HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?

– Leo Tolstoy

LEO NIKOLAYEVICH TOLSTOY (1828-1910), Russian novelist, short-story writer, religious philosopher and social reformer was born of a family that was ranked among the most powerful nobles and rich, land owners of Czarist Russia. After a gay youth, he underwent a great spiritual experience and founded a new religion, Tolstoy's. It was based upon his conviction that the whole message of Christ is that 'ye resist not evil'. The main tenets of his religion are renunciation of violence and wealth, improvement of the inner self, compassion for all living things and abolition of governments and churches. Mahatma Gandhi, with his acceptance of the doctrine of nonresistance, became one of his most important followers.

His short stories are full of his religious fervour, and represent the union of great moral conviction and minute psychological analysis.

His best-known work *is War and Peace;* among his other works are: *Anna Karenina, The Death of Ivan Ilych and Other Stories,* and *Twenty-Three Tales.*

'How Much Land Does a Man Need?' is a story in the moral fable tradition. The theme of human greed and temptation is very conventional, but it is treated by Tolstoy with artistic restraint, freshness of approach and subtle irony. In spite of carrying an ethical message, the narrative is extremely effective.

Unit 1

An elder sister came to visit her younger sister in the country. The elder was married to a tradesman in town, the younger to a peasant in the village. As the sisters sat over their tea talking, the elder began to boast of the advantages of town life: saying how comfortably they lived there how well they dressed, what fine clothes her children wore, what good things they ate and drank; and how she went to the theatre, promenades and entertainments.

The younger sister was piqued, and in turn disparaged the life of a tradesman, and stood up for that of a peasant.

'I would not change my way of life for yours, said she. 'We may live roughly, but at least we are free from anxiety. You live in better style than we do, but though you often earn more than you need, you are very likely to lose all you have. You know the proverb, "Loss and gain are brothers twain." It often happens that people who are wealthy one day are begging their bread the next. Our way is safer. Though a peasant's life is not a fat one, it is a long one. We shall never grow rich, but we shall always have enough to eat.'

The elder sister said sneeringly:

'Enough? Yes, if you like to share with the pigs and the calves! What do you know of elegance of manners! However much your good man may slave you will die as you are living- on a dung heap- and your children the same.'

'Well, what of that?' replied the younger. 'Of course our work is rough and coarse. But, on the other hand, it is sure, and we need not bow to anyone. But you, in your towns, are surrounded by temptations; today all may be right, but tomorrow the Evil One may tempt your husband with cards, wine, or women, and all will go to ruin. Don't such things happen often enough?'

Pahom, the master of the house, was lying on the top of the stove and he listened to the women's chatter.

'It is perfectly true,' thought he. 'Busy as we are from childhood tilling mother earth, we peasants have no time to let any nonsense settle in our heads. Our only trouble is that we haven't land enough. If I had plenty of land, I shouldn't fear the Devil himself!'

The woman finished their tea, chatted a while about dress, and then cleared away the tea-things and lay down to sleep.

But the Devil had been sitting behind the stove, and had heard all that was said. He was pleased that the peasant's wife had led her husband into boasting, and that he had said that if he had plenty of land he would not fear the Devil himself.

'All right,' thought the Devil. 'We will have a tussle. I'll give you land enough and by means of that land I will get you into my power.'

Unit 2

Close to the village there lived a lady, a small landowner who had an estate of about three hundred acres. She had always lived on good terms with the peasants until she engaged as her steward an old soldier, who took to burdening the people with fines. However careful Pahom tried to be, it happened again and again that now a horse of his got among the lady's oats, now a cow strayed into her garden, now his calves found their way into her- meadows and he always had to pay a fine.

Pahom paid up, but grumbled, and going home in a temper, was rough with his family. All through that summer, Pahom had much trouble because of this steward, and he was even glad when winter came and the cattle had to be stabled. Though he grudged the fodder when they could no longer graze on the pastureland, at least he was free from anxiety about them.

In the winter the news got about that the lady was going to sell her land and that the keeper of the inn on the high road was bargaining for it. When the peasants heard this they were very much alarmed.

'Well,' thought they, if the innkeeper gets the land he will worry us with fines worse than the lady's steward. We all depend on that estate.'

