



story
weaver

The Guest

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Level 4

About the Author

Rabindranath Tagore was born on 7 May, 1861 to Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, one of the leaders of the Brahmo Samaj, and Sarada Devi. He was a distinguished Bengali poet, writer, painter, playwright and composer of songs. He was homeschooled by a variety of teachers in a variety of subjects. He composed 'Sishu', 'Dakghor', 'Birpurush', 'Proshno', 'Sahaj Path' and others for children.

He was the recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature in the year 1913. In 1915, the prestigious 'knighthood' was awarded to him by the British Raj but he soon renounced it as a protest to the Jallianwala Bagh massacre of 1919. A highly renowned artist, he was known for introducing the Indian culture to the West which led to his establishment of the 'Vishwabharati' University in Santiniketan which is a mosaic of the East and the West. Two of his song compositions, "Jana Gana Mana" and "Amar Shonar Bangla" were chosen by India and Bangladesh respectively as their national anthems.

Rabindranath Tagore passed away on August 7, 1941.

About the Story

Published in 1895, *The Guest* revolves around an easy-going teenage boy consumed in wanderlust. Through him, the author explores the beauty of Nature, and the workings of a wandering mind. A wanderer by heart, the boy takes no time to call someone his own, but himself cannot be bound by any bond of love or care.

The Zamindar of Kathaliya was going to his village with his family by boat. One day they anchored their boat near a village market to cook lunch, when a boy appeared, "Gentlemen, where are you going?" The boy was about fifteen or sixteen years old.

Motibabu replied, "Kathal."

The boy asked, "On your way, can you drop me off at Nandigram?"

Babu agreed and asked, "What is your name?"

The boy replied, 'My name is Tarapada'.





The fair boy was very good looking. The big eyes and smiling lips reflected a well-bred grace. He was wearing an old dhoti. His bare torso looked as if it was carved by a sculptor. It seemed that he had been a very religious and disciplined ascetic in his previous life. That has given him this divine beauty. Motilal Babu affectionately said, "Son, go, take a bath. You would be eating here."



Tarapada said “Wait.” He then joined the preparations for cooking with the others without hesitation. Motilal Babu's servant was not much of an expert at cutting fish, and Tarapada did that with much expertise. He cooked a few more dishes, as well. He took a bath in the river after he finished cooking, and wore a white cloth that he took out from his little bag. He took out a wooden comb and brushed his hair from the front to the back. After having displayed his poites over his chest, Motilal Babu in his boat.






Motilal Babu took him inside the boat. There was his wife and his nine year old daughter. His wife Annapurna felt much affection towards this beautiful boy, in her mind she started thinking "Who's baby is this? How must his mother be living without him!"

Food was served for Motibabu and Tarapada. The boy did not eat much. Annapurna thought he was shy, but even after many requests, he didn't eat more.. it was known that he does what he wishes to do. There was no stubbornness in it. He was not shy at all.

After lunch Annapurna tried to sit beside him and unearth his personal history. She failed to know anything in detail. Only information she got was that he had willingly left home when he was seven or eight years old..
Annapurna asked, ``Don't you have your mother?"
Tarapada said "Yes."
Annapurna again asked, "Doesn't she love you?"
Tarapada found this question strange and laughed, "Why wouldn't she?"





Annapurna asked, "Then why have you left her?"
Tarapada replied, "She has four more sons and three daughters."
Annapurna, pained at this answer said, "What are you saying! Just because You have five fingers, can you give up one?"

Tarapada was young and had very little personal history but the boy was unique. He was the fourth child of their parents and his father had died when he was very young. Though one of many siblings, he was loved by all his relatives and teachers. His teachers never hit him. Even if they did, all his relatives used to get hurt for him. There was no reason for him to leave home. A thin, ignored boy surviving on stolen fruits and scoldings from the neighbour would also stay amongst his villagers and torturing mother but this boy, unperturbed, left his home with a theatre group.



