
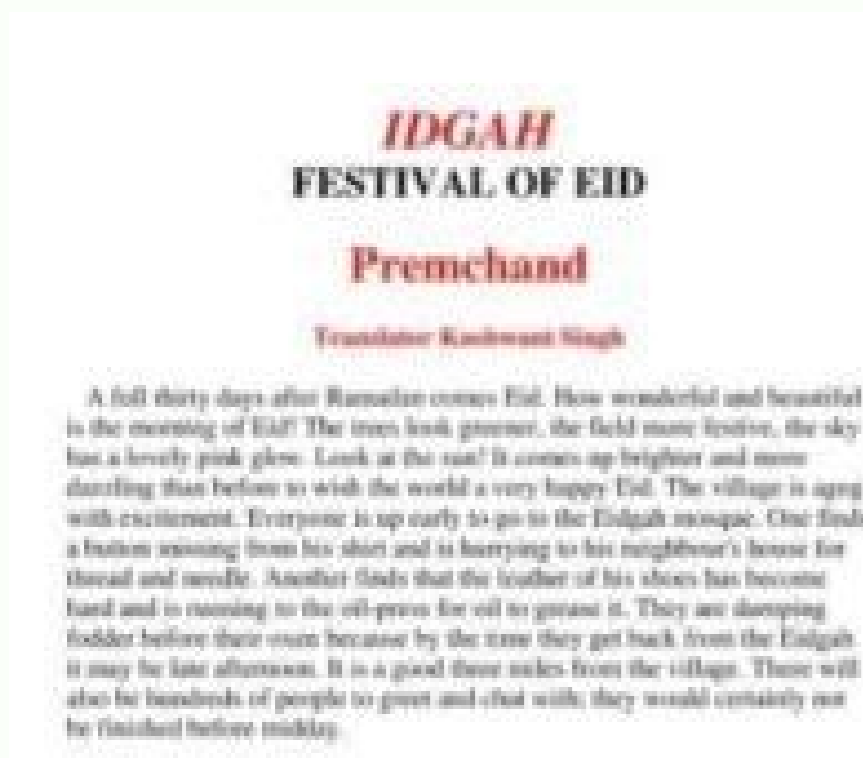


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Translated by Kinshuk Singh

A full thirty days after Ramadan comes Eid. How wonderful and beautiful is the morning of Eid! The trees look greener, the field more festive, the sky has a lovely pink glow. Look at the sun! It comes up brighter and more dazzling than before in which the world is very happy. Eid. The village is agog with excitement. Everyone is up early to go to the Eidgah mosque. One finds a bannu coming from his door and is hurrying to his neighbour's house for bread and maida. Another finds that the teacher of his school has become hard and is running to the oil-press for oil to grease it. They are dumping fodder before their own because by the time they get back from the Eidgah it may be late afternoon. It is a good three miles from the village. There will also be hundreds of people to greet and chat with they would certainly not be finished before midday.

The boys are more excited than the others. Some of them kept only one feet—and that only till noon. Some didn't even do that. But no one can deny them the joy of going to the Eidgah. Facing it for the grown-ups and the aged. For the boys it is only the day of Eid. They have been talking about it all the time. At long last the day has come. And now they are impatient with people for not hurrying up. They have no concern with things that have to be done. They are not bothered whether or not there is enough milk and sugar for the vermouth pudding. They want to see and eat the pudding. They have no idea why Abbajan is out of breath as he runs to the house of Chaudhri Latao. Ah, they don't know that if the Chaudhri were to change his mind he could turn the festive day of Eid into a day of mourning. Their pockets bulge with coins like the stomach of the pot-bellied Kabera, the Hindu God of Wealth. They are forever taking the treasure out of their pockets, counting and re-counting it before putting it back. Mahmood counts "One, two, ten, ten, twelve" -he has twelve paise. Mohsin has "One, two, three, eight, nine, fifteen" paise. Out of this count he tells they will buy cream, stingo, toys, sweets, paper-popes, rubber balls—and much else.

