

listen to him reading the vernacular without following in your book, and then give in your own words in the vernacular the gist of what he has been reading, endeavouring to use the same expressions and idioms as in the original.

It is recommended that both the vernacular and English of any phrase which is marked by foot notes, "Note the expression (or idiom) in Urdu" should be copied out in a note book and learned.

To acquire the necessary practice for the extempore translation, it is recommended that the newspaper extracts in part III be read and studied in the vernacular and then translated  *viva voce*  from English to the Munshi.

It must be borne in mind that these extracts are by no means sufficient to ensure facility in reading the vernacular newspapers, and a good vernacular daily paper such as the  *Inqilab*  should be taken in for some two months or more before the examination. Suitable articles should be cut out and stuck in a scrap book, and the translations written by the side.

The subject matter of such articles should vary as much as possible, as this will ensure a wide scope of vocabulary.

## THE GULDASTA-I-URDU.

### PART I

Extracts from the "Essays of Petrus"

by Mr. A. S. Bokhari, B.A. (Cantab), M.A.,  
Government College, Lahore.

#### GETTING INTO THE HOSTEL.

I naturally acquired some sort of education at College, and in due course even achieved a B.A., but during those long years<sup>1</sup> that I had to spend at the College, on one occasion only was I permitted to enter the Hostel. To enable you to understand when and how I obtained this God-sent boon, I will have to tell you the whole story. When I passed the 'Entrance' (Matriculation) examination, the Head Master of our local school actually came in person and called on us with the express object of congratulating us!

My near and dear ones gave special parties to celebrate the event, and sweetmeats were distributed amongst the people of our quarter of the town.

It suddenly dawned on my parents that the boy whom, in their short-sightedness, they had always regarded as a waster and good-for-nothing, was, in reality, possessed of unlimited abilities, and that on his career depended the well-being of countless future generations. So all sorts of plans were made for my future. As I had passed in the third division, the University did not think it wise to give me a scholarship.

1. Literally: half a century.

By God's grace, my family has never been beholden to any one and so my not getting a scholarship became a source of pride and satisfaction to those who by relationship dwelt on the outskirts of the family<sup>1</sup>, and my near relations looked on my failure as a gesture of courtesy shown to an aristocratic family<sup>2</sup> and as a means of maintaining their welfare, and were loud in their praises of the good breeding and *savoir faire*<sup>3</sup> of my examiners. Anyhow my family were rolling in wealth and so without making any fuss (over the expense) they decided that it was essential, not only for our own sakes, but for the good of the country and the nation, and perhaps even of mankind in general, that the education of such a promising student should be continued. They even consulted me about it. Never before had my opinion been asked in any matters concerning myself, but now things were different, for an unbiased and trustworthy judge ... the University ... had borne witness to my mental alertness, so of course I could no longer remain ignored.

I gave it as my opinion that I should be sent to England forthwith, and proved by quoting the speeches of many leaders, that the system of education in India left much to be desired. I extolled the advantages of being educated in England, backing up my assertions with numerous newspaper advertisements which clearly showed that besides the ordinary curriculum a student could acquire in his

1. *Mauzafât*. Literally: adjuncets, suburbs, etc. This is con-  
trasted with *markazi*—central.
2. *Pâs-i-Wâs'*. Literally: having regard for the status (mode  
of living).
3. *Najâbat*. Literally: nobility.

leisure hours a knowledge of the work of a journalist, photographer, author, publisher, dentist, optician, commercial agent, and, in a word, countless useful, inexpensive, and important professions simultaneously, and that for a trifling outlay in fees. Thus in a short time a man becomes a 'Jack of all trades'.

However they turned my plan down at once, for in our city there was no precedent<sup>2</sup> for sending boys to England. No boy from the neighbourhood had ever been to England and so the local population knew nothing about that country at all.

They never asked my opinion again. As the result of a consultation between my father, the Head Master of my school, and the Tehsildar Sahib<sup>3</sup>, it was decided that I should be sent to Lahore. When I first heard this I was very disappointed, but when I learned from all and sundry what Lahore was really like, I realised that there was not so much difference between Lahore and London after all. Some of my well informed friends enlightened me as to the Cinema, others put me wise as to the aims and objects of theatres—others again fired my imagination with stories of adventures on the Mall, and such like places, and yet more described the romantic atmosphere of Shahdara and Shalimar. And so when I was thoroughly *au fait* with the geography of Lahore I surmised that it was a charming spot, and an extremely suitable place in which to acquire education of a high standard.

