Reading Selection 3.1

Lesson No. 7

The Blanket

کمبل

Floyd dell

It was a fine September night. A thin white moon rose over the valley. Peter, eleven years old, did not see the moon. He did not feel the cool September breeze blow into the kitchen, for his thoughts were fixed on a red and black blanket on the kitchen table.

یہ دسمبر کی خوشگوار شام تھی۔ وادی پر ایک باریک سفید چاند نکل آیا تھا۔ 11 سالہ پیٹر نے چاند نہ دیکھا۔ اس باورچی خانے میں آنے والی ستمبر کی خنک باد نسیم کو محسوس نہ کیا کیونکہ اس کی سوچیں باورچی خانے کی میز پر پڑے ہوئے سرخ اور سیاہ کمبل پر جمی ہوئی تھیں۔

The blanket was a gift from his Dad to his Granddad, a going-away gift. They said that Granddad was going away that's why they called it going-away.

یہ کمبل اس کے باپ کی طرف سے اس کے دادا کا ایک تحفہ تھا۔۔۔۔ ایک رخصتی کا تحفہ۔ انہوں نے کہا کہ دادا جان جارہے تھے۔۔۔۔ یہی چیز تھی جسے وہ رخصتی" کہتے تھے۔"

Peter had not really believed his dad would send Granddad away. But now— there it was — the going-away gift. Dad had bought it that very morning. And this was the last evening he and his Granddad would have with each other.

دراصل پیٹر کو یقین نہیں تھا کے اس کے والد اس کے دادا کو دور بھیج دیں گے۔ مگر اب۔۔۔۔ یہ وہاں تھا ۔۔۔۔ رخصتی کا تحفہ۔ والد صاحب اسے اسی صبح خرید کر لائے تھے۔ اور یہ اس کی اس کے دادا اور اس کے

دوسرے کے ساتھ کے آخری شام تھی۔

Together the old man and the young boy washed the supper dishes. Dad had gone out... with the woman he was to marry. He would not be back for some time. When the dishes were finished, the old man and the boy went outside and sat under the moon.

بوڑھا آدمی اور نوجوان لڑکے نے مل کر شام کے کھانے کے برتن دھوئے۔ والد صاحب باہر چلے گئے تھے۔ ۔ ۔ اس عورت کے ساتھ جس سے شادی کرنے والے تھے۔ کچھ دیر کے لئے وہ واپس نہیں آئیں گے۔ جب برتن (دھلونے)ختم ہوگئے تو بوڑھا آدمی اور لڑکا باہر چلے گئے۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ اور چاند کے نیچے بیٹھ گئے۔

"I'll get my harmonica and play for you." the old man said, "I'll play some of the old tunes."
But instead of the harmonica, he brought out the blanket. It was a big, double blanket.

"میں اپنا ماؤتھ آرگن لے کر آؤں گا اور تمہارے لیے بجاؤں گا "بوڑھے آدمی نے کہا۔ میں کچھ پرانی دھونیں بجاؤں گا۔ "

مگر ماؤتھ آرگن کی جگہ وہ لمبل لے آیا۔ کہ ایک بڑا دوہرا لمبل تھا۔

"Now, isn't that a fine blanket?" said the old man, smoothing it over his knees. "And isn't your father a kind man to be giving the old man a blanket like this to go away with? It costs something, it did — look at the wool in it! And warm it will be these cold winter nights to come. There will be no other blanket like it up there."

"اب، کیا یہ ایک عمدہ کمبل نہیں ہے؟" بوڑھے آدمی نہیں سے اپنے گھٹنوں پر ہموار بات کرتے ہوئے کہا۔ "اور کیا تمہارے والد ایک مہربان آدمی نہیں ہیں کہ بوڑھے آدمی کو ایسا کمل دے کر رخصت کر رہے ہیں؟ "اس پر کچھ خرچ آتا ہے، اس پر خرچ آیا۔ اس کی اُون کو دیکھو۔ اور ان آنے والی راتوں میں گرم ہوگا۔ وہاں پر اس طرح کا کوئی دوسرا کمبل نہیں ہوگا۔ "

It was like Granddad to be saying that. He was trying to make it easier. Ever since they had talked about "going-away." Granddad had said it was his idea. Imagine — leaving a warm house and friends to go to that building… that government place where he would be with so many other old fellows, having the best of everything. But Peter had not really believed. Dad would do it until this night, when he brought home the blanket.