2 The namaz is done. He is four-five year old innocent-looking, lean and thin boy, whose father died of cholera last year and whose mother became progressively pale and then died one day. They move forward. 'How would the djinns get rupees like these?' Mohsin says, 'No dearth of rupees for djinns. They bend forward and sit down on their knees. He is running to the tel to buy oil. Then they would steel money from home and get thrashed. Hamid's companions have moved ahead. Hamid stops at the shop selling iron things. All are equal in the eyes of Islam. This pair of iron tongs is no match for these toys. Mohsin's younger sister ran towards him, snatched the water-carrier from his hands, and just as she jumped with joy the water-carrier slipped from her hands and crashed to the ground and departed for heaven. Dear sir, these very people connive at the thefts. Suddenly she saw the tongs in his hand, and cried "Where did you get this?" "I bought it." "For how much?" "Three paise." Amina beat her breast. But Hamid! He was unmindful of those who were dead. They don't care whether or not there is ghee and sugar for the sawaiyan, they must eat sawaiyan. Showing it into the mouth sounds absurd, yet there is something novel in this idea. I may be poor, but I don't go begging. But Chowdhry sahib has many djinns in his control. She never told anyone anything. Fai Fo. ' Poor fellows for a short while. Brave as a lion is my pair of tongs.' Sammi had also bought a small drum. Hamid is nearly run over by a motor. So much so, that all the three warriors were stunned. Abbaajan used to say that at midnight a person comes to each shop, buys all the sweets and pays in real rupees, just like the ones we see.' Hamid can't believe it. He had only three paise to do everything, and there was no reason to regret the way he had used his money. The djinns come and tell him everything.' Now he could understand why the Chowdhry was so rich and why he enjoyed so much respect among people. It is so sweet-smelling! Hamid doesn't believe this. When lawyer sahib is sitting in his chair, my pair of tongs would there, catch him and drag him to the ground and thrust his laws into his belly.' This was no argument. The ill-gotten money is lost quickly. What else can a pair of tongs do except lie in the kitchen? Tell me a spell by which I too can please a djinn.' Mohsin says, 'Now, I don't know all this. But Mohsin objects, Mahmood shared them only with Hamid. He remembers. Roza-keeping is for the elders and the old, for the boys it is just Eid. Hamid stands away. Mahmood, Noorey and Sammi clap their hands and laugh. Hamid goes inside and tells his grandmother, 'Don't worry amma, I shall be the first to return. His dignity had to be maintained. She would show it to her neighbours. Her hands get singed when she bakes rotis. At this the brother and sister had a big fight and both of them cried. Hamid is outside this group. All these toys are worth only two paise each. My brave tongs can stand against fire, water or storms.' The pair of tongs has mesmerized everyone. But the police constable is not an ordinary person that he should go walking on his feet. His salary is twenty rupees, but he sends home fifty rupees. All would run away seeing him from a distance. I won't play with toys. By Allah, under a tree! Then they borrowed a hundred from somewhere and bought the utensils. 'Isn't one hundred bigger than fifty?' asks Hamid. Finally, listen to Mian Hamid's story. Hamid kept it on his shoulder as if it was a rifle, and joined his companions with great pride. The village is bustling with activity. They are not worried about their parents' difficulties. So I bought this.' The old woman's anger at once changed into affection. The sipahi along with his gun hit the ground and one of his legs was fractured. Now they are here, within five minutes they can be in Kalkatta.' Hamid asks, 'Djinns must be huge in size?' Mohsin says, 'Each is as large as the sky. Now Hamid sleeps in his old grandmother's lap and is as happy as ever. What a good boy.' Who would bless these boys for bringing the toys? Now the boys have divided into two camps. Had Abid been alive, would Eid have come and gone like this. It is well past nine and the sun is getting hot. Shouldn't there be at least an ordinary fan here? Otherwise the heat of the laws would make lawyer sahib's head reel. Nothing less.' Hamid hardened his stance and said, 'Would you take three?' Saying this he walked away, fearing an angry retort from the shopkeeper. I too have money.' Sammi says, 'You have just three paise. They would break quickly. Chowdhry sahib at once told them that it was locked up in the home for stray cattle. My tongue won't be infected. There must be many students studying in this college. The trees are laden with mangoes and litchis. 