

class- 8th

Sub- Eng. Reader

(1)

Lesson No- 1

"The Kabuliwallah"

Summary

Kabuliwallah is the story of an Afghan who travelled all the way to India, leaving his mother and daughter behind. The story tells of an unusual but tender relationship between a home-sick vendor and a little girl.

Author Rabindranath Tagore says that his five years old daughter Mini is talkative, but I cannot bear her silence. She asks so many questions and gives no time to give answer. One day she sees Kabuliwallah through the window and cries.

Kabuliwallah wore the loose dress with a turban, there was a bag on his back and boxes of grapes in his hand.

Mini calls him but she is afraid because she had a blind belief that inside the bag, there are perhaps two or three other children like her. Kabuliwallah comes and the writer makes some small purchases and a conversation about Abdurrahman and as he is about to leave, he asks about little girl. This was their first meeting.

P.T.O

Assignment

(2)

1. Write meaning of underlined words.

2. Answer these questions:

(a) What was Mini fond of as a child? How do her parents feel about this?

(b) Why was Mini scared of the Kabuliwallah at first?

(c) "Oh! I thought, 'He will come in, and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!'"

(i) Who is the speaker?

(ii) Who is he?

(d) Write a brief character sketch of Kabuliwallah.

Note:- Do all work in your previous copy or in
A4 sheets.



1 The Kabuliwallah

Unit-1
OUR SURROUNDINGS



Warm Up Session



Kabuliwallah is the story of an Afghan who travelled all the way to India (leaving his mother and daughter behind) with the intention to earn some money in order to pay debts and to save his home in Afghanistan. He's initially homesick and misses his mother and daughter until one day, he meets Mini. The story tells of an unusual but tender relationship between a homesick vendor and a little girl.

Reading Time



My five years old daughter Mini cannot live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence. Her mother is often vexed at this, and would stop her prattle, but I would not. To see Mini quiet is unnatural, and I cannot bear it long. And so my own talk with her is always lively. One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine, said: "Father! Ramdayal the door-keeper calls a crow a krow! He doesn't know anything, does he?"

Before I could explain to her the differences of language in this world, she was embarked on the full tide of another subject. "What do you think, father? Bhola says there is an elephant in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains!"

And then, darting off anew, while I sat still making ready some reply to this last question, she began saying, "Father! What relation is mother to you?"

"My dear little sister in the law!" I murmured involuntarily to myself, but with a grave face contrived to answer, "Go and play with Bhola, Mini! I am busy!"

The window of my room overlooks the road. The child had seated herself at my

feet near my table, and was playing softly, drumming on her knees. I was hard at work on my seventeenth chapter, when all of a sudden Mini left her play, and ran to the window, crying, "A Kabuliwallah! A Kabuliwallah!" Sure enough, in the street below was a Kabuliwallah, passing slowly along. He wore the loose soiled clothing of his people, with a tall turban; there was a bag on his back, and he carried boxes of grapes in his hand.

Mini began to call him loudly. "Ah!" I thought, "he will come in, and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!" At which exact moment the Kabuliwallah turned, and looked up at the child. When she saw this, overcome by terror, she fled to her mother's protection, and disappeared. She had a blind belief that inside the bag, which the big man carried, there were perhaps two or three other children like her. The pedlar meanwhile entered my doorway, and greeted me with a smiling face.

So precarious was the position of my hero and my heroine, that my first impulse was to stop and buy something, since the man had been called. I made some small purchases, and a conversation began about Abdurrahman, the Russians, the English, and the Frontier Policy.

As he was about to leave, he asked, "And where is the little girl, sir?"

And I, thinking that Mini must get rid of her false fear, had her brought out. She stood by my chair, and looked at the Kabuliwallah and his bag. He offered her nuts and raisins, but she would not be tempted, and only clung closer to me, with all her doubts increased. This was their first meeting.]

One morning, however, not many days later, as I was leaving the house, I was startled to find Mini, seated on a bench near the door, laughing and talking, with the great Kabuliwallah at her feet. In all her life, it appeared; my small