یہ دادا جیسے شخص ہی تھے جو اس طرح کہہ رہے تھے۔ وہ اسے آسان بنانے کی کوشش کر رہے تھے۔ اس وقت سے ہی جب انہوں نے "رخصتی" کی باتیں کی تھیں' دادا نے کہا تھا کہ اس کا خیال تھا۔ ذرا تصور کرو۔ ایک گرم گھر اور دوستوں کو چھوڑ کر اس عمارت میں جانا۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ وہ سرکاری جگہ پر اتنے زیادہ دوسرے بوڑھے ساتھیوں کے ساتھ ہوگا ہر چیز بہترین رکھتے ہوئے۔ مگر دراصل پیٹر کو یقین نہیں تھا کہ اس کا والد ایسا کرے گا۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ اس رات تک جب وہ کمبل گھر نہ لایا۔

"Oh, yes, it's a fine blanket." Peter said and got up and went into the house. He wasn't the kind to cry, and besides, he was too old for that. He had just gone in to get Granddad's harmonica.

"اوہ، ہاں، یہ ایک عمدہ کمبل ہے"پیٹر نے کہا اور اٹھا اور گھر کے اندر چلا گیا۔ وہ چیخنے چلانے والوں میں سے نہ تھا ،اور اس کے علاوہ وہ اتنا بڑا تھا کہ ایسا نہیں کرسکتا تھا۔ وہ تو بس دادا جان کا ماؤتھ آرگن لینے گیا تھا۔

The blanket dropped to the floor as the old man took the harmonica. It was the last night they would have together. Neither the old man nor the young boy had to say a word Granddad played a few notes and then said. "You'll remember this one."

جب بوڑھے آدمی نے منہ سے بجانے والا باجا لیا تو کمبل فروش پر گر پڑا۔ یہ ان کے اکٹھے ہونے کی آخری رات تھی۔ نہ بوڑھے آدمی اور نوجوان لڑکے کے کہنے کے لئے ایک لفظ بھی تھا۔ دادا نے چند دھنیں بجائیں اور پھر کہا ،"تم یاد رکھو گے۔"

The thin moon was high overhead and the gentle breeze blew down the valley. The last time, Peter thought, he would never hear Granddad play again. It was well that Dad was moving to a new house — away from here. He did not want to sit here outside on fine evenings under a white moon with Granddad gone. The music ended, and the two sat for a few minutes in silence. Then Granddad spoke. "Here is something happier."

پتلا سا چاند سر کے اوپر بلند اور وادی میں ہلکی ہلکی باد نسیم چل رہی تھی ۔ آخری بار پیٹر نے سوچا ۔ وہ پھر کبھی دادا ابو کو بجاتے ہوئے نہیں سنے گا۔ یہ اچھا تھا کہ ڈیڈ نئے گھر منتقل ہو رہے تھے۔ یہاں سے دور۔ دادا ابو چلے گئے تو وہ خوشگوار شاموں کو یہاں باہر سفید چاند کے نیچے نہیں بیٹھنا چاہتا تھا۔ موسیقی ختم ہو گئی اور دونوں چند منٹ خاموش بیٹھے۔ پھر دادا بولے ۔"یہاں کچھ زیادہ خوشی کی بات ہے۔"

Peter sat and looked out over the valley. Dad would marry that girl. Yes, that girl who had kissed him and who had said she would try to be a good mother to him and all that.