On these lines I proceeded to map out a programme for my future career. In this programme

1. Note the Urdu expression. *Maula*—a master.
2. *Riwâziyat* plural of *riwâziyat*—tradition.
3. Note the ironical use of the word *Sâhib*.

education, of course occupied a place, but not too much so that I might not be unduly weighed down by the burden of it, and allow nature to have its own sweet way.

However, the "good intentions" of the Tehsildar, and the Head Master did not end with this proposal; and all would have been well had their counsel been limited to a general brief suggestion that I should be sent to Lahore, but they began to interfere in the details of the scheme, and, by comparing life at a Hostel with life at home, convinced my father that home life was the Holy Kaba of purity and innocence, whereas life in a Hostel was a Hell of sin and vice. Now they were very glib, and moreover they made thousands of false statements. So my parents became convinced that the College Hostel was but a Colony for Criminal Tribes, and unless students from outside towns, who went to Lahore, were carefully looked after, one of the following fates was assuredly in store for them.—Either they would be found dead drunk<sup>1</sup> in the gutter by the side of the street, or would end by committing suicide, after losing thousands of rupees in a gambling den, or else they would go and marry<sup>2</sup> a dozen wives or so before they had even passed the first year's examination. And so it became an established fact in my parent's mind that I should be sent to the College, but that I should not live in the Hostel. The College was an obvious necessity, but the Hostel? No—never: the former beneficial; the latter harmful: the first most desirable; the other impossible. So

1. *Chkr.* Literally: broken to pieces, filings, powder. *Nashk men chkr*—to be dead drunk. "Shot away" etc.
2. *Kar baichte haan*—go and marry on the analogy of "been and gone and done it."

when they made it their main object<sup>1</sup> to devise some plan whereby I should be saved from the baneful influence of the Hostel, they found it easy enough to arrive at a solution, for 'Necessity is the mother of invention'<sup>2</sup>. After racking their brains<sup>3</sup> they hunted up an uncle of mine in Lahore, and they appointed him my guardian. To prejudice me in his favour, they ransacked the pages of our family tree<sup>4</sup>, to show that he really was my uncle; and they told me that when I was a tiny tot<sup>5</sup> he was devoted to me. Thus it was settled that I should study in the College, but live in my uncle's house. Thanks to this, the enthusiasm<sup>6</sup> I had raised for education to a great extent subsided. I foresaw that uncles in their enthusiasm to look after one would take more precautions than even one's own parents, the result of which would be that my mental and spiritual development would be stunted and the real object of education would be foiled.

It all turned out just as I feared. As the days went on I withered, and suffered from a sort of mildew on the brain. Occasionally I was allowed to go to the Cinema but only on the condition that I would take the children. With them in tow, how could I be in a proper receptive mood? As for theatres, my experience was never allowed to go beyond Indra

1. *Nash ul 'ain.* Literally: fixing the eye, hence an aim, object, ideal etc.
2. Note the Urdu expression: a translation of the English proverb, but now commonly used in Urdu.
3. *Khauz.* Literally: fording.
4. *Shajara.* A family tree. *Shajar* is a tree.
5. *Shir Khwar.* Literally: milk drinking.
6. *Walwala.* A tumult.

Sabbat, I couldn't swim as my uncle was very fond of saying "Only swimmers drown; those who can't swim won't go into the water". My uncle kept the selection of visitors to the house in his own hands. He gave me very strict injunctions on the length of coat I was to wear and how long to keep my hair. I had to write a letter home twice a week. I used to smoke cigarettes hiding in the bath room—singing and music were strictly forbidden. This military discipline did not agree with me. I did, somehow or other manage to meet my friends, and we would go and amuse ourselves and play about; but it was never my lot to have that freedom, license, and abandon that is so essential in life.

So, as time went on I began to take stock of my surroundings, and to notice at what times my dear uncle was at home, and when he went out; from the point of view of singing, which rooms were out of earshot of each other; which corners of the various rooms could not be seen from the door; which doors could be opened from the outside at night; which servant was sympathetic to me, and which loyal to his master. When from experience and observation I had got the hang of all these things, I managed to find some loopholes for development even in the conditions under which I was living.

Nevertheless, I saw every day how full of self-assurance, and self-reliance those students were who lived in the Hostel. I began to envy them, and day by day my desire to improve my own life increased.