So the peasants went on behalf of their commune, and asked the lady, not to sell the land to the innkeeper, offering her a better price for it themselves. The lady agreed to let them have it. Then the peasants tried to arrange for the Commune to buy the whole estate, so that it might be held by them all in common. They met twice to discuss it but could not settle the matter; the Evil One sowed discord among them and they could not agree. So they decided to buy the land individually, each according to his means and the lady agreed to this plan as she had to the other.

Presently Pahom heard that a neighbour of his was buying fifty acres, and that the lady had consented to accept one half in cash and to wait a year for the other half. Pahom felt envious.

'Look at that,' thought he, 'the land is all being sold, and I shall get none of it.' So he spoke to his wife. 'Other people are buying,' said he, and we must also buy twenty acres or so. Life is, becoming impossible. That steward is simply crushing us with his fines.'

So they put their heads together and considered how they could manage to buy it. They had one hundred rubles laid by. They sold a colt and one half of their bees, hired out one of their sons as a labourer and took his wages in advance; borrowed the rest from a brother-in-law, and so scraped together half the purchase money.

Having done this Pahom chose out a farm of forty acres some of it wooded and went to the lady to bargain for it. They came to an agreement, and he shook hands with her upon it and paid her a deposit in

advance. Then they went to town and signed the deeds; he paying half the price down, and undertaking to pay the remainder within two years.'

So now Pahom had land of his own. He borrowed seed, and sowed it on the land he had bought. The harvest was a good one, and within a year he had managed to pay off his debts both to the lady and to his brother-in-law. So he became a landowner, ploughing and sowing his own land, making hay on his own land, cutting his own trees, and feeding his cattle on his own pasture: When he went out to plough his fields, or to look at his growing corn, or at his grass-meadows, his heart would fill with joy. The grass that grew and the flowers that bloomed there seemed to him unlike any that grew elsewhere. Formerly, when he had passed by that land, it had appeared the same as any other land, but now it seemed quite different.

Unit 3

So Pahom was well-contented, and everything would have been right if the neighbouring peasants would only not have trespassed on his corn-fields and meadows. He appealed to them most civilly, but they still went on: now the Communal herdsmen would let the village cows tray into his meadows, then horses from the night pasture would get among his corn. Pahom turned them out again and again, and forgave their owners and for long time he forbore to prosecute anyone. But at last he lost patience and complained to the District Court. He knew it was the peasants want of land, and no evil intent on their part, that caused the trouble, but he thought:

'I cannot go on overlooking it or they will destroy all I have. They must be taught a lesson.

So he had them up, gave them one lesson and then another and two or three of the peasants were fined: " After a time Pahom's neighbours began to bear him a grudge for this, and would now and then let their cattle on to his land on purpose. One peasant even got into Pahom's wood at night and cut down five young lime trees for their bark. Pahom passing through the wood one day noticed something white. He came nearer and saw the stripped trunks lying on the ground, and close by stood the stumps where the trees had been. Pahom was furious.

'If he had only cut one here and there it would have been bad enough, thought Pahom, 'but the rascal as actually cut down a whole char. If I could only find out who did this, I would pay him out.

He racked his brains as to who it could be. Finally he decided: It must be Simon-no one else could have done it.' So he went to Simon's homestead to have a look round, but he found nothing, and only had an angry scene. However, he now felt more certain than ever that Simon had done it, and he lodged a complaint.

Simon was summoned. The case was tried, and retried, and at the end of it all Simon was acquitted, there being no evidence against him. Pahom felt still more, aggrieved, and let his anger loose upon the Elder and the Judges,

'You let thieves grease your palm,' said he. ; If you were honest folk yourselves you would not let a thief go free.'

So, Pahom quarreled with the judges and with his neighbours: Threats to burn his building began to be uttered. So though Pahom had more land, his place in the Commune was much worse than before.

About this time a rumour got about that many people were moving to new parts.

There's no need for me to leave my land,' thought Pahom. 'But some of the others might leave our village and then there would be more room for us. I would take over land myself and make my estate a bit bigger. I could then live more at ease. As it is, I am still too, cramped to be comfortable.