پیٹر بیٹھ گیا اور دادی پر نظر ڈالی۔ باپ اس لڑکی سے شادی کرے گا۔ ہاں، وہ لڑکی جس نے اس کا بوسہ لیا تھا جس نے کہا تھا کہ وہ اس کی اچھی ماں بننے کی کوشش کرے گی اور وہ سب کچھ۔

The tune stopped suddenly and Granddad said. "It's a poor tune, except to be dancing to." And then, "It's a fine girl your father's going to marry. He will feel young again with a

pretty wife like that. And what would an old fellow like me do around the house... getting in the way... an old fool with all the talk about backaches and pains!"

دُھن اچانک رُک گئی اور دادا جان نے کہا، "یہ ایک گھٹیا قسم کی دُھن ہے، صرف رقص کے لئے ہے"۔ اور پھر "وہ ایک اچھی لڑکی ہے جس سے تمہارے والد شادی کر رہے ہیں۔" ایسی خوبصورت بیوی کے ساتھ وہ اپنے آپ کو دوبارہ جوان محسوس کرے گا! اور مجھ جیسا بوڑھا آدمی گھر کے اردگرد کیا کرے گا۔۔۔۔ رکاوٹ بن کر۔۔۔۔ ایک بوڑھا احمق جو صرف کمر درد اور تکالیف کی باتیں کرے گا!

"And then there will be babies coming, and I don't want to be around listening to them cry all hours of the night. No, it's best that I leave. Well, one more tune or two, and then we will get to bed, get some sleep. In the morning I'll get my new blanket and take my leave. Listen to this. It's a bit of a sad tune but a nice one for a night like this."

"اور پھر بچے آرہے ہوں گے اور پھر میں نہیں چاہتا کہ ان کو ساری رات چیختا سننے کے لیے آس پاس رہوں۔ نہیں، یہی سب سے اچھا ہے کہ میں چلاجاؤں۔ اچھا، ایک یا دو اور دھونیں اور پھر ہم بستر پر جا کر کچھ سولیں۔ صبح میں اپنا کمبل لے کر رکھ رخصت ہوجاؤں گا۔ یہ سنو یہ قدرے غمگین دھن ہے لیکن اس طرح کی رات کے لئے عمدہ ہے۔

They did not hear the two people coming down the road. Dad and the pretty girl with a hard bright face like a doll. But they heard her laugh and the tune stopped suddenly.

انہوں نے سڑک کی طرف سے اٹھتے ہوئے دو شخصوں کی آواز نہیں سنی تھی، ڈیڈ اور وہ خوبصورت لڑکی جس کا چہرہ گڑیا کی طرح سخت اور چمکیلا تھا۔ مگر انہوں نے اسے ہنستے ہوئے سنا اور دُھن اچانک رُک گئی۔

"Dad did not say a word, but the girl walked up to Granddad and said prettily, "I'll not be seeing you in the morning, so I came over to say good-bye."

ڈیڈ نے ایک لفظ نہ کہا مگر لڑکی دادا ابو کے پاس آئی اور خوبصورت انداز میں کہا، "میں صبح" آپ سے نہیں مل سکی اس لئے میں آپ کو خدا حافظ کہنے کے لئے آئی ہوں۔"

"It's kind of you", said Granddad, looking down at the floor; and then seeing the blanket at his feet, he bent down to pick it up. And will you look at this," he said, sounding himself like a little boy. "Isn't this a fine blanket my son has given me to go away with?"

"یہ آپ کی مہربانی ہے" دادا جان نے نیچے فرش پر دیکھتے ہوئے کہا؛ اور پھر اپنے پاؤں پر کمبل پڑا دیکھ کر اسے اٹھانے کے لئے نیچے جھکے۔" اور کیا آپ نے دیکھیں گئی ؟" اس نے ایک چھوٹے سے لڑکے کی سی آوازیں کہا۔" کیا یہ ایک عمدہ کمبل نہیں ہے، میرے بیٹے نے مجھے رخصتی پر ساتھ لے جانے کو دیا ہے؟"

"Yes," she said. "It's a fine blanket." She felt the wool again... and said, "A fine blanket indeed." She turned to Dad and said to him coldly, "Must have cost a pretty penny."