People searched and brought him back to the village. His mother hugged him and cried, as did his sisters. His elder brother scolded him a little to teach him a lesson but at the end favoured him and gave even gifts. Women of the village invited him over with much fondness and tried to make him obedient. Yet, nobody could tie him down, not even the love of everyone; as if his birth star has decided for him to be homeless. When he saw foreign boats on the move, or a monk from a far away place sheltering under the large peepal tree or wandering tribes making baskets out of bamboo, then his heart would shake for the uncaring freedom of the unknown . After two or three escapes his relatives lost all hopes.







At first he accompanied a wandering theatre group. When the group head began to love him like a son and when he became the beloved of all, even the housekeepers in particular houses where they would go for shows. But when the special lady of the house called and praised him, one day he said nothing to anyone in the group and could not be found again.

Tarapada was like a fawn who didn't like bondage but liked music. Songs of the theatre group separated him from his home. The rhythm of any song would make his veins tremble and his body would move with the rhythm of the song. Even when he was a little baby, he used to sway his body listening to songs and the elders laughed at it.

The last time, he joined a gymnastic team. From the end of the summer months, the fairs are held from place to place until the end of the monsoon months. On that occasion, panchali singers, poets, dancers, and various shops travel by boat following the river and its small tributaries from one end to another to attend the fair. Since last year, a small gymnastics team from Kolkata joined the fun of this tourist fair. Tarapada was first given the charge of selling paan at the fair with a boatman. Due to his characteristic curiosity, he was attracted to the gymnastics' marvelous aptitude and entered the team. Tarapada himself practiced and learned to play the flute. During gymnastics, he had to play the flute fast at the Lucknowi Thumri beat in rhythm - this was his only job.





This escape was his last one. He had heard that the zamindar babu of Nandigram was opening a theatre group and carrying a small pouch. He was planning a trip to Nandigram, when he met Moti Babu. Though Tarapodo was a part of a variety of groups, it was due to his own imaginary capabilities that he did not take upon himself the traits of a particular group. In his heart he was completely seamless and free. Even though he had heard a lot of bad words and seen a lot of bad things, none of them seemed to have had a chance to be accumulated in his mind. This boy took no notice of things. Like other ties, no habitual ties could also force his mind a particular way. He swam like a swan bird in the muddy waters of this world. Out of curiosity, everytime he dived in, his wings would neither get wet nor dirty. This is why, an expression of youthful purity and effortlessness was evident on the face of this homeless boy.

On seeing his face, the elderly Motilal Babu had called him in without question or doubt, and with a lot of love. Once lunch was over, the boat was released. Annapurna, with utmost affection, asked the boy about his house and his relatives. Tarapada answered briefly and escaped outside. Outside, the monsoon river was filled to the brim and as if, in its own reckless boisterousness, worried Mother Nature. In the cloudless sunlight, the half-immersed Kaash flowers along the river bank, the dense fields of succulent sugarcane and beyond that, the forest lines touching the horizon- all of this seemed to be touched by the golden wand of a fairytale and blossoming with a new beauty in front of the fascinated eyes of the mute, blue sky. Everything seemed lively, pulsating, flooded with the light of pride, bright and full of abundance.





Tarapada went to the roof of the boat and nestled under the shadow of the sail. Gradually, the sloping green fields, flooded jute fields, the movement of green paddy fields, the narrow paths leading from the ghats to the countryside, the densely shaded villages, began to appear before his eyes. This water, land and sky, the vibrancy of the surroundings, the span of the sky and land, their diversity and vastness, that eternally permanent and silent world were the closest relatives of the boy at the river, and yet it never tried to restrain this restless human being with its affectionate arms.

Along the river banks, the calf is running with its tail lifted high, the village ponies, with tied front limbs are jumping around on the grass; the Kingfishers are jumping off from the fishermen's net post into the water and catching fish, boys are having fun in the water, girls are laughing and chatting loudly, extending the ends of their clothes, half-immersed in water, and cleaning them, fisherwomen with wicker baskets tied to their waists are buying fish from fishermen, he sees all these with ever-new, tireless fresh curiosity and yet the thirst of his sight is never satiated.

