

Prose: In Sahyadri Hills A Lesson In Humility

Summary

The story deals with the humility of the poor people living in the tribal areas of Sahyadri. She helps the school children there. But she is impressed by the character of the people there. They are poor but follow old precious traditions.

The writer was very fond of travel. She moves to various places – be it forests, mountains or monuments of Egypt. Once she went to the dense forest of Sahyadri in Karnataka. It was rainy season. It was raining all day. Still she enjoyed the beauty of nature. She smelled the flowers and heard the sweet songs of the birds.

The author went to visit a school in a tribal area. His charitable organization wanted to help the school. The tribe living there is called “Thandas” and their chief is called “Thandappa”. He used to be the most senior person among them. They considered him as their god. He followed the traditions he learned as a child. It was raining heavily when the author reached there. She thought she had visited a new planet. Yet she did not feel alienated.

The writer did not know where the school really was. She asked a woman who was taking three pots of water on her head. The writer asked her about the address of the school. But she felt amazed, said something and went away. Perhaps she did not understand the man's language. Then the writer asked an old man: “Where is the school?”. He said something in his language and raised his hand in the direction of the school. School

The school building was nothing but an old house covered with dry grass. It was a primary school. The children were playing near the school. The writer went into the school room. There were chairs, tables and a blackboard. There were no lights or fans. There was a small window for ventilation. There were no teachers or clerks. Soon an old man came to the writer. He enquired about her. The writer introduced herself to him. She added that they wanted to help the school.

The old man worked as a peon-cum-watchman in the school. He lived there only. Once he was a guide too. He did not get any payment. His grand-son learnt in that school. So, he worked there. The writer asked the old man about the administration of the school. The man told her that it was run by the state government. There were two teachers and 50 students. The writer felt happy to know the big number of the students. It was notable. The parents were poor and uneducated. But they wished their children to learn. The writer then asked him whether they had any problems. The man did not say much. But he took the writer to the nearby hut.

There lived an old man in the hut. He was the “Thandappa” of the tribe. The writer asked the chief about the problems of the school. He said that the students have to come to school in rain and they get wet. They do not have sufficient dresses too. Nobody had spoken so openly to the writer so far (31). The writer thanked the man and left. She decided to bring umbrellas and clothes for students when she would come there again.

The writer visited the school again. It was winter. The place looked like a paradise. The sky was clear. There were flowers everywhere. She met the Thandappa. He recognised (3) her and welcomed her. The writer said: “I have brought some things for the students. Take this bag.” The man hesitated. The writer said “Take the things. They will be useful for the students in the rainy season.” The man did not accept the bag but went to his hut.

The writer spoke with the students. She said, "What do you want to learn? The boys hesitated to speak. But after some time one of them dared to speak. He said, "We have not seen a computer. Do you have any book on computer in Kannad?" The writer became happy. She herself had worked as a teacher. She wondered to learn that the students from a rural and tribal area have such modern thoughts. The writer promised the students that she would give them a book on computers next time. The boys became happy. The writer too became happy. Soon the old man, "Thandappa came back from his hut. He said " amma" and gave the writer a bottle of some red drink. It was the drink made from the red fruits from the forests. The writer did not like to take something from the poor people. So, she refused to take the bottle but politely. To this, the old man said: "You have given us something. So, you should take something from us. If you don't take the bottle, I will not accept the things brought by you." The writer accepted the gift happily. But it was a new experience for her. People only thank us when we help them. Sometimes they also complain for getting less money. They expect more things. However, the old man who lived in the tribal areas of the Sahyadries was living the great philosophy of life. It is : " When you can give something, then only take something from others. Don't take anything from others without giving something. The writer saw culture in its best form there. It is not taught in the schools run by managements.

मराठी सारांश :

लेखिकेला प्रवास करण्याची खूप आवड आहे. जंगले, डोंगरी भाग किंवा इजिप्तची स्मारके असो, त्या तेथे नक्की जाणार. अशाच एकदा त्या कर्नाटकाच्या अगदी सह्याद्रीच्या कुशीत गेल्या होत्या. त्यांच्या संस्थेतर्फे त्यांना एका शाळेला मदत करायची होती. पाऊस सुरु होता. जंगलातून रस्ता काढणं अवघड होतं. पण निसर्गसौंदर्याचा खराखुरा अनुभव त्यांना आला. असा अनुभव शहरात येत नाही. शेवटी त्या गावापर्यंत लेखिका पोहोचल्या. पाण्याच्या तीन घागरी एकावर एक घेवून जाणाऱ्या एका बाईने शाळेचा पत्ता सांगितला नाही. तिला लेखिकेची भाषा समजली नसेल कदाचित. मग एका वेताच्या टोपल्या विणणाऱ्या वृद्ध व्यक्तिला लेखिकेने "शाळा कोठे आहे ?" असे विचारले. त्याने हातानेच शाळा दाखविली.