"ہاں" اس نے کہا، کہ ایک عمدہ کمبل ہے۔" اس نے پھر ان کو ٹٹولا۔۔۔۔ اور کہا" یقینا ایک عمدہ کمبل ہے۔" وہ ڈیڈ کی طرف مڑیں اور سرد مہری سے اسے کہا، " اس پر ضرور کافی پیسے خرچ ہوئے ہوں گے۔"

Dad cleared his throat... "I... I wanted him to have the best."

ڈیڈ نے اپنا گلا صاف کیا۔۔۔۔"میں۔۔۔۔ میں انہیں بہترین چیز دینا چاہتا تھا۔

The girl stood there, still looking at the blanket. "Mmm... it's a double one, too."

"Yes," the old man said, "It's a double one... a fine blanket for an old fellow to be going away with."

لڑکی وہاں کھڑی ابھی تک کمبل کو دیکھ رہی تھی۔"مم مم۔۔۔۔یہ دوہرا بھی ہے۔" "ہاں "بوڑھے آدمی نے کہا"یہ دوہرا ہے۔۔۔۔ ایک بوڑھے آدمی کی رخصتی کے لیے ایک عمدہ کمبل ہے۔"

The boy suddenly walked into the house. He could hear the girl, still talking about the expensive blanket.

لڑکا اچانک گھر کے اندر چلا گیا۔وہ اب بھی لڑکی کو مہنگے کمبل کے متعلق باتیں کرتے ہوئے سن رہا تھا۔

He heard his Dad get angry in his slow way. And now, she was leaving. As Peter came out, the girl turned and called back, "No matter what you say, he doesn't need a double blanket!"

اس نے اپنی ڈیڈی کو آہستہ آہستہ اس سے غصہ کرتے ہوئے سنا۔ اور اب وہ جا رہی تھی۔جو نہی پیٹر باہر آیا، لڑکی مڑی اور پلٹ کر بولی، "کوئی بات نہیں، تم جو بھی کہو، اسے دوہرے کمبل کی ضرورت نہ تھی۔"

Dad looked at her with a funny look in his eye.
"She is right, Dad." the boy said "Granddad doesn't need a double blanket. Here, Dad,"
—and he held out a pair of scissors —"Cut it Dad...cut the blanket in two."
Both of them looked at the boy surprised.
"Cut it in two, I tell you, Dad. And keep the other half!"

ڈیڈ نے اس کی طرف مزحقہ خیز نظر سے دیکھ۔

"ابو جان، وہ ٹھیک کہتی ہے" لڑکے نے کہا۔"دادا جان کو دوہرے کمبل کی ضرورت نہیں۔ "

"یہاں، ابو جان، اور اس نے قینچی آگے بڑھائی۔ اسے کاٹیے، ابو جان۔۔۔۔ کمبل کو دو حصوں میں کاٹ دیجئے۔"

ان دونوں نے لڑکے کی طرف حیرت سے دیکھا۔

"اسے دو حصوں میں کاٹ دیجیے، میں آپ سے کہتا ہوں، ابو جان۔ اور بڑے ٹکڑے کو سنبھال کر رکھئے۔"

"That's not a bad idea," said Granddad gently. "I don't need such a big blanket."
"Yes," the boy said, 'a single blanket is enough for an old man when he's sent away. We'll save the other half, Dad; It will come in useful later."
"Now what do you mean by that?" asked Dad.
"I mean," said the boy slowly, "that I'll give it to you, Dad, when you're old I'm sending you away."