I said to myself that in no religion it is permitted

11

1. *Indra Sabha*. One of the earliest Indian plays, which from a modern point of view, is as dull as the Greek drama.
2. *Má haul*. Arabic: what is around.

to disobey one's parents, yet surely it is my duty to ask their permission, to give them my humble opinion, to tell them the truth of it all, and nothing in the world was going to stop me performing my duty!

So, in the summer holidays, I went home with several concise, but comprehensive and impressive speeches, all ready-made and learnt by heart. My parents' greatest objection to the Hostel was that the freedom allowed was harmful to young men. To banish these mistaken ideas I made up thousands of stories to show them how strict the discipline in the Hostel really was, and gave them in a heart-rending and terrifying manner accounts of the tyranny and oppression of the Superintendent.

I shut my eyes, heaved a sigh, and then told them the sad story of the unfortunate Ashfaq who, returning one evening to the Hostel, on the way, sprained his ankle, and so was two minutes late—only two minutes! "Now, would you believe it", I exclaimed, "the Superintendent wired straightway for his father, asked the police to make enquiries, and stopped his pocket-money for a whole month." Ugh! my God! But my parents disapproved of the Superintendent on hearing this story, and did not appreciate the Hostel any the more.

Another day I got an opportunity of telling them about the unfortunate Mahmud, who, as ill luck would have it, went to the Cinema one day. The crime he committed was that instead of going into the one rupee seats, he went into the two rupee seats, and for this slight extravagance he was forbidden to go to the Cinema ever again.

12

1. *Tauha hai*. Literally: there is repentance (to me) *Ilahi*—Arabic—My God.

My people were not impressed however, and I saw straightway from the expression on their faces, that instead of saying one and two rupees, I ought to have said eight annas and one rupee.

I spent the whole holidays pursuing these fruitless endeavours, until it was time for me again to pay my respects to my uncle on the threshold of his house.

On my return home in the following summer holidays, I took up quite a different line.

**13** As the result of two years education my ideas had become more mature<sup>1</sup>; and the arguments I had put forward the year before in defence of the Hostel now seemed to me very feeble.

I now gave them a lecture on the subject of the Hostel, and said that anyone who was deprived of living there would never be able to develop his personality properly and that it was out of question to develop it anywhere else. For several days I discussed the matter philosophically, and developed the argument from the point of view of psychology, but still I felt that I could not make my point unless I could produce examples. When it came to producing examples I found it rather difficult; for those students at the College, whom I looked on as having forceful personalities did not quite lead the lives which I could hold up to my people as models. Anyone who has been educated at College knows full well that for parental consumption<sup>2</sup>, one often has to recount events in an entirely new light<sup>3</sup>, but to get the necessary brainwave depends on inspiration and chance. Some brainy sons fail to impress their parents with their astounding good qualities, whilst others, even the very worst of

them, make such an impression on their parents that they are sent a regular succession of money orders every week.

"God provides for the foolish in a manner that confounds the wise!"

For six weeks on end had I laboured the subject of 'personality' and how it depended on living in the Hostel and time and time again expressed my views thereon, when one day my father asked me what exactly I meant by 'personality'. I had been wishing to Heaven that he would give me an opportunity to state my case<sup>1</sup> in full. "Now look here" I said, "take for example, a student who is in the College: he has brain for one thing, and also he has a body—now his body must be healthy, yes, and so must his brain, to be sure! But besides these there is another thing, which distinguishes him from the rest—that is what I call 'personality'! It has nothing to do with the body—nor with the brain—for a man's bodily health may be very bad and his brain useless—still his 'personality'—No! his brain must not be useless otherwise he will be a lunatic—but still—even if it is—then—half a mo<sup>2</sup> 'personality' is a thing which—now just wait a minute and I'll make myself clear!"

Instead of a minute my father gave me half an hour during which time he silently awaited my reply—I then got up and went away.

Three or four days afterwards I saw the mistake I had made—I ought not to have used the word 'personality' I ought to have called it 'moral character'. 'Personality' is such a colourless word. Virtue literally drips out of the word 'moral character'. So I kept

1. *Pakhtagi*. Literally: maturity, ripening.
2. *Waldaiami Aghvaz*. Literally: parental purposes.
3. *Pavdya*. Decoration. Way: manner.

1. '*arz m'ariz*—a request.
2. *Gajid* indicates hesitation, halting speech. Cf: "well, you see" "I mean to say" etc. etc.

harping on<sup>1</sup> this term 'moral character'—but even so it was of no avail—My father asked me if I really meant any more than 'behaviour'?

"Very well", I replied, 'let's call it 'behaviour'."