'Fifty, and one hundred. All the police constables parade here. Such a small kid! How would he walk three kos? And now the pair of tongs was the Rustum-i-Hind and king among the toys. Far from catching him.' Mohsin launched another offensive. The sipahi was made to lie down in it. It's impossible to remove with water the stamp that has stuck. What use buying such toys? Ammi would ask whether this clay toy were all I could bring from the fair.' Hamid had to agree that no one's mother would be as pleased with the toys as his grandmother on seeing the tongs. His feet would get blistered. When we have spent all our money, he will buy and eat to tease us.' After the sweets shops come the shops selling things made of metal. They would become addicted to the taste of sweets. Hamid has no shoes on his feet, and is wearing an old worn-out cap the ribbon around which has turned black. How can he buy such expensive toys? I don't have money. Even Mohsin, Mahmood and Noorey, all elder to Hamid by a few years, feel terrified by Hamid's verbal onslaughts. Mahmood buys a sipahi, one with khaki dress and red turban, carrying a rifle on his shoulder. His younger brothers shouted 'jagte raho' on the sipahi's behalf. The mail comes out cursing. And when she could stand it no longer she bade goodbye to this world. Just a piece of soft skin that makes a dub-dub noise. The boys are the happiest lot. A touch of water will finish it. Now about Mahmood's sipahi. She kept it hidden in her heart. Mohsin says, 'Hamid, come, have a reorie. How sweet and how cool! As if it is greeting the whole world on Eid. There is clay on one side, and iron on the other posing as steel. Ok, come, let's have a wrestling match. Your buffalo alone drinks five pitchers. How would they know why abbaajan is desperately running towards Chowdhry Qaim Ali's house? On their way back Mehmoood felt hungry. Your tongs would keep lying on the kitchen floor.' This argument roused both Sammi and Noorey. They searched for three days without success. Eid was unwelcome in this house. Only today Mahmood realized that he was such a good doctor. He might get lost in that crowd there. Then you could know nothing. He looks happy. She would carry him in her lap for short distances. Mohsin had said something great. Some are selling things made of tin, some are selling artificial ornaments. Lakhs of heads bow together in obeisance, and then the rozadars stand up. Hamid had no problem accepting these terms. Their mouths would rot. One, two ... This is the police line. If a lion came their way, the water-carrier would be flattened. Hamid retorted at once. That's why Mohsin and Mehmoood stay off. And, why should she? How they foiled the mail! Big buildings come into their sight. A debate is on. And then he would have to fall at lawyer sahib's feet.' Hamid could not refute this forceful argument. Their fate is also linked to her own. Mohsin immediately puts it into his own mouth. Look, there must be maunds of them in each shop. Look at today's sun. It seems a cruel joke, for Mohsin can't be so generous. Then he will see where Mahmood, Mohsin, Noorey and Sammi bring so much money from. Wooden horses, elephants and camels hang from iron rods. This batch of villagers is no less enthusiastic than children. When the surgery failed his other leg was also broken. Hapless Amina is sitting in her small room and crying. If he bought a pair of tongs she would be very happy. But no one has the money now. He can't waste a pair of his treasure just for going round a few times. He said, 'Would you exchange with me?' Hamid looked at the drum with contempt and said, 'My tongs can rip your drum apart. My tongs can kill you. And their own pockets are full with Kabir's own treasure! They take out their treasures again and again from their pockets, count them and is left with only two annas. Two pegs were fixed in the wall and a wooden board was placed on them. Misfortune may strike with all its force, but Hamid's joyful heart would always triumph over it. Occasionally he is used as a weight. At night these people tell the thieves to steal in one mohalla and they themselves move away to another mohalla shouting 'jagte raho, jagte raho.' That's why these people have so much money. Now, Mohsin, Mahmood, Noorey and Sammi can't raise any more objections. And then, when would you have money for this! She burns her fingers every day. Everyone is in a hurry to reach home. Some are coming in an ekka, others in a motor, all drenched in perfume, their hearts full of joy. The moment Amina heard his voice she came running and lifted him up in her lap and began to fondle him. Their mother became so angry to hear the noise that she thrashed them both. Hope is a great thing. She had spread her dupatta and was begging for blessings for Hamid, and shedding big tears. He was impressed. After all, my abbaajan would come one day. It seems Hamid's feet have grown wings. Look there, the hindolas, the swinging cradles. Hamid is so clever. Everything in the city looks extraordinary to the children. And even if she had, no one would have cared. He has only three paise. Mian Noorey's lawyer met a more honourable end, befitting his status. And what has he brought, this pair of tongs? 'Couldn't you find anything else to buy at the fair?' Why did this unlucky day come at all? Big-big people, moustached, bearded. But if they wish they can become so small as to enter a lotta.' Hamid asks, 'How do people please them? A few days ago mammu's house caught fire and everything was burnt. Looks as if he is going on a march. Don't be afraid.' Amina is unhappy. And Hamid petted the toys one by one. She would fall down if she tried to swing it. Every day they chattered about Eid. Some among them fasted just for a day and that too till afternoon, and some didn't fast at all; but the joy of going to the Eidgah belongs to all. Here too there must be boys like them. And amma would come running towards me on seeing the tongs and cry out, 'My child, you have brought this for me!' She would bless me a thousand times. No she won't let him go like this. And their own pockets are full with Kabir's own treasure! They take out their treasures again and again from their pockets, count them with great delight and put them back. 