One day Pahom was sitting at home when a peasant; passing through the village, happened to call in. He was allowed to stay the night, and supper was given him. Pahom had a talk with this peasant and asked him where he came from. The stranger answered that he came from beyond the Volga, where he had been working. One word led to another and the man went on to say that many people were settling in those parts. He told how some people from his village had settled there. They had joined the Commune and had had twenty-five acres per man granted them. The land was so good, he said, that the rye sown on it grew as high as a horse, and so thick that five cuts of a sickle made a sheaf. One peasant, he said, had brought nothing with him but his bare hands, and now he had six horses and two cows of his own.

Pahom's heart kindled with desire. He thought:

'Why should I suffer in this narrow hole, if one can live so well elsewhere? I will sell my land and my homestead here, and with the money I will start afresh over there and get everything new. In this crowded place one is always having trouble. But I must first go and find out all about it myself.'

Towards summer he got ready and started. He went down the Volga on a steamer to Samara, then walked another three hundred miles on foot, and at last reached the place. It was just as the stranger had said. The peasants had plenty of land every man had twenty-five acres of Communal land given him for his use, and anyone who had money could buy, besides, at two shillings an acre as much good freehold land as he wanted.

Having found out all he wished to know, Pahom returned home as autumn came on, and began selling off his belongings. He sold his land at a profit, sold his homestead and all his cattle, and withdrew from membership of the Commune. He only waited till the spring, and then started with his family for the new settlement.

Unit 4

As soon as Pahom and his family reached their new abode, he applied for admission into the commune of a large village. He stood treat to the elders and obtained the necessary documents. Five shares of Communal land were given him for his own and his sons' use: that is to say 125 acres (not all together, but in different fields) besides the use of the Communal pasture. Pahom put up the buildings he needed, and bought cattle. Of the Communal land alone he had three times as much as at his former home and the land was good corn-land. He was tem times better off that he had been. He had plenty of arable land and pasturage and could keep as many head of cattle as he liked.

At first, in the bustle of building and settling down, Pahom was pleased with it all, but when he got used to it he began to think that even here he had not enough land. The first year, he sowed wheat on his share of the Communal land and had a good crop. He wanted to go on sowing wheat, but had not enough Communal land for the purpose, and what he had already used was not available for in those parts what is only sown on virgin soil or on fallow land. It is sown for one or two years and then the land lies fallow till it again over grown with prairie grass. There were many who wanted such land and there was not enough for all so that people quarreled about it. Those who were better off wanted it for growing wheat, and those who were poor wanted it to let to dealers, so that they might raise money to pay their taxes. Pahorp wanted to sow more wheat, so he rented land from a dealer for a year. He sowed much wheat and had a fine crop, but the land was too far from the village the wheat had to be carted more than ten miles. After a time Pahom noticed that some peasant dealers were living on separate farms and were growing wealthy and he thought:

'If I were to buy some freehold land and have a homestead en it, it would be a different thing altogether. Then it would all be nice and compact,'

The question of buying freehold land recurred to him again and again.

He went on in the same way for three years, renting land and sowing wheat. The seasons turned out well and the crops were good, so that he began to lay money by. He might have gone on living contentedly, but he grew tired of having to rent other people's land every year, and having to scramble for it. Wherever there was good land to be had, the peasants would rush for it and it was taken up at once, so that unless you were sharp about it you got none. It happened in the, third year that he and a dealer together rented a piece of pasture land from some peasants; and they had already ploughed it up, when there was some dispute and the peasants went to law about it, and things fell out so that the labour was ail lost.

'If it were my own land,' thought Pahom, "I should independent, and there would not be all this unpleasantness.'

So, Pahom began looking out for land which he could buy; and he came across a peasant who had bought thirteen hundred acres, but having got into difficulties was willing to sell again cheap. Pahom bargained and haggled with him, and at last they settled the price at 1,500 rubles, part in cash and part to be paid later. They had all but clinched the matter when a passing dealer happened to stop at Pahom's one day to get a feed for his horses. He drank tea with Pahom and they had a talk. The dealer said that he was just returning from the land of the Bashkirs, far away, where he had bought thirteen thousand acres of land all for 1,000 rubles. Pahom questioned him further and the tradesman said:

All one need do is to make friends with the chiefs. I gave away about one hundred rubles worth of silk robes and carpets, besides a case of tea, and I gave mine to those who would drink it; and I got the land for less than a penny an acre.' And he showed Pahom the title deeds saying:

'The land lies near a river, and the whole prairie is virgin soil.'