"So besides having a healthy mind and body, one's behaviour must be good too?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "that is what I mean."

"And behaviour improves from living in the Hostel?" he asked.

"Yes Sir!" I replied in a comparatively subdued<sup>2</sup> tone of voice "That is to say," he went on, "the students in the Hostel pay more attention to their prayers, and to keeping the fast? They serve their country better, are more truthful and virtuous?"

"Yes Sir!" I replied.

"Why should that be so?" he asked.

Once on the occasion of the Prize-giving, the Principal had answered this very question very convincingly and eloquently, but would that I had paid more attention to what he said!

For a whole year after that I lived in my uncle's house singing "If I live, these autumn days will pass!" Each and every year my request was turned down<sup>3</sup>, but I did not lose heart. Every year I had to face failure, but in the following summer holidays I would restate my case with more emphasis than ever. I would always produce a new series of arguments, and put forward fresh precedents. When the old arguments about 'personality' and 'moral character' failed to work<sup>4</sup>, I drew attention to the discipline and

regular life of the Hostel.

The year after that I pointed out that by living at the Hostel, one had more chance of associating with the Professors, and by meeting them outside the College and unofficially, a man is transformed<sup>1</sup>.

In the following year I took up the line of extolling the fact that the Hostel was<sup>2</sup> so healthy, and that great attention was paid to sanitation. Many<sup>3</sup> officials were appointed, I told them, to kill the flies and mosquitoes in the house.

The year after that, I pointed out that when important officials come to inspect the College, they always shake hands with each of the students who live in the Hostel, and this increases their prestige<sup>4</sup>.

As time went on, my speech became more emphatic, but reason decreased. To start off with, my father would discuss the matter of the Hostel with me quite in a fit and proper manner; but after a while he came down to giving me a monosyllabic refusal.

For a year or so after that he would put me off by laughing at my protestations<sup>5</sup> and eventually I only had to mention the word 'Hostel' and he would burst out laughing in sheer irony, and tell me to buzz off<sup>6</sup>!

Don't think for a minute that his treating me in this manner meant that he was any the less fond of me. Not at all. The fact of the matter was<sup>7</sup> that

1. *Takya kalam*. Literally: the cushion on which the words rest.
2. *Nahif*. thin, emaciated, weak.
3. *Hashar*. Literally: the resurrection, hence the end of all things.
4. The idea is given of trickery, tactics, etc.

17

1. *Paras*. Literally: the philosopher's stone.
2. Note the use of the direct narration after *matlab ko gain aad kiyai*.
3. Note the force of *kai kai*—many.
4. This means that it enables them to hob-nob with the big noises etc.
5. Note the Urdu expression.
6. Note the ironical use of *tashreef leyand*.
7. Note the use of the present tense *hai* to assist narration.

18

owing to a few unfortunate incidents, I had lost a certain amount of influence and prestige at home.

It so happened that the first time I went up for the B. A. examination, I failed, and the same thing happened the next year; and when I had failed for three or four years in succession, my parents ceased to take any further interest in my wishes.

My continually failing the B. A. examination, had, of course, lent a tone of pathos<sup>1</sup> to my conversation; my words lost a good deal of their former dignity, and my opinions their former weight.

I want to describe this period of my career as a student in some detail, so that you may be completely *au fait* with the ups and downs of my life, and secondly to let you into the secrets of some of the irregularities which go on at the University. It is quite easy to understand why I failed the B. A. examination the first year. What happened was as follows:—I had just managed to scrape through the F. A.<sup>2</sup> examination by dint of sheer hard work. Anyhow I didn't fail. The University reported very well on my work, but decreed that I should have to do one subject—mathematics—again. Such an examination is referred to technically as a 'Compartment examination'; perhaps for the reason that, "Without the permission of one's fellow passengers, if any, cribbing is strictly forbidden."<sup>3</sup>

1. *Soz.* Literally: burning.
2. F. A.—The First Arts Examination.
3. This refers to the notice in all third class railway compartments, which runs:—*Baghaur rāzmandāhī apne hamvāhī musāfiron ke (agar) kōī safar kar rahē hain) tambākhī noshī kī sakehī mamnūnā'at hai.*" To which, of course, nobody, pays the slightest attention.