Tarapada went up to the roof of the boat and started chatting with the boatmen. Occasionally, if needed he started rowing the boat when the boatmen were out for a smoke. He moved the direction of the boat with expertise.

In the evening Annapurna called Tarapada and asked, "What do you eat at night?"

Tarapada said, "I eat whatever I find; sometimes, I skip eating."



The indifference of the beautiful boy at their hospitality began to pain Annapurna. Her intense desire was to feed and satisfy this homeless traveler boy. However, she could not find a trace that could give him pleasure. Annapurna called the servants to buy milk and sweets from the village with a lot of pomp. Tarapada ate to the extent he could, but did not drink the milk. The silent-natured Motilal Babu also requested him to drink it; but he briefly said, "I don't like it."





Two to three days passed by on the river. Tarapada was willing and active in all activities, ranging from cooking, going to the market to rowing. His curiosity was attracted to anything that came before his eyes; he was attracted to whatever work came his way. His eyes, his hands, his mind were always active; that is why he is, like Nature, always so carefree, and yet always so active. Though it is characteristic of people to have their own unique habitat, Tarapada was a luminous wave of this ever-flowing aquatic world, with no relation to the past or future - his only function being to move ahead.

Meanwhile, as a result of being a part of many different communities, a variety of recreation was mastered by him. Without being overwhelmed by any kind of thought, everything in his simple memory would have been printed with wonder. He had mastered Panchali, Kathakata, Kirtanagan, Jatravinay. Motilal Babu, as was the tradition, was reading *Ramayana* to his wife and daughter in the evening; While Kusha and Lab's tale was about to begin Tarapada became excited and came down from the upper deck of the boat and said, "Keep it away. I shall sing of Kush- Lab, you shall listen."



Having said this, he started singing of Kush and Lab in a flute like melody, Dasuroy's creation continued to pour in sharply; everyone came to the door and started listening to it; In the twilight of the river, a wonderful stream of laughter and music began to flow - the either quiet banks seemed curious. The passengers of the boats passing by, passing for a moment anxiously lent their ears. When it was all over, everyone's pained hearts sighed wondering why it had to end. Moist-eyed Annapurna wanted to put the boy in her lap and smell his hair. Motilalibabu thought, 'If I can keep this boy close, my wish for a son will be fulfilled.' Only the little girl Charushashi's heart was filled with jealousy and envy.





Charushashi was the only child of her parents and the only heir to their love. She was free-willed and stubborn. She had her own independent opinions about eating, dressing, tying her hair, but there was no consistency. On the day when she received an invitation, her mother feared that the girl would be impossible to dress up. If the hairstyle was not liked by her once, then every time she would open her hair and never be happy. Next she would start a crying fest. On the other hand, when her mind was happy, then she would express her great love and trouble her mother by hugging, and kissing her, while laughing and talking constantly. This little girl's a tough puzzle.

This girl, applying all the power of her disobedient heart, began chasing Tarapada with pure envy in her mind. She also troubled her parents all the time. During mealtimes, she would sulk and put away the food because she disliked it, hit the maid and complained unnecessarily about everything. The more Tarapada began to entertain her and others with his talents, the more her anger grew. She was reluctant to admit that Tarapada had any merit, but when evidence of his qualities became stronger, her dissatisfaction increased. The day Tarapada sang of Lab and Kush, Annapurna thought to herself, 'Music hypnotises even the wild animals of the forest. Maybe today, it has affected my daughter's heart.' She asked her, "Charu how do you like it?" Instead of replying, she shook her head vigorously. If you translate this gesture into language, it would be- it is not good at all and will never ever feel good.







Realizing that jealousy had arisen in Charu's heart, her mother refused to show affection for Tarapada before Charu. In the evening when Charu would sleep early, Annapurna would come to the door of the boat and sit. Motibabu and Tarapada sat outside. Tarapada would start singing at Annapurna's request; in his song, when the river's resting silence ceased to fascinate the vast darkness of the village, and Annapurna's tender heart would soak with affection and praise. Suddenly Charu would come hurrying from bed and say, "You are making so much noise that I can not sleep".