Pahom plied him with questions, and the tradesman said:

'There is more land there than you could cover if you walked a year, and it all belongs to the Bashkirs. They are as simple as sheep, and land can be got almost for nothing.'

'There now,' thought Pahom, 'with my one thousand rubles, why should I get only thirteen hundred acres, and saddle myself with a debt besides? If I take it out there, I can get more than ten times as much for the money.'

Unit 5

Pahom inquired how to get to the place, and as soon as the tradesman had left him he prepared to go there himself. He left his wife to look after the homestead, arid started on his journey taking his man with him. They stopped at a town on their way and bought a case of tea, some wine, and other presents, as the tradesman had advised. On and on they went until they had gone more than three hundred miles and on the seventh day they came to a place where the Bashkirs had pitched their tents. It was all just as the tradesman had said. The people lived on the steppes, by a river, in felt-covered tents. They neither tilled the ground, nor ate bread. Their cattle and horses grazed in herds on the steppe. The colts were tethered behind the tents, and the mares were driven to them twice a day. The mares were milked, and from the milk kumis was the women who prepared kumiss and they also made cheese. As far as the men were concerned, drinking kumiss and tea, eating mutton and playing on their pipes, was all they cared a out. They were all gout and merry, and all the summer long they never thought of doing any work. They were quite ignorant and knew no Russian, but were good-natured enough.

As soon as they saw Pahom, they came out of their tents and gathered round their visitor. An interpreter was found, and Pahom told them he had come about some land. The Bashkirs seemed very glad; they took Pahom and led him into one of the best tents where they made him sit on some down cushions placed on a carpet, while they sat round him. They gave him some tea and kumiss, and had a sheep killed, and gave him mutton to eat. Pahom took presents out of his cart and distributed them among the Bashkirs,

and divided the tea amongst them. The Bashkirs were delighted. They talked a great deal among themselves, and then told the interpreter to translate.

'They wish to tell you,' said the interpreter, 'that they like you, and that it is our custom to do all we can to please a guest and to repay him for his gifts. You have given us presents, now tell us which of the things we possess please you best, that we may present them to you.'

'What pleases me best here,' answered Pahom, 'is your land. Our land is crowded and the soil is exhausted but you have plenty of land and it is good land. I never saw the like of it.'

The interpreter translated. The Bashkirs talked among themselves for a while. Pahom could not understand what they, were saying, but saw that they were much amused and that they shouted and laughed. Then they were silent and looked at Pahom while the interpreter said:

'They wish me to tell you that in return for your presents they will gladly give you as much land as you want. You have only to point it out with your hand and it is yours.'

The Bashkirs talked again for a while and began to dispute. Pahom asked what they were disputing about, and the interpreter told him that some of them thought they ought to ask their Chef about the land and not act in his absence, while others thought there was no need to wait for his return.

Unit 6

While the Bashkirs were disputing, a man in a large fox-fur cap appeared on the scene. They all became silent and rose to their feet. The interpreter said, 'This is our Chief himself.'

Pahom immediately fetched the best dressing gown and five pounds of tea, and offered these to the Chief. The Chief accepted them, and seated himself in the place of honour. The Bashkirs at once began telling him something. The Chief listened for a while, then made a sign with his head for them to be silent, and addressing himself to Pahom, said in Russian:

'Well, let it be so. Choose whatever piece of land you like; we have' plenty of it.'

'How can I take as much as I like?' thought Pahom, 'I must get a deed to make secure, or else they may say, "It is yours," and afterwards may take it away again:

'Thank you for your kind words, 'he said aloud. 'You have much land, and I only want a little. But I should like to be sure which bit is mine. Could it not be measured and made over to me? Life and death are in God's hands. You good people give it to me, but your children might wish to take it away again.'

'You are quite right,' said the Chief. 'We will make it over to you.'