When I put in for the B. A. examination, I thought that I had better take up mathematics, and thus would not have to do any extra work for the 'Compartment examination'. However everyone advised me not to do so. When I asked them why, none of them could give me any sensible answer; but when the Principal too gave me the same advice, I gave in. And so the subjects that I actually took for the B. A. examination were English, History, and Persian, and all the while I kept on preparing for the examination in mathematics. It was as though I had taken up four subjects instead of three. Only those who have gone through the mill of University examinations can guess the result of this, I did not specialise sufficiently, and therefore my efforts were dissipated<sup>1</sup>. If only I had taken up three instead of four subjects, I could have given the time which I had allotted to the fourth subject to the other three; and you can be sure that this would have made just all the difference. And just suppose<sup>2</sup> that, instead of dividing up my time between those three subjects, I had concentrated on any one subject, then at any rate, I should have been sure to pass in that.

But under those conditions, the inevitable happened, and I could not give any subject the attention it deserved<sup>3</sup>. I passed the 'Compartment' examination all right, but in the B. A. examination I failed in English for one thing, which was only to be expected, for English is not my mother tongue, and besides that I failed in History and Persian as well.

1. Literally: the force of reading was dissipated.
2. Note the use of the tense *kyā* implying that the action suggested is sure to take place in the immediate future, and so can be taken for granted.
3. *Kamī haqūqah.* Arabic—as it is it's right.

Now just you think for a minute, if I had not had to spend all that time over the 'Compartment examination', but, instead—but I have said all that before.

Everyone was astonished at a person like me, who belonged to a scholarly family, failing in Persian; and, to tell the truth, I too was very fed up about it. But it didn't matter, for in the following year I passed in Persian, and so my sorrow was appeased. In the next year I passed in History, and in the year after that in English.

Logically, I ought then<sup>1</sup> to have been given the B. A. certificate, but what can one do when the University is so childishly obstinate as to insist on one having to pass in all three subjects at once? Some people by nature cannot study unless they concentrate on one subject, so what is the point of turning such people's brains into a sort of 'kidjeree'? Every year I concentrated on one subject only, and this resulted in a signal success<sup>2</sup>. I had paid no attention at all to the other two subjects, but I did prove, didn't I, that I could pass in whatever subject I liked! I had, up to that kept on failing in two subjects, and then I prepared to widen the scope of studies as much as possible. I could not mould the stupid and foolish regulations<sup>3</sup> of my University to suit myself, so I would mould my own nature to suit them. But the more I thought about it the more clearly I saw how really difficult it would be for me to pass in all three subjects at once. To start off I should have to try to pass in two. So in the first year I passed

1. Note the use of the word *ab*, and the emphasis it effects.
2. *Bāyad-o-shayād*. Persian *bāyad* is 3rd person singular of *bāyistan*, it is necessary. *Shayād*, fittings.
3. After *be ma'ne qawā'id ko*, the word *agar* is understood.

in English and Persian, and the next in Persian and History. The various combinations and permutations of the subjects in which I had failed (up to that time) will be seen from the following table:—

- (1) English—History—Persian.
- (2) English—History.
- (3) English—Persian.
- (4) History—Persian.

It will be seen that I had succeeded in failing 23 in every possible combination of two subjects. It was now impossible for me to fail again in two subjects, and it came down to failing in one subject at a time, and the following table shows the order of my failures in individual subjects:—

- (5) History.
- (6) English.

When I studied the results of my successive failures, it became as plain as a pike staff that<sup>1</sup> the night of sorrow was drawing to a close, and I saw that there was only one subject left for me to fail in, and that was Persian, but I was bound to pass after that. However regrettable an incident this last failure might be, one might conceivably consider that it would act as a sort of inoculation against failure. So now there was only one thing left undone, and that was, for me, to fail in Persian that year, and I was dead sure to pass the examination in the next. So I went up for the examination for the seventh time, and impatiently awaited the news of my failure. As a matter of fact it was not my failure that I was looking forward to, but, rather to the following year

1. Note the use of the direct narration after *to sūbit hūd kish*, and *ham ne dekhād kish*.



when I should be a B. A. for good and all after this last failure.

Every year, on my return home after the examination, I would prepare my parents for the worst; not gradually, but at one blow, without any preamble; for preparing them gradually was a sheer waste of time, and merely drew out the agony. My procedure was to say as soon as I went into the house, "Well, I'm sure I can't have passed this year!" My parents, as a rule, would not accept this. On such occasions one is apt to get very ruffled. I jolly well knew what I had written in the papers, and I knew full well that unless the examiners were drunk when they corrected my papers, it was absolutely impossible for me to pass. I wanted all my well-wishers to believe this so that the result might not be a shock to them.