It was unbearable for her to think that her parents had sent her to sleep alone and were enjoying the music of Tarapada.



The natural integrity of this bright black-eyed girl seemed very funny to Tarapada. He tried hard to win her over, by singing, playing flute, but to no avail.

Only when Tarapada bathed in the river at midday, when he used to swim like a water god in easy movements, the girl's curiosity was attracted. She used to wait for that time; but she did not let anyone know, and this inexperienced actress would knit a woolen muffler while occasionally watching Tarapada's swim in a very nonchalant way.

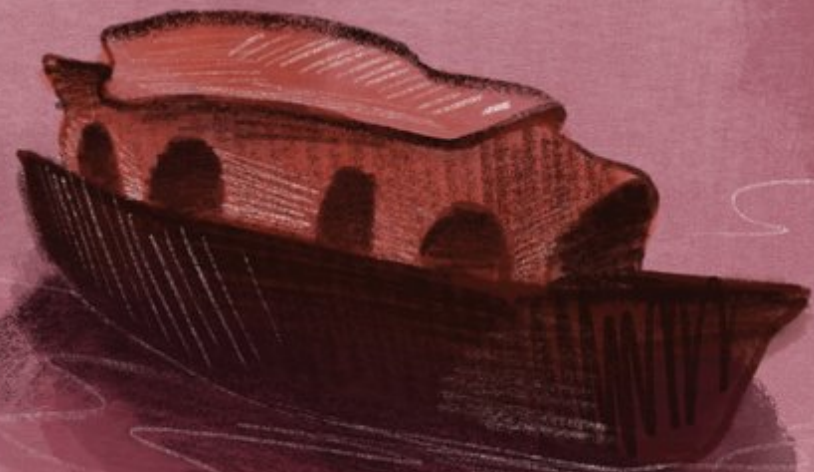
NANDI GRAM



Tarapada neither enquired nor noticed when they crossed Nandigram.

At a very gentle pace, the large boat sometimes by sailing, sometimes by pulling, moved through the branches of various rivers; the life of the travelers also flowed in gentle harmony with the harmony of the rivers. No one was in a hurry. Bathing and lunch was delayed at noon; meanwhile, no sooner was it dusk, than the boat was anchored near a big village beside a forest where the crickets chirped and glowworms dazzled.

By the end of ten days, the boat reached Kanthalia. Upon arrival of the zamindar, the palanquin and the horses came from the house, the group of footmen arrived with bamboo sticks in hand, their repeated blank fires making the crows caw in displeasure.



While these events were delaying them, Tarapada got off the boat and went around the village. Within a couple of hours, he had established a bond with all the villagers by calling someone brother, uncle, sister or aunt. Having no real bond anywhere, the boy was able to introduce himself to everyone quickly and easily.

Within a few days of meeting Tarapada, he entrapped all the hearts of the village.

For him it was easy to capture hearts because Tarapada was able to join everyone in his own way. He was not bound by any societal norms, yet he had a simple tendency towards all conditions and all work. To a boy, he was a boy but, to the old man, he was neither too young nor too overconfident. In all his relationships, he habitually intervened as an easy, everlasting companion; in a sweet shop during a chat, the sweetmaker would say, "Brother sit here for a little while. I will be back"- Tarapada would disperse flies from around the sandesh with a happy face.

He knew how to make sweets, he knew how to weave to some extent, he knew pottery, as well..



Tarapada won the heart of the village, but only could not conquer the envy of a village girl. The fact that the girl was desperately seeking the evacuation of Tarapada, was probably why he remained in this village for so long.

But even as a teenager, it was hard to know the mind of a woman, and Charushashi proved that.

Sonamoni, the daughter of an elderly woman of the village, became a widow at the age of five; She is of Charushashi's age and an old companion of her. She could not meet her friend so far because she was sick. That day she came because she was feeling better but that was the day when almost unnecessarily there was a fight between the two.