ती शाळा म्हणजे गवताने शाकारलेले घरच होते. शाळेजवळ मुलं खेळत होती. लेखिका शाळेत गेल्या. ती एकच खोली होती. तीला हवा येण्यासाठी फक्त एकच छोटी खिडकी होती. शाळेत दोन खुर्च्या, दोन टेबल आणि एक फळा होता. दिवे किंवा पंखे नव्हते. आत कुणीच नव्हतं. तेवढ्यात एक वृद्ध तेथे आला. तो शाळेचा शिपाई होता. त्याला पगार मिळत नव्हता. त्याचा नातू त्या शाळेत शिकत होता. त्याच्या बदल्यात तो पडेल ते काम करीत असे. तो शाळेजवळच्याच एका झोपडीत राहात असे. शाळेत एकूण ५० विद्यार्थी आणि दोन शिक्षक असल्याचे त्याने सांगितले. शाळेत कोणत्या अडचणी येतात असे विचारले असता तो लेखिकेला घेवून जवळच्या झोपडीतील एक वृद्ध व्यक्तिकडे गेला. तो त्यांचा प्रमुख म्हणजे "ठंडाप्पा" होता. त्याचे वय ९० वर्षांपेक्षा जास्त होते. त्याला शाळेच्या समस्यांविषयी विचारले असता, तो म्हणाला : "मुलांना लांबून पावसामध्ये भिजत यावे लागते. त्यांना पुरेसे कपडेही नसतात. " "पुढच्यावेळी कपडे आणि छत्रा आणायच्या" असे लेखिकेने ठरविले.

लेखिका परत त्या भागात गेली. आता हिवाळा होता. तो परिसर नंदवनासारखा भासत होता. लेखिका ठंडाप्पांना भेटल्या. त्यांनी त्यांना ओळखले. "मी तुमच्या शाळेसाठी कांही वस्तू आणल्यात. तेंव्हा, ही बॅग स्विकारा." असे लेखिका म्हणाल्या. "ठंडाप्पा" कांहीच न बोलता. आपल्या झोपडीत निघून गेले. लेखिकेने मुलांना विचारले : "तुम्हाला काय शिकायचे आहे ? मुलं घाबरत होती. पण नंतर एकजण म्हणाला: "आम्ही कॅम्प्युटर अजून बघितला नाही. त कॅम्प्युटरबद्दल कन्न्डमध्ये एखादे पुस्तक असेल तर द्या." "नक्की आणेल." लेखिका म्हणाल्या.

तेवढ्यात ठंडाप्पा तेथे आला. त्याने लाल फळांपासून बनविलेल्या पेयाची एक बाटली आणली होती. त्याने बाटली लेखिकेला घेण्यास सांगितले. पण लेखिके ला गरीबांकडून कांहीतरी घ्यावेसं चांगले वाटले नाही. "ठंडाप्पा म्हणाला : "तुम्ही जर बाटली घेणार नसाल तर, आम्ही तुमच्या वस्तू घेणार नाही. " असा अनुभव प्रथमच आला होता. एरवी लोक फक्त आभार मानतात. कधी कधी कमी मदत केल्याची तक्रारपण करतात. लेखिकेने हसतमुखाने ती बाटली स्विकारली. तो म्हातारा जीवनाचे तत्वज्ञान जगत होता. ते म्हणजे, "कांहीतरी दिल्याशिवाय घेवू नका." हे तत्वज्ञान व्यवस्थापनांच्या शाळांमध्ये शिकविले जात नाही.

Prose: The Model Millionaire

Summary

The Model Millionaire is story written by Oscar Wilde. The story tells about a model that is ideal millionaire and also about the model picture which is worthy of million dollars. However, the theme of the story is how rich man enables up poor young man to marry the girl whom he liked

According to the writer, the truth of modern life is that it is better to be rich than to be charming. Love is the right of the rich and not the occupation of the poor. Hughie is a very charming but unemployed young man. He tried his hand at several jobs but could not continue any of them and so remained poor and unemployed. To make things worse, he had fallen in love with Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel. But the Colonel would not allow him to marry his daughter till he would get 10,000 pounds of his own.

