something. Any man will give a rupee for a puppet. Your needs will be met without care. I am going to write sculpture as your job."

He wrote. He wrote down the information's of her brother's. In the meantime, she took everything into the room except a puppet. She had one puppet in her hand and he once more chewed the betel leaf.

"Does that mean you won't sell the puppets?".

"I do not eat it, nor do I put it in the Owen.".

'Do you have much left?'.

"Is that in the census?".

"Then let it go, the husband quarreled-"

She interrupted.

“Didn’t I say that? Is it possible to say more about my husband with all the passers-by? He is an animal, drink toddy, like a mad dog. Quarrels with passers-by and then get beat. He will stay in the police station till he regains consciousness. One day after dark, the police chief sent a policeman here to let me know about my husband and get him on bail. I told him to stay there and come out only at dawn .Then the police said that if anyone enters the house and commits violence when the husband is not there, do not bring a petition. I told him that if someone came to violence, I had a chisel under my pillow. Shortly after police left, my husband came. I did not go to ask anything or say anything. At dawn I said that I am going home .He asked me why. Then I told him that if I stay here, I would kill someone with the chisel. That time that beast said that he won’t stay still if that happens. got on the bus and came here saying that I don’t want to live with that animal. There are still stories which I despise.”

He stood up when she stopped.

“Let it be “she said as she gave that puppet to him. He happily bought and looked at it. Her idol of cruelty, the pleasure on his face faded. But he said thank you and put a piece of paper there and said;

“Look at this”.

She looked at that, he has painted her figure. She looked up.

“It’s amazing that you drew this in the middle this conversation, put that statue here”. she said and went to her room and bought a large statue of parvati doing tapas and presented it to the painter.He bought it with a look of joy and gratitude.

“Then go” she said as she walked out into the yard .He walked to the next house. In his heart, the sound of the harp being played echoed.