Charu started the story elaborately. She had thought that the elaborate story of this newly acquired gem named Tarapada would make her friend surprised and curious. But when she heard that Tarapada was no stranger to Sonamni, and that he calls the elderly woman aunt, and Sonamni calls him dada (elder brother) and that Tarapada not only played the flute in the tunes of Keertan and entertained the mother and the daughter, but also made a flute using bamboo branch for Sonamoni, that he had also plucked flowers and fruits from high thorny branches, it pierced Charu's heart with red hot arrows. Charu believed that Tarapada was theirs. He was for outsiders to be fascinated by his looks and qualities. Charu thought they would never be able to come near him and would keep thanking them. Why would this rare, god-given boy be easy for Sonamoni to reach? Had they not brought him, or taken care of him, then how would Sonamoni and the others ever see him? Elder brother! Anger seemed to burn her body from within.



Why is there such an overwhelming concern for the monopoly of Tarapada whom she is so jealous about? Who knows? That day, she quarreled with Sonamoni because of a very insignificant reason, went to Tarapada's room, took out his treasured flute, jumped on it and ruthlessly broke it.

Tarapada entered his room while Charu was engrossed in the destruction. He was amazed to see the anger of the girl. He said, "Charu, why are you breaking my flute?" Charu left the room, crying loudly, unnecessarily knocking at the broken flute again, saying "I have done the right thing". Tarapada picked up the flute and turned it upside down, there was no substance left in it., On seeing the sudden loss of his old innocent flute, he could no longer contain his laughter.

Every day, Charu was becoming the subject of great curiosity for him.





Another area of his curiosity were the English picture books at Motilal Babu's library. As well-acquainted as he was with the outside world, he couldn't enter into the world of pictures. His imagination satisfied some of his questions, but his mind was never completely satisfied.

Seeing this interest in Tarapada for picture books, one day, Motilal Babu said, "Will you learn English? Then you can understand the meaning of all these pictures." Tarapada immediately said, "I will learn."

Motibabu was very pleased to have the headmaster of the village Entrance School, Ram Ratan Babu, come over every evening to teach the boy English.

Tarapada became involved in English education with his keen memory and intensive focus. It was as if he were out on a journey into a new fortified state, having no connection with the old world; the villagers hardly saw him again, only when he would walk rapidly along the deserted river before dusk, to memorize what he had learnt, his little worshiper boys watched him from a distance, not daring to interrupt his lessons.

Nowadays, Charu didn't see him as much as before. Earlier, Tarapada used to sit in front of Annapurna's affectionate eyes during mealtimes but now, citing some reasons for delay, he had requested Motibabu to have his dinner arrangements made outside. Pained, Annapurna objected to this, but Motibabu was very pleased with the boy's enthusiasm towards studies and approved the new system.



At that time, Charu suddenly insisted, "I will learn English as well." After taking this as her whim for a while, and Charu flooding the idea that it was a laughable whim to them, with her tears, finally made the affectionate parents take Charu's proposal seriously. Charu was appointed to study with the Master, together with Tarapada. But for this restless girl, studying was beyond normal. Not only did she not learn anything by herself, but also started interrupting Tarpada's studies. She lagged behind, didn't remember to study, but didn't want to be behind him. When Tarapada finished his assigned work and took upon a fresh task, she became very angry and started crying. If Tarapada finished a book and needed a new one she would also buy a new book.. If Tarapada wrote and read to himself in his room during his free time, it would not be tolerated by the jealous girl; she would secretly pour ink on his writing, steal his pens, and even tear off the part where he practiced. Tarapada laughingly endured many vicious attacks from this girl, sometimes hit her if it went beyond control, but could not rule over her.