'Who would catch him?' 'This rifle-carrying sipahi.' Noorey said with pride. His body of clay became one with clay. Do this or that for us. Noorey started fanning him. The villagers also perform the wuzu and come and stand in the last row. This was a reward won by the tongs. The club-house is a place for magic shows. His abbaajan has gone away to earn. But then who would cook the sawaiyan? They are eating with delight. This would be a useful thing at home. How well has everything been arranged and organized. How could she avoid them all? And if someone comes to borrow fire, you can just pick a piece of burning wood and hand it over. What use are toys? Hamid extends his hand to take it. He sees a pair of tongs. She has nothing for Hamid, but at least she would need two paise daily for milk for him. Hamid had won the fight. 'Tell me the right price.' 'Five paise. Amina was filled with joy. So Hamid is very happy. But still he goes to him. Negotiations for terms of a truce began. They was sinking into this darkness and helplessness. Mohsin summoned all his courage to say, 'Ok, but it can't draw water.' Hamid held the tongs upright and said, 'He would just order, and your water-carrier would go running to bring water and start spraying it at his door.' Mohsin was down but Mahmood brought in reinforcements. Groups of people going towards the Eidgah can be seen. Mohsin has one, two, there ... The fair-goers had returned. Even steel rods can't stop them. Janab. Dadi doesn't have one. Why doesn't he buy something to eat? He found an ointment that could repair that broken leg. The shopkeeper looked at him and said, 'This is not for you.' 'Is it for sale?' 'Why not? But the moment the sipahi was made to stand his leg gave way. In the breast-pocket of the achkan a gold chain for a watch; and a huge law book in one hand. His back is bent on which he is carrying a goat-skin water bag filled with water and holding the mouth of the bag with one hand. The sweets are so beautifully stacked! Who eats so many sweets? But we take only this much so that we don't earn a bad name and are caught.' Hamid says, 'Why doesn't anyone catch them when they help the thieves?' Mohsin, taking pity on his innocence, says, 'You fool, who will catch them! They themselves are the catchers. Hamid becomes shamefaced. Look how greedy they are! They bought so many sweets but no one shared them with me. If she had the money she could have bought all the ingredients on her way back and then cooked after returning. The sipahi would throw his clay rifle and flee. Even then he is happy. And lawyer sahib would, out of sheer fright, lie down flat on the ground and hide his face in his cloak. And 'fear' his rifle at once if someone came to steal.' Noorey says, 'My lawyer would fight many cases.' Sammi says, 'And my washer woman would wash clothes daily.' Hamid begins to decry the toys. Why should I care about them? Mohsin says, 'This time I'll give, by Allah, come, have it.' Hamid says, 'Keep it to you. It would be impossible to return before noon. Poor fellow has only three paise. Hamid has only three paise. Buying a pair of tongs is now out of question. Jumerat's calf was lost. You can use it to hold chapatis and bake them as you like. They are in a hurry. Why don't people move towards the Eidgah? 'Janab, only the brave jump into the fire. No comparison! Fifty can be put in one bag. The oxen have to be fed and watered. Some are buying reories, some gulab jamuns, some sohan halwa. Now I'll see how they ask me to do anything for them. Let them eat sweets. And if the toy fell off his hands it would break into pieces. The respect that a victor naturally deserves from the losers was given to Hamid. Their eyes become riveted on whatever they look at. May be, he is singing a song. On the board a paper carpet was spread, and lawyer sahib was seated on his throne like Raja Bhoj. Noorey loves the lawyer. How many things would you buy with them?' Mahmood says, 'Come, Hamid, I'll give you a gulab jamun.' Hamid says, 'What's so great about sweets? They might break into pieces before they reach home, and if they did reach, the kids who could not come to the fair would willfully take them and smash them to pieces. Hamid's pair of tongs would last for years. One moment you feel you are flying in the air, and the next moment that you are falling to the ground. Let them play with the toys and enjoy eating sweets. For many days they had to sleep under a tree. Except this iron tongs.' Hamid said with a sense of guilt. 'Your fingers get burnt when you cook. Occasionally a boy aims a stone at the mangoes. No one came to thank me for the mangoes. And your toys can do no harm to my tongs. The festival comes after a year. Not like them. That you buy reories for a paise and start eating in front of you. How did he restrain himself? The washerwoman, the barber and the sweeper women would also come. If they are pleased with someone, they give him basketfuls of jewels. Sammi has turned an apostate and joined the other camp. Mohsin takes out one reorie from the leaf-bowl and shows it to him. Books don't tell lies. Mohsin, Mehmoood, Sammi and Noorey are all on one side, and Hamid is on the other side. What a foolish boy! It is already noon and he hasn't eaten anything. The villagers moved out in a group. Your lawyer, your sipahi and water-carrier would run homeworks like girls. The others had spent three to four annas each, but none of them had been able to buy anything worthwhile. Your Ammi grinds maunds of wheat. On top of it they ask me to accompany them. And this is the merry-go-round. Why have I kept it here?' 