One day, he visited his painter friend, Alan Trevor, in his studio. He was painting the portrait of a beggar man. The beggar was standing on the raised platform as a model. He was an old man with wrinkles on his face. In one hand, he had a rough stick and in the other his rough hat for alms. Allan told the writer that he got 2000 guineas for the picture. The model got one shilling for one sitting. The writer remarked that the models too should get commission in the price of the pictures.

Meanwhile, the servant told Trevor to meet the frame-maker in the other room. The old beggar was poor and weak. Hughie felt pity for him and gave him the only sovereign he possessed. The beggar smiled and thanked him. He then met Laura and told her about his behaviour. She became angry with him for his extravagance.

That night, Hughie met Trevor in a club. Hughie told Trevor that he had felt pity for the old beggar. Trevor too informed Hughie that the old man liked him very much. Then he amazed him saying that the old man too liked him. He added that the old man knew everything about Hughie, Laura, the Colonel, and also about the Colonel's condition of 10,000 pounds. Then Trevor informed Hughie that the old beggar actually was one of the richest men in Europe. His name was Baron Hausberg. He had given Trevor money to paint him as a beggar.

Hughie wondered to know that the beggar was none but Baron Hausberg. He felt sorry for giving him a sovereign. Trevor told Hughie that the Baron would invest the sovereign for him and give him interest. It was really the highest credit for Hughie. So, Hughie should not worry but relax as usual.

The next morning, Naudin brought a card for Hughie on behalf of the Baron. Hughie thought that he might have come for an apology. But actually Hughie had got a letter with an envelope containing a cheque for £10,000. On the envelope was written: "A wedding present to Hughie and Laura, from an old beggar." Later on, both Trevor and the Baron were present on the occasion of the marriage of Hughie and Laura. The Baron made a speech at the wedding breakfast. Finally, Alan Trevor remarked: "Millionaire models are rare enough but model millionaires are rarer."*

मराठी सारांश

सुंदर असण्यापेक्षा श्रीमंत असणेच जास्त महत्वाचे असते हे जीवनाचे सत्य आहे. प्रेम हा जणू श्रीमंतांचा अधिकारच ! गरीबांचे ते काम नाही हेच खरं.

हयूजी हा एक देखणा परंतू गरीब आणि बेकार तरुण. वडिलांनी कांहीही कमवून ठेवले नाही. आत्या थोडीफार मदत करत असते. दुष्काळात १३ वा महिना, महाशय प्रेमात पडले. तेही कर्नल साहेबांची मुलगी, लोरा हिच्या. साहेबांनी बजावले, "आधी स्वतःचे १०,००० पौंड कमवून दाखव आणि नंतरच माझ्या मुलीचा हात माग." कसे शक्य होणार !

एक दिवस हफी (हयूजी) आपला मित्र, अॅलन ट्रेव्हर याच्या पेंटिंगच्या स्टुडीओमध्ये गेला. त्यावेळी अॅलन एक भिकाऱ्याचे (Portrait) चित्र काढण्यात व्यस्त होता. एक म्हातारा भिकारी मॉडेल म्हणून उभा होता. थोड्या वेळाने फ्रेम- मेकरला भेटण्यासाठी अॅलन स्टुडिओच्या बाहेर गेला. त्या भिकाऱ्याची हफीला दया आली. खिशात एकमेव असलेले सॉव्हरिनचे नाणे त्याला देवून टाकले. स्मित हास्य करून भिकाऱ्याने आभार मानले. हफी नंतर लोराकडे गेला आणि तिला सर्व हकीकत सांगितली. तिने त्याची उधळेपणा केल्याबद्दल कान उघाडणी केली.

एका रात्री हफी ट्रेव्हरला पॅलेरी क्लब मध्ये भेटला. ट्रेव्हरने ते भिकाऱ्याचे चित्र तयार झाल्याचे सांगितले. भिकाऱ्याला हफी फार आवडल्याचे सांगून हफी हर्षीत झाला. अॅलन ट्रेव्हर पुढे म्हणाला की, त्याने हफीबद्दल सर्व माहिती त्या वृध्दाला सांगितली. त्याला सुध्दा लोरा आणि कर्नलची सर्व माहिती असल्याचे ऐकून हफीला आश्चर्य वाटले.