I heard that a dealer had been here, continued Pahom, 'and that you gave him a little land, too, and signed title deeds to that effect. I should like to have it done in the same way.

The Chief understood.

'Yes,' replied he, 'that can be done quite easily. We have a scribe and we will go to town with you and have the deed properly sealed. "And what will be the price T asked PAL.

'Our price is always the same: one thousand rubles a day.'

Pahom did not understand.

'A day? What measure is that? How many acres would that be?'

'We do not know how to reckon it out,' said the Chief. 'We sell it by the day. As much as you can go round on your fact in a day is yours, and the price is one thousand rubles a day.'

Pahom was surprised.

But in a day you can get round a large tract of land, he said.

The Chief laughed.

'It will all be yours!' said he. 'But there is one condition: If you don't return on the same day to the spot whence you started, your money is lost.'

'But how am I to mark the way that I have gone?'

'Why, we shall go to any spot you like, and stay there.

You must start from that spot and make your round, taking a spade with you. Wherever you think necessary, make a mark. At every turning, dig a hole and pile up the turf; then afterwards we will go round with a plough from hole to hole. You may make as large a circuit as you please, but before the sun sets you must return to the place you started from. All the land you cover will be yours.'

Pahom was delighted. It was decided to start early next morning. They talked a while and after drinking some more kumiss and eating some more mutton, they had tea again, and then the night came on. They gave Pahom a feather-bed to sleep on, and the Bashkirs dispersed for the night, promising to assemble the next morning at daybreak and ride out before sunrise to the appointed spat.

Unit 7

Pahom lay on the feather-bed but could not sleep. He kept thinking about the land.

'What a large tract I will mark off!' thought he. 'I can easily do thirty-five miles in a day. The days are long now, and within a circuit of thirty-five miles what a lot of land there will be! I will sell the poorer land, or jet it to peasants, but I'll pick out the best and farm it. I will buy two ox-teams, and hire two more labourers. About a hundred and fifty acres shall be plough-land, and I will pasture cattle on the rest.'

Pahom lay awake all night, and dozed off only just before dawn. Hardly were his eyes closed when he had a dream. He thought he was lying in that same tent and heard somebody chuckling outside. He wondered who it could be, and rose and went out, and he saw the Bashkir Chief sitting in front of the tent holding his sides and rolling about with laughter. Going nearer to the Chief, Pahom asked: 'What are you laughing at?' But he saw that it was no longer the Chief, but the dealer who had recently stopped at his house and had told him about the land. Just as Pahorn was going to ask, 'Have you been here long?' He saw that it was not the dealer, but the peasant who had come up from the Volga, long ago, to Pahom's old home. Then he saw that it was not the peasant either, but the Devil himself with hoofs and horns, sitting there and chuckling, and, before him laid a man barefoot, prostrate on the ground, with only trousers and a shirt on. And Pahom dreamt that he looked more attentively to see what sort of a man it was that was lying there, and he saw that the man was dead, and that it was himself! He awoke horror-struck.

'What things one does dream,' thought he.

Looking round he saw through the open door that the dawn was breaking.

'It's time to wake them up,' thought he. 'We ought to be starting.'

He got up, roused his man (who was sleeping in his cart), bade him hardness and went to call the Bashkirs.

'It's time to go to the steppe to measure the land,' he said.

The Bashkirs rose and assembled, and the Chief came too. Then they began drinking kumiss again, and offered Pahom some tea, but he would, not wait.

'If we are to go, let us go. It is high time,' said he.

Unit 8

The Bashkirs got ready and they all started: some mounted on horses, and some in carts. Pahom drove in his own small cart with his servant and took a spade with him. When they reached the steppe, the morning red was beginning to kindle. They ascended a hillock (called by the Bashkirs shikhan) and dismounting from their carts and their horses, gathered in one spot. The Chief came up to Pahom and stretching out his arm towards the plain:

'See,' said he, all this, as far as your eye can reach, is ours. You may have any part of it you like.'

Pahom's eyes glistened: it was all virgin soil, as flat as the palm of your hand, as black as the seed of a poppy and in the hollows different kinds of grasses grew breast high.

The Chief took off his fox-fur cap, placed it on the ground and said:

'This will be the mark. Start from here and return here again. All the land you go round shall be yours.'

