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6.

Loneliness	Grief
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind. • His lonely way 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The whole town was wrapped in deathly silence

Answer:

Loneliness	Grief
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind. • His lonely way • The old man went back slowly to the bench on which he had been accustomed to sit for five long years. • ...such loneliness had come into his life since the day Miriam had gone away, that now, forgetting his sport, he would become lost in the admiration of the green of the green cornfield. • A pitiable figure, a century behind his time. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The whole town was wrapped in deathly silence • ...for the last five years he had no news of this daughter for whose sake alone he dragged along a cheerless existence. • ...that the grief of separation is inescapable. • ...he sat down under a tree and wept bitterly. • His eyes were filled with tears of helplessness...

7. Complete the table by explaining the following phrases/ sentences in your own words:

Phrases	Meanings

happy memories light up a life that is nearing its close	
the sounds helped him along his lonely way	
the cold used sleep to extend its sway over all things even as a false friend lulls his chosen victim with caressing smiles	
when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and suddenly took a new turn	
the whole universe is built up through love and that the grief of separation is inescapable	
the post-master, a man with a face as sad and as inexpressive as a pumpkin, would be seen sitting on his chair inside	
And so the clerk, like a worshipper of Vishnu, repeated his customary thousand names	
The haughty temper of the official had quite left him in his sorrow and anxiety, and had laid bare his human heart	

Answer:

Happy memories are a source of joy when one is old and about to die.

The sounds of grinding mills, women singing at work were like a company in his otherwise long, lonely journey from his home to the post office.

The early morning cold induced sleep as a result everybody would be fast asleep and there would be no activity. The early morning cold is just like a person who pretends to be a friend influences its victim with sweet talk.

When Ali grew old, he gave up hunting as he could now understand the pain of getting separated from a loved one. Life had changed for him. His only daughter got married and left him.

Ali after being separated from his daughter realized that the whole world is made of love and the pain of separation is unbearable.

The postmaster had a cheerless and expressionless face just like a pumpkin and would always be seen sitting on his chair inside the post office.

Just as a follower of lord Vishnu would utter thousand names of Vishnu everyday, the clerk would call out the usual names for whom the letters came everyday.

As the postmaster eagerly awaited news from his daughter, he realized how arrogant and indifferent he was. Just like Ali, he was also worried for his daughter.

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Writing Task

9. Tortured by doubt and remorse, the postmaster sits in the glow of a charcoal sigri that night, waiting for news of his daughter. As he sits, he writes his diary.

As the postmaster, write a diary entry in about 150 words outlining your feelings about the day's events.

Answer:

30th November

Dear Diary

I am inundated with the feelings of doubt and remorse at what

happened today. I have been waiting anxiously for the news of my daughter's well being who lay ill at a distant town. I saw an envelop of the colour and shape I had expected to receive. But to my surprise, it was addressed to Coachman Ali from his daughter Miriam. I dropped it once as if it had given me an electric shock. I could not sleep whole night. I realised my folly for being rude, unsympathetic and ununderstanding to Ali. I never tried to realise the anguish, pain and suffering of a father who had been waiting anxiously for his daughter's letter for last five years. I once even rebuked him by calling him a 'pest'. I failed to understand the pain and grief of separation that Ali was undergoing. Now I realised my stupidity for being indifferent and insensitive to him. I decided to handover the letter to Ali.

At the stroke of five I heard a soft knock on the door. Feeling sure it was Ali, I rose quickly from the chair and flung the door wide open. Ali was standing outside, leaning on a stick bent double with age. Tears were wet on his face. His eyes had an unearthly light. I shrank back in fear and astonishment. But soon, Lakshmi Das who appeared from another quarter told me that Ali had died three months ago. I was confused. I was overwhelmed with the feelings of doubt. Had I really seen Ali or had my imagination deceived me? Now I understand the pangs of separation because it has been well said, "Only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches". I regret my rude behaviour towards Ali.

XXX

***** END *****