

Lesson 1: “Mr. Moti” by Rahad Abir

Economy and education are two major factors that segregate people in a society. ‘Mr. Moti’ is a story by a Bangladeshi writer Rahad Abir. Read the two sections of the story and try to understand the identity of people belonging to different social classes. Also, think about how the human world and animals/birds are inter-related.

Ameen is seventeen when the war breaks out. One Monday, after supper, he announces he will go to war. Sonabhan shrieks in surprise. You want to leave me alone?

It won’t take long, Ma, he assures her. I’ll be back soon after the training.

That night Sonabhan cannot sleep.

After sun-up, she opens the duck coop. The flock streams out, stretches and quacks around her for their morning meal. She takes longer than usual. She mixes water with rice husks in an earthen bowl and puts it down. They gobble it up in five minutes and head for the pond.

Ameen has let out the chickens by then. He lifts his 12-week-old cockerel, Moti, and sits on the veranda. During his breakfast he doesn’t strike up any conversation. Having noticed Sonabhan’s puffy eyes, he knows not to mention last night’s subject. He casts his glance to the side, down at the cockerel eating rice in silence.

Today is haat bar, market day. Sonabhan has arranged the things Ameen will take to the bazaar to sell. Two dozen eggs, a sheaf of areca nuts, a bottle gourd. The bazaar is about a mile away.

Ameen wears his short-sleeved floral shirt over his lungi. He whistles as he looks into the cloudy mirror to comb his hair. Placing the rattan basket on his head before setting off, he hollers: I’m off, Ma.

Sonabhan watches him go along the bank of the little river. For the first time it occurs to her that Ameen has grown up. He has reached the height of his dead father, has his long neck and straight shoulders.

In that moment, Sonabhan realizes it's not the war, it's the fighting that Ameen is fascinated with. Like his dead father, he is crazy about bullfighting, cockfighting and boat racing. The same stubbornness flows in his blood. Once he decides on something, nothing can stop him.

Her little son! Now a man. Even up to his fifteenth birthday barely a day passed without neighbours appearing with a slew of complaints. Sometimes one or two turned up from other villages. They peeked into the house and asked, Does Ameen live here?

Sonabhan would sigh. What did he do?

Your son stole my date juice! Emptied the juice pots hanging on the date trees! Sonabhan would sigh again. Then ask the visitor to pardon him. She hated saying that she'd raised her son alone. If she could spare them, she would bring half a dozen eggs and hand them to the visitor: Please take these for your children.

At night, Sonabhan climbs out of her bed, clutches the hurricane lamp and tiptoes into Ameen's room. She stands by his bed, looks at her sleeping son. He snores like his father. He has her light skin and button nose. She touches his cheek. His broad forehead. She suppresses a desire to lie beside him. Like the old days, when she slept cuddling her baby.

A warning comes from old Chowkidar's young wife. Watch your rooster, she threatens. I don't want him in my house again.

If someone touches my boy, Sonabhan responds, they'll see the consequences. She grounds Moti for an entire day. It makes him sad. His forlorn captivity crucifies her. She sets him loose the following morning.

Some boys come and ask Sonabhan to lend them Moti for cockfighting at a fair. They are happy to pay.

Never, she tells them. He is my son.

Monday dawns without Moti's crowing. His cold body is resting on its right side. Lying against the basket. Eyes closed. His kingly head down.

With Moti's basket in her lap, Sonabhan is motionless.

She puts Moti to rest beside her husband's grave. She sighs, plods across the empty yard, steps onto an empty veranda, crawls into an empty home and sits on the edge of an empty bed.

Another morning breaks.... Noon and afternoon come and go....The birds in the coops quack and crow....No one lets them out. For the first time, Sonabhan's doors do not open.

Note: The excerpts of "Mr. Moti" are selected from the complete story included in *When the Mango Tree Blossomed: Fifty Short Stories from Bangladesh* edited by Niaz Zaman.

A Answer the following questions:

1. Why is the rooster called Mr. Moti?
2. Is the writer trying to compare the son with the rooster? What are the reasons for doing so?
3. Why is the story a Bangladeshi story? Which war is referred to in the story?
4. Do you know what cockfighting is?
5. What do you think about the mother-son relationship?

B Make a list of words from the story that have cultural connotations. Make use of them in a conversation between two friends in your class.

C In our culture, sons are believed to follow their father's ways and daughters are found similar with their mothers. Do you see that kind of belief in the story? Discuss it with your friends and bring examples from your own life if you are compared with your father or mother.

D Arrange a debate on the motion:

"Man is known by his work, not by his looks."

Lesson 2: “Girl” by Jamaica Kincaid**Let’s read the following story and answer the following questions.**

Wash the white clothes on Monday and put them on the stone heap; wash the color clothes on Tuesday and put them on the clothesline to dry; don’t walk bare-head in the hot sun; cook pumpkin fritters in very hot sweet oil; soak your little cloths right after you take them off; when buying cotton to make yourself a nice blouse, be sure that it doesn’t have gum in it, because that way it won’t hold up well after a wash; soak salt fish overnight before you cook it; is it true that you sing benna in Sunday school?; always eat your food in such a way that it won’t turn someone else’s stomach; on Sundays try to walk like a lady and not like the slut you are so bent on becoming; don’t sing benna in Sunday school; you mustn’t speak to wharf-rat boys, not even to give directions; don’t eat fruits on the street—flies will follow you; but I don’t sing benna on Sundays at all and never in Sunday school; this is how to sew on a button; this is how to make a buttonhole for the button you have just sewed on; this is how to hem a dress when you see the hem coming down and so to prevent yourself from looking like the slut I know you are so bent on becoming; this is how you iron your father’s khaki shirt so that it doesn’t have a crease; this is how you iron your father’s khaki pants so that they don’t have a crease; this is how you grow okra—far from the house, because okra tree harbors red ants; when you are growing dasheen, make sure it gets plenty of water or else it makes your throat itch when you are eating it; this is how you sweep a corner; this is how you sweep a whole house; this is how you sweep a yard; this is how you smile to someone you don’t like too much; this is how you smile to someone you don’t like at all; this is how you smile to someone you like completely; this is how you set a table for tea; this is how you set a table for dinner; this is how you set a table for dinner with an important guest; this is how you set a table for lunch; this is how you set a table for breakfast; this is how to behave in the presence of men who don’t know you very well, and this way they won’t recognize immediately the slut I have warned you against becoming; be sure to wash every day, even if it is with your own spit; don’t squat down to play marbles—you are not a boy, you know; don’t pick people’s flowers—you might catch something; don’t throw stones at blackbirds, because it might not be a blackbird at all; this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make doukona; this is how to make pepper pot; this is how to make a good medicine for a cold; this is how to catch a fish; this is how to throw