Pahom took out his money and put it on the cap. Then he took off his outer coat, remaining in his sleeveless under-coat. He unfastened his gird e and tied it tight below, his stomach, put a little bag of bread into the breast of his coat, and tying a flask of water to his girdle, he drew up the tops of his boots, took the spade from his man, and stood ready to start. He considered for some moments which way he had better go it was tempting, everywhere.

'No matter,' he concluded, 'I will go towards the rising sun:'

He turned Hs face to the east, stretched himself, and waited for the sun to appear about the rim.

'I must lose no time,' lie thought, and it is easier walking while it is still cool.'

The sun's rays had hardly flashed above the horizon, before Pahom, carrying the spade over his shoulder, went down into the steppe.

Pahom started walking neither slowly nor quickly. After having gone a thousand yards lie stopped, dug a hole and placed pieces of turf one on another to make it more visible. Then he went on and now that he had walked off his stiffness he quickened his pace. After a while he dug another hole.

Pahom looked back. The 1i.'tlock could be distinctly seen in the sunlight, with the people on it, and the glittering tyres of the cart-wheels. At a rough guess Pahom concluded that he had three miles. It was growing warmer; he took off his under-coat, flung it across his shoulder, and went on again. It had grown quite warm now; he looked at the sun, it was time to think of breakfast

'The first shift is done, butfour in a day, and it is too soon yet to turn. But I will take off nay boots,' said he to himself.

He sat down, took off his boots, stuck them into his girdle and went on. It was easy walking now.

'I will go on for another three miles,' thought he, 'and the turn to the left. This spot is so fine, that it would be a pity to lose it. The further one goes, the better the land seems.'

He went straight, on for a while, and when lie looked round, the hillock was scarcely visible and the people on it looked like black ants, and he could just see something glistening there in the sun.

'Ah,' thought Pahom, 'I have gone far enough irk this direction, it is time to turn. Besides I am in a regular sweat, and very thirsty.'

He stopped, dug a large hole, and heaped up pieces of turf. Next lie untied his flask, had a drink, and then turned sharply to the left: He went on and on; the grass was high, and it was very hot.

Pahom began to grow tired: he looked at the sun and, saw that it was noon.

'Well,' he thought, 'I must have a rest.'

He sat down, and ate some bread and drank some water; but he did not lie down, thinking that if he did he might fall asleep. After sitting a little while, he went on again. At first he walked easily the food had strengthened him; but it had become terribly hot and he felt sleepy, still he went on, thinking: 'An hour to suffer, a life-time to live.'

He went a long way in this direction also, and was about to turn to the left again, when he perceived a damp hollow 'It would be a pity to leave that out,' he thought. Flax would do well there. So he went on past the hollow and dug a hole on the other side of it before he turned the corner. Pahom looked towards the hillock. The heat made the air hazy: is seemed to be quivering and through the haze the people on the hillock could scarcely be seen.

'Ah !' thought Pahom, 'I have made the sides- too long; I must make this one shorter.' And he went along the third side stepping faster. He looked at the sun: it was nearly half-way to the horizon, and he had net yet, done two miles of the third side of the square. He was still ten miles from the goal.

'No,' he thought, 'though it will make my land lopsided, I must hurry back in a straight line now. I might go too far, and as it is I have a great deal of land.'

So Pahom hurriedly dug a hole, and turned straight towards the hillock.

Unit 9

Pahom went straight towards the hillock, but he now walked with difficulty. He was done up with the heat, his bare feet were cut and busted, and his legs began to fail. He longed to rest, but it was impossible if he meant to get back before sunset. The sun waits for no man, and it was sii1king lower and lower.

'Oh dear,' he thought, 'if only I have not blundered trying for too much! What if I am too late?

He looked towards the hillock and at the sun. He was still far from his goal, and the sun was already near the rim.

Pahom walked on and on; it was very hard walking but he went quicker and quicker. He pressed on, but was still far from the place. He began running threw away his coat, his boots, his cap and kept only the spade which he used as a support.

'What shall I do, lie thought again, I have grasped too much and ruined the whole Mir. I can't get there before the sun sets.'