25 But as for my well-wishers, they looked on all my protestations as merely the result of modesty. As time went on, my father would believe me straightway, as he had learnt from experience that my forecasts were never mistaken; but outsiders would badger me with such futilities as, "No, never my dear boy!"—"My dear boy what on earth are you saying?"—"My dear boy, why, this is absurd!"

Anyhow on this last occasion, as soon as I got home I started off as usual by prophesying my impending failure, but I derived some comfort from the thought that it was the last time, and in the following year there would be no need for me to prophesy. Whilst I was speaking, it occurred to me that I might as well bring up the subject of the Hostel again. I had now only one year left at the College, so if I

1. Note *nik men damn kannnd* means to tease or persecute.

didn't go to the Hostel now, I should be deprived of freedom, as it were, all my life long. I had left my home and gone to live in my uncle's hutch, and when I left there I should probably have a chicken-run of my own. One year's freedom!—just one year—and this was my last chance!

I prepared my case very carefully before I asked my father's permission for the last time. I told those Professors, of whom I was proud to be a contemporary, all about my ambitions without hesitation or undue modesty, and made them write to my father telling him to be sure to send me to the Hostel next year. I got the parents of some of the successful candidates too to write to the same effect, whilst I myself proved by statistics that the majority of students at the University, who passed examinations, lived at the Hostel, and that no one outside the Hostel had ever won a scholarship, a medal, or a prize.

I cannot imagine why this argument had never occurred to me before, for it proved to be very effective. My father's refusals got weaker and weaker, and changed into deep thought and consideration. Even then all doubt was not removed from his mind, and he said that he couldn't understand why it was that a boy who was keen on study should not work just as well in his own home as in the Hostel.

I replied that in the Hostel there was an atmosphere of scholarship which could not be obtained anywhere other than in the home of Aristotle or Plato. Everybody one met in the Hostel, I told him, appeared to be a diver in the sea of learning, and that notwithstanding the fact that there were two to three hundred boys in every Hostel, yet the silence that reigned was so profound that one would think it was a graveyard.

I explained that the reason was that everyone was absorbed in his work.

"Of an evening", I added, "one can see groups of students in the Hostel engaged in dissertation, and in the morning<sup>1</sup> one sees them walking up and down the Hostel lawn with books in their hands."

Philosophy, Mathematics and History were discussed. I told him, in the Dining room, the Common room, the bath rooms and the verandahs. Those who were keen on English literature would practise all day and all night long conversing like Shakespeare, whilst students of mathematics acquired the habit of expressing all their ideas in terms of Algebra, and students of Persian exchanged ideas in (extempore) *rubaiyat*.... Those who were keen on History.....

My father gave in!

All that remained was for me to fail and to put in my application for the next year.

28 In the meantime I corresponded with all my chums, who I felt sure would be my comrades in the following year, and I gave them the good news that the next year would always be a landmark in the history of the College, for I was coming to live in the Hostel, and was bringing with me wide experience of the life of a scholar, which I would place at the disposal of the new generation of students free gratis and for nothing.

I pictured myself in the Hostel as a sort of kind mother, around whom the inexperienced students would cluster like chicks round a hen.

I wrote to the Superintendent Sahib, who had once been a class-mate of mine, to tell him that I was coming to the Hostel, and that I hoped he would give me certain privileges, and I informed him that I

1. 'ala-s-sabdh. Arabic—early in the morning.

should consider myself exempted from certain rules of the Hostel.

Having gone through all this, I just ask you to look at my bad luck; for when the result came out, I found that I had actually passed!

Besides the awful blow that it was to me, just look at the stupidity of the University officials, who by passing me had deprived themselves of a permanent source of income!

#### I AM A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

29 I am a much married man, subservient and obedient, and I regard it as one of my principles of life to keep my wife Roshanara informed of everything I do: I have always observed this principle, so help me God!

And so my wife knows all about my friends, and the result is that they are just as odious to Roshanara as they are dear to me. Those very traits in my friends, which fascinate me, she looks on as a disgrace to anyone who prides himself on being a gentleman.

Please don't for one minute conclude that they are the sort of people one couldn't talk about in decent society, for, they are all shabby-genteel folk,

1. *Khuda mera anjam ba khair kare*: Literally—May God make my end well. This is generally used as a form of blessing on the occasion of a marriage, or with regard to one's own death, implying in the latter case that it is very doubtful that the prayer will be granted.

2. *Syfad-posh*: people wearing white clothes; hence the notables in a village. Here it is used sarcastically.