"یہ ایک بُرا خیال نہیں ہے "دادا ابو نے نرمی سے کہا۔مجھے اتنے بڑے کمل کی ضرورت نہیں ہے۔"

"ہاں "لڑکے نے کہا" ایک بوڑھے آدمی کے لیے جب وہ جا رہا ہو تو ایک اکہرا کمبل ہی کافی ہے۔ ابو جان۔ ہم باقی آدھا سنبھال کر رکھیں گے، یہ بعد میں کارآمد ہوگا۔"

اب اس سے تمہارا کیا مطلب ہے؟" ڈیڈ نے پوچھا۔

"میرا مطلب ہے" لڑکے نے آہستہ سے کہا۔ "میں یہ آپ کو دوں گا، ابو جان! جب آپ بوڑھے ہوجائیں گے اور میں آپ کو رخصت کر رہا ہونگا۔

There was a big silence and then Dad went over to Granddad and stood before him; without saying a word.
But Granddad understood, for he put out his hand and laid it on Dad's shoulder. Peter was watching them. And he heard Granddad whisper softly, "It's all right, son. I knew you didn't mean it…" And then Peter cried. But it didn't matter because all three were crying together.

وہاں گہری خاموشی تھی اور پھر ڈیڈ، دادا جان کے پاس گئے اور ایک بھی لفظ کہے بغیر ان کے سامنے کھڑے ہو گئے۔

مگر دادا جان سمجھ گئے کیونکہ کے انہوں نے اپنا ہاتھ آگے بڑھایا اور ڈیڈ کے کندھے پر رکھ دیا۔ پیٹر انہیں غور سے دیکھ رہا تھا۔ اور اس نے سنا کہ دادا ابو آہستہ سے سرگوشی کر رہے ہیں، "کوئی بات نہیں بیٹا۔ میں جانتا ہوں کہ تمہارا مطلب یہ نہیں تھا۔۔۔۔"

اور پھر پیٹر رویا۔ لیکن اس سے کچھ فرق نہیں پڑتا کیونکہ تینوں کے تینوں اکٹھے رو رہے تھے۔

About the Author

Floyd Dell (1887-1969) was born in 1887 in Pike County, Missouri. His family experienced a great deal of poverty. At school, Dell developed a love of reading. At sixteen, he joined the Socialist Party and gave speeches on street-corners about his political belief. He also wrote for a small Socialist monthly, "Tri-City Workers" Magazine. He also worked as a sub- reporter for the Davenport Times. He later joined the Chicago Evening Post and by 1911 was editor of the newspaper's Friday Literary Review. Dell believed that the everyday life of middle and working classes provided subjects worthy of serious literary treatment.

New Vocabulary

Words	Meanings
Breeze (n)	A gentle or light wind
Harmonica (n)	A small wind musical instrument; also called mouth organ
Pretty penny	A large sum of money

STUDY QUESTIONS

Recalling

1. **What do Peter and Granddad talk about when the story begins?**

Ans: When the story begins, Peter and Granddad talked about a red and black blanket. The blanket was a gift from his Dad to his Granddad, a going-away gift. They said that Granddad was going away that's why they called it "going-away".

2. **Who is giving the blanket as a gift to whom? Why the blanket is called a going-away gift?**

Ans: The blanket was a gift from his Dad to his Granddad, a going-away gift. They said that Granddad was going away that's why they called it "going-away".

3. **Why is Peter's Dad sending Granddad away and where to?**

Ans: Peter's Dad is going to marry a fine girl. He will feel young again with a pretty wife like that. And Peter's tell him that what would an old fellow like me do around the house… getting in the way… an old fool with all the talk about backaches and pains!

4. **Why does Peter's Dad get angry with the girl he is going to marry?**

Ans: Peter could hear the girl, still talking about the expensive blanket. He heard his Dad get angry in his slow way. He was angry because girl objection on giving an expensive double blanket to his father.

5. **Why does Peter ask his father to cut the blanket in two?**

Ans: Peter ask his father to cut the blanket in two because one half would be given to his granddad and the other half would be kept for his father when he grew old and would be given when sent to old age home.

6. **Why do all three — Peter, Dad and Granddad — cry at the end of the story?**

Ans: There was a big silence and then Dad went over to Granddad and stood before him, not saying a word. All were crying at the end of the story because Peter ended the story in meaningful manner by teaching lesson to his father.

Interpreting

7. **What sort of child is Peter? What attitude does he display toward his Granddad and his father?**

Ans: Peter is a serious and sensible boy. He has great love and affection for his