त्यानंतर अँलन म्हणाला की, तो भिकारी म्हणजे अत्यंत श्रीमंत व्यक्ति वेरॉन हॉसवर्ग हे होते. त्यांनी स्वतः भिकाऱ्या वैशात स्वतःचे चित्र पेंट करून घेतले होते. हे ऐकून ही जाम घाबरला, पण त्याने चिंता करू नये असा अँलनने सल्ला दिले कारण वेरॉन हॉसवर्ग हे खूप चांगले व्यक्ती होते. ते हकीच्या सॉवरीनची परतफेड सव्याज करतील याची त्याला खा असते.

दुसऱ्या दिवशी सकाळी, नोकराने हफीला सांगितले की, एक व्यक्ति त्याला भेटण्यासाठी आली होती. त्या दृष्ट गृहस्थाने आपण वेरॉन हॉसवर्ग कडून आल्याचे सांगितले. “आपल्याला माफी मागणे भाग आहे.” असे हफीला वाटले. त्या व्यक्तितेने पत्र आणि लिफाफा दिला. लिफाफ्यावर लिहिले होते: “एका वृद्ध भिकाऱ्याकडून हफी आणि लोरा यांना विवाहप्रित्यर्थ सप्रेम भेट.” त्या लिफाफ्यात १०,०००० पौंडाचा चेक होता. पण

हफी आणि लोरा यांच्या लग्नप्रसंगी अँलन नवरदेवाचा खास दोस्त म्हणून उपस्थित राहिला. वेरॉन साहेबांनी छान भाषण देवून वधू-वरांना आशिर्वाद दिले. अँलन नंतर म्हणाला : “लाखमोलाचे मॉडेल्स फार दुर्मीळ आहेत. पण मॉडेल (आदर्श) त्याहून दुर्मीळ आहेत.” हे एक सत्य आहे.

Prose: The Eyes are not Here

Summary

The Eyes are not Here' is a fine short story by Ruskin Bond. It is related to a blind man and his journey by a train. The story is full of suspense and surprise. The narrator wants and makes efforts to hide his blindness from the girl who is travelling with him. Finally, he learns that the girl too is blind. The ending reveals the truth with surprise.

The narrator is travelling by train. He is sitting near the window. He is blind. At one station, a girl enters the compartment. Her parents advise her to take care. The narrator likes her company. He praises her face and imagines that her hair may be beautiful. He speaks of the beauty of Nature at Missouri. They also speak about the scene outside. Soon the girl gets down at the next station called Saharanpur. Her aunt comes to receive her. The girl comes in the way of a man. He expresses an apology. The train moves on. The new traveller praises the company of the girl. The narrator asks him whether the hair of the girl was long or short. The man tells him that he did not notice her hair. He adds that he had seen her eyes and not hair. Her eyes were

beautiful. But they were useless because she was blind. The narrator remained calm with wonder.

Thus, the story is short but sweet. It impresses us by its surprising end.

मराठी सारांश

लेखक आगगाडीने प्रवास करीत असतो. एका स्टेशनवर एक मुलगी त्याच्या डब्यात येवून बसते. लेखक आंधळा असतो. पण आपण आंधळे नाहीत असे त्याला दाखवायचे असते. मुलीचे पालक जपून प्रवास करण्यास सांगतात.

लेखक त्या मुलीशी संभाषण करतो. त्याला तिचा आवाज आवडतो. ती फार सुंदर आहे असे तो म्हणतो. मसुरीमध्ये वातावरण चांगले असते असेही तो म्हणतो. लेखक त्या मुलीच्या केसांविषयी कल्पना करतो. ते लांब असतील किंवा कापलेले असतील असे त्याला वाटते ? दारामध्ये ती मुलगी एका प्रवाशाला धडकते. “मला माफ कर हं मुली” असे म्हणून प्रवाशी दिलगिरी व्यक्त करतो. काय झाले ते लेखकाला कळत नाही. गाडी सुरु होते. लेखक त्या प्रवाशाला विचारतो. त्या मुलीचे केस लांब होते की कापलेले होते ? त्यावर तो प्रवाशी म्हणतो: “केस काय मी बघितले नाहीत, तिचे डोळे मात्र र होते. पण बिचारी आंधळी होती. तुम्हाला ते कळले नाही का ?”