Suddenly there was divine intervention. One day, Tarapada was very disturbed and severely tore apart his inked writing book, and sat in deep depression. Charu came to the door and thought she would be beaten today. But her expectations were not fulfilled. Tarapada sat without saying a word. The girl wandered outside the room. She was so close that Tarapada could easily place a slap on her back if he wished to. But he did not do that and instead, sat looking serious. The girl got into a lot of trouble. She had never had the habit of learning how to ask for forgiveness, but the repentant little heart was desperate to be forgiven by her classmate. Finally, without getting a way, she took a piece of shattered paper and sat down near Tarapada and wrote, "I will never out ink in the book again." After she finished writing, she was restless in trying to get his attention. Seeing that Tarapada couldn't handle his laughter - Seeing him laugh made Charu angry and shy.



So she quickly went out of the room. If the piece of paper where she had personally expressed her humility could completely disappear from the world, then only her outrage would have gone.

Meanwhile, Sonamoni had roamed around the study room hesitatingly for two days. She had a special bonding with her friend Charu, but she observed Charu with great fear and suspicion when it came to Tarapada. While Charu was inside the house, Sonamoni hesitantly came to Tarapada's door. Turning from the book Tarapada said with affection, "What is it Sona, what's the news?" How is Aunt? " Sonamni said, "You haven't visited mother for a while now. She has asked you to come once. She can't come to see you because of her back pain."

At that time, Charu may have suddenly appeared. Sonamoni would have been embarrassed. As if she secretly came to steal her friend's property. Charu in a loud voice would say "Oh, Sona! If you come here to make noise during studies, I will tell father right away." As if she herself was a guardian of Tarapada; only to watch him day and night, for uninterrupted studies! But why she herself came there at that odd hour god knew and Tarapada knew it well. But Sonamoni was frightened and immediately created a hundred false apologies. When Charu finally called her a liar, she went back with a broken heart, ashamed, frightened and defeated. Pitifully Tarapada called after her and said, "Sona I will go to your house this evening." Charu would hiss like a snake and say, "Go to her house! Don't you have to study? Should I tell the teacher?"





Tarapada went to the elderly lady's house for a couple of evenings without fearing Charu's rule. On the third or fourth day, Charu did not shower empty scoldings on him and instead, chained the door of the room and brought the keys from the box of spices and locked him up. Tarapada, out of anger, quit speaking to her and was about to leave without eating. Then the remorseful little girl repeatedly said, "I fall on your feet, I will not do this again," and began to cry. Tarapada, troubled by it, came back and sat down to eat. The times had Charu affirmed in her heart that she will behave well with Tarapada, never bother him for a moment, but when Sonamni and others came in the middle, she could not control her anger. Sometimes when she behaved well on the surface, Tarapada used to be in preparation for something bad. From which direction the attack would come from, could never be anticipated!

After that there would be a severe storm, lots of tears after the storm, and a happy peace after that.

Two years passed like this. Tarapada had never surrendered to anyone like this for such a long time. Probably his mind was caught in the wonderful attraction of reading. Probably, with growing age, his nature began to change and he settled down to enjoy the pleasures of the world; probably the beauty of his classmate's regular mischief was secretly winning over his heart.

At this point, Charu reached the age of eleven. Motibabu brought two or three good marriage proposals for his daughter. Knowing that his daughter is of marriageable age, Motibabu refused to allow her to study English and go outside. In this sudden hurdle, Charu started a revolution within the house.



Then Annapurna called Motibabu and said, "Why are you looking for a boy? Tarapada is quite good and your daughter likes him too." On hearing that, Motibabu was very surprised. He said, "Does that ever happen?" My only daughter, I want to give her a good home." One day, people came from Raidanga Babu's house to see Charu. An attempt was made to put Charu in nice outfits. She closed the bedroom door, sat down and never came out. Motibabu begged but she didn't come out. Finally he lied to the people of Raidanga, saying that his daughter had suddenly become very ill and will not be able to come out. They thought that the issue was something else and hence such a cunning ploy was taken.



Then Motibabu thought, "Tarapodo is as good as it gets; I can keep him in the house, then my only daughter won't have to go anywhere. Thinking about this, he also considered that as much as their affectionate eyes bore her disobedience, no one in the in-law's would do so!