And this fear made him still more breathless. Pahom went on running, his soaking shirt and trousers stuck to him and his mouth was parched. His breast was working like a blacksmith's bellows, his heart was beating like a hammer, and his legs were giving way as if they did not belong to him. Pahom was seized with terror lest he should die of the strain.

Though afraid of death, he could not stop. 'After having run all that way they will call me a fool if I stop now, thought he. And lie ran on and on, and drew near and heard the Bashkirs yelling and shouting to him, and their cries inflamed his heart still more. He gathered his last strength and ran on.

The sun was close to him, and cloaked in mist looked large, and red as blood. Now, yes now, it was about to set! 'The sun was quite low, but he was also quite near his aim. Pahom could already see the people

on the hillock waving their arms to hurry him up. He could see the fox-fur cap on the ground and the money on it, and the Chief sitting on the ground holding his sides. And Pahom remembered his dream.

'There is plenty of land,' thought he, 'but will God let me live on it? I have lost my life, I have lost my life! I shall never reach that spot!'

Pahom looked at the sun, which had reached the earth: one side of it had already disappeared. With all his remaining strength lie rushed on, bending, his body forward so that his legs could hardly follow fast enough to keep him from falling just as he reached the hillock it suddenly grew dark. He looked up-the sun had already set! He gave a cry: 'All my labour has been in vain though, he, and was about to stop, but lie heard the Bashkirs still shouting, and remembered that though to him from below, the sun seemed to have set, they on the hillock could still see it. He took a long breath and ran up the hillock. It was still light there. He reached the top and saw the cap. Before it sat the Chief laughing and holding his sides. Again Pahom remembered his dream, and he uttered a cry: his legs gave way beneath Min, he fell forward and reached the cap with his hands.

'Ah, that's a fine fellow!' exclaimed the Chief. 'He has gained much land!'

Pahom's servant came running up and tried to raise him, but he saw that blood was flowing from his mouth. Pahom was dead!

The Bashkirs clicked their tongues to show their pity.

His servant picked up the spade and dug a grave long enough for Pahom to lie in, and buried him in it. Six feet from his head to his heels was all he needed.

NOTES

the Evil One:	Lucifer, Satan, the Devil.
Commne:	a co-operative; a plot of land held and managed by a corporation of small farmers.
Volga:	river in Russia.
Samara:	Kuibyshev, town on the River Volga.
Bashkirs:	a nomadic tribe.
stehpes:	dry, treeless, grassy fiat lands. kumi.ss: mare's fermented milk.
scribe:	notary public; a person authorized to prepare and certify deeds, contracts and copies of documents.

Comprehension:

1. What are the advantages of town life listed in the story?
2. What are the three things with which the Evil one tempts men?
3. Why did the comming of winter make Pahom Glad?
4. How much land did Pahom decide to buy from the lady?
5. What trouble did the neighbouring peasants create for Pahom?
6. Why did Pahom quarrel with the Elder and the judges?
7. Why was Pahom not satisfied with his riches?
8. How did the dealer please the Bashkirs?
9. How did the Bashkirs please their guests?
10. What pleased Pahom most about the Bashkirs?
11. Why did Pahom want a deed for the land?
12. What was the Bashkirs condition for the sale of land?

13. What happened to Pahom when he reached his goal?
14. What was the lst thing seen by Pahom in his dream?
15. How much land did Pahom really need in the end?
16. How did the Divil challenge Pahom?
17. Describe the manner in which the Bashkirs lived.
18. What was Pahom's physical condition when he was trying to run back to the starting point?
19. What did Pahom see in his dream?
20. Why did Pahom decide to take his money to the land of the Bashkirs?

Long- answer questions:

1. Describe Pahom's growing greed for land.
2. Describe Pahom's thoughts while he was racing for more land.
3. How does the proverb ' an hour to suffer, a lifetime to live' apply to Pahom's race for land.
4. Describe an imaginary quarrel between two ladies- one from a village and the other from a town-in present day Nepal.

Composition:

1. Write an essay on 'greed leads everyone to disaster'
2. Write a letter to the chairman, Local Housing Authority complaining about the rising rents and the shortage of houses in your city and requesting him to introduct a better housing policy for the city.