'Why don't you tell me the price?' 'Six paise.' Hamid's heart sank. And Hamid is the happiest among them. But he needed some sap from the banyan tree. How many toys would they like? I would buy basketfuls of toys for each and show them how one should treat one's friends.' Hamid has brought a pair of tongs for his amma. And that too among children! Their imagination can transform a molehill into a mountain. What a beautiful and pleasant morning! The trees are unusually green, the fields unusually lush and the sky unusually red. © 1996-2015. Amazon.com, Inc. What are toys? The pair of tongs was inspected by all in turn. How full the child is with renunciation, generosity and understanding! He must have felt tempted on seeing others buying toys and eating sweets. There was great mourning and lawyer sahib's remains were consigned to the garbage heap. If they fall they would break into pieces.' But he is looking at them with lustful eyes and wants to hold them in his hands and fondle. She would return with many goodies for him. He would one day return with bagfuls of money. Black gown and a white achkan underneath. What do you know? People are getting ready to go to the Eidgah. Some lines have been etched on his head to make it look turbaned. But hundred can't be put even in two bags.' Now they are in the thick of the city. There too he thought of his old grandmother. 'I was just kidding. If he's caught he would be dragged to the court. They are only made of clay. All varieties of toys – sipahis and milkmaids, kings and lawyers, water-carriers, washer women and sadhus. All its bones would crack in no time.' Mahmood said, 'This is not a toy.' Hamid said, 'Is it not a toy? Just now I kept it on my shoulder and it became a rifle. Mohsin said, 'Why did you buy the tongs, you fool. Pay one paise and have a ride. 3 At eleven o'clock the whole village came alive. She had tried to save that money like her honour, but yesterday the milkmaid had demanded to be paid. The pair of tongs has already made its mark. Under these is a pucca floor, on which a printed cloth sheet has been spread. A small basket was brought and some red-coloured rags were spread in it. Mehmoood picked up the basket and began to pace up and down in front of his own door. But this is what happened. His father gave him bananas to eat. They will buy countless things with their uncountable money - toys, sweets, bugles, balls, and no one knows what all. Rozadars, who have come to say the namaz, stand in rows that extend far out even up to the pucca platform round the well, where there is no sheet. He doesn't have any shoes either. A pair of tongs is very useful. eight, nine ... His ammijaan has gone to Allah's house. He was at once given the patrol duty in the village. Now you can do with him whatever you like. If he stands on the earth his head touches the sky. Then I would ask them. All the other boys kept staring. They are drinking sherbet at a charitable stall. Let them. He asked the shopkeeper the price of the tongs. But no one is allowed inside. But this brave pair of tongs, this Rustum-i-Hind, would jump on to the lion's neck and pluck out of his eyes. Hamid taunted him. Now at least he can sit comfortably. Mohsin says, 'But no one will bless us for these toys.' Mahmood retorts, 'Blessings! We might even get a beating.' Mohsin replies, 'No doubt, she can't jump around. You waste your money. He called him back and handed over the tongs. Some of them run and take lead. That's why the rogue hadn't spent his money.' Lawyer sahib would sit on a chair-table. All slight from the merry-go-round. All of them would laugh at him for buying a pair of tongs. And Hamid was also going along with other children. No one knows, whether it was the air from the fan or the fan itself that downed the lawyer and sent him from the world of the living to the world of the dead. But one that is quiet, thick and sweet. She draws out hundreds of pitchers of water from the well. A lawyer couldn't be seated on the ground, or in a nich. It is a distance of three kos and then they have to meet and greet hundreds of people there. Mahmood says, 'My ammi's hands would shake, by Allah.' Mohsin says, 'Oh, no. It was as if a half-paise kite had sent hurling down a giant kite by cutting off its line. It would be noon before they returned from the Eidgah. Now the sipahi has become a sanayasi and keeps watch in the sitting posture. And now something very strange happened. This sequence is repeated many times, as if lakhs of electric bulbs light up and then go off in unison, and this goes on and on. It seems they are going to come alive any moment.' But this is no consolation for Mohsin's group. The old Amina now turned into the girl Amina. Why are they walking so slowly? They can pick them from any treasury they like.

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