After much discussion with his wife, he sent men to look for the details of his family. The news came that the family is good but poor. Then Motibabu sent a marriage proposal to the son's mother and brother. Rejoicing with joy, they did not delay for a moment to agree.

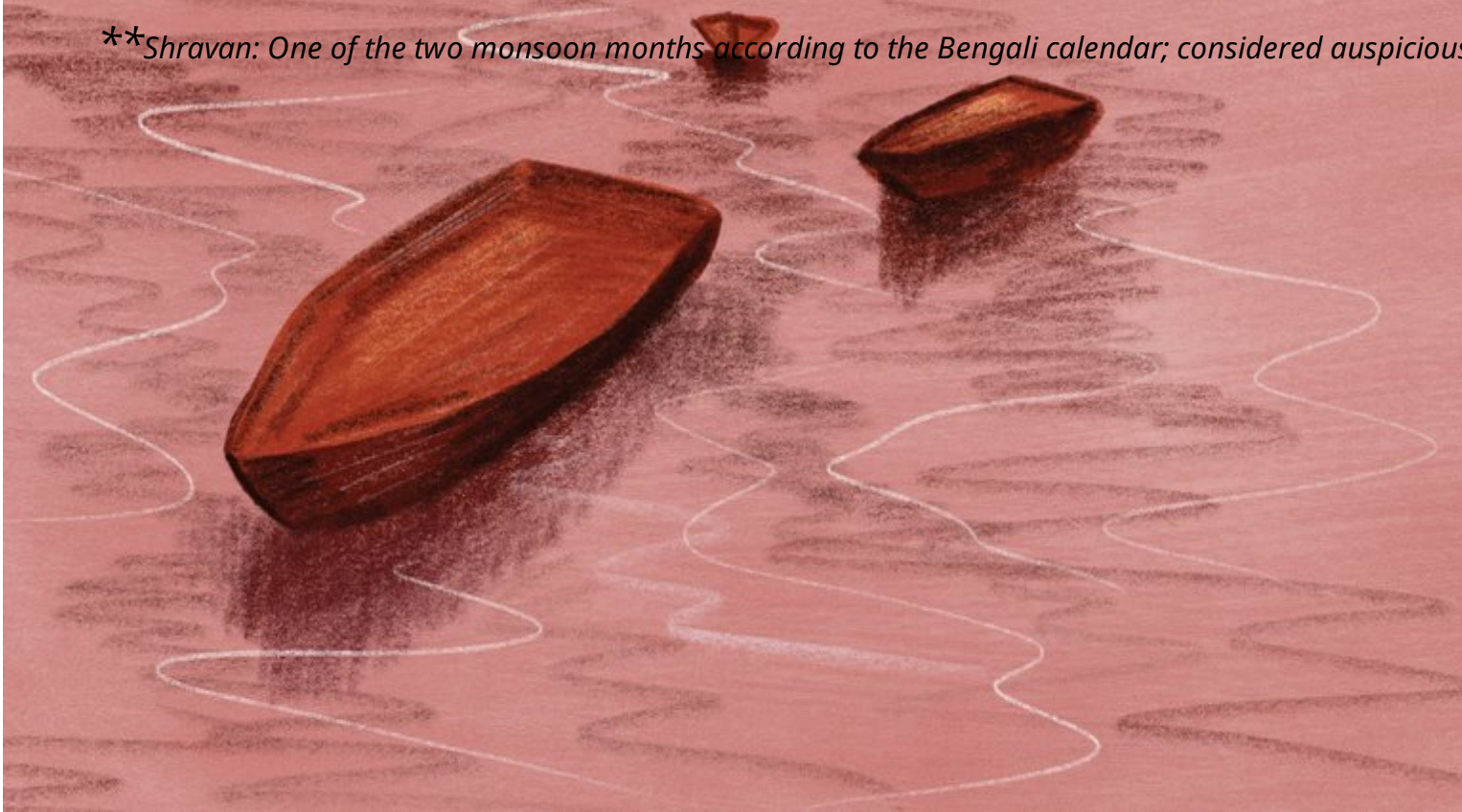
Motibabu and Annapurna in Kanthaliya started discussing the day of the wedding, but Motibabu, in his usual secretive nature, kept the matter secret.



Charu could not be restricted. She would occasionally go to the Tarapada's reading room like a frenzy. Sometimes with anger, sometimes with passion, sometimes with resentment. The quiet peace of his curriculum suddenly wavered. Which would spark a lightning inside the heart of the boy who was otherwise nonchalant. The ever-floating mind of his which always flew ahead, started being enmeshed in reveries. On some days, he would let his books be and enter the library of Motibabu and leaf through the pages of the picture books. The images in those pictures accumulated to take a shape that was much different and more colorful than before. He could no longer laugh as usual, targeting Charu's strange behaviour and would not even think of beating her if she was vicious. This profound change of his own, this bonded addiction seemed to him like a new dream.

Fixing a wedding day in the month of *Shravan*, Motibabu sent people to bring Tarapada's mother and brothers, not letting Tarapada know. He ordered his attorney from Kolkata to pay the band party music and sent him a list of goods for the preparation. New monsoon clouds rose in the sky. The river in the village was so dry for so long, with occasional puddles of water. Small boats were submerged in muddy water, and the wheel marks of the carts were embedded. The fast-flowing water-stream, like a girl returning to her father's house, jumped into it. The children embraced it all by repeatedly jumping into the water with insatiable joy. Cottage dwellers came out to see their dear friends, the dry, lifeless village woke up at a huge unfathomable life surge. Small boats came in from the countryside - the banks of the market echoed with the music of foreign boatmen in the evenings. Throughout the year the villages on the two sides of the river remained busy with their little homely work in their corners alone. During monsoon the outside world comes riding their boat bringing various goods for them. In the pride of their kinship with the world, their insignificance is removed, everything pulsates with life and the sound of the far-away kingdom comes and pierces the sky above the quiet land.

***Shravan: One of the two monsoon months according to the Bengali calendar; considered auspicious for weddings.*



At this time, there was a famous Rathyatra mela around Nagbabu's area in Kurulkata. In that evening of full moon, Tarapada went to the ghat and saw that a boat was sailing, carrying a merry go round. Some boats were carrying theatre parties, a boat carrying merchandise, all are heading towards the fair immediately in the direction of the current. The Calcutta concert team had been playing fast paced music, the voyage team sang with the violins and shouted loudly in unison, the the western boats just shuddering with noises and noises. In no time, black clouds from eastern horizon appeared in the middle of the sky and covered the moon. The wind started blowing strongly, clouds started chasing clouds, river water started laughing in fearful thunder, darkness at riverside forests became darker; Frogs started croaking loudly and the shrill call of crickets split the darkness. The wheel of the world was turning in front of him. Flags were flying, the Earth was quivering, clouds were floating, the river was flowing, boats were sailing, the music was on. Slowly thundering clouds started making ear shattering sounds, lightning flashed, the smell of rain started coming from darkness. Only a village named Kathalia next to the river closed it's door, put their lamp off and went to sleep.





The next day, Tarapada's mother and brothers landed at Kathaliya. Three boats with various kinds of goods came from Kolkata to the main Zamindari shore and the next day, very early in the morning, Sonamoni came with some pickled mango on a paper with hesitation and stood near Tarapada's study - but Tarapada was not to be seen. Before the conspiracy of affection, love and friendship could surround him completely, he left.

Stealing the heart of the whole village, he left to join the unattached, indifferent mother earth on a dark, cloudy night of monsoon.



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The Guest

(English)

Tarapodo met zamindar Motilal babu. He was going to his village with his family. Tarapodo with his cooking and serving skill came very close to Motilal babu's family. Will Tarapodo stay with the family forever because they love him?

This is a Level 4 book for children who can read fluently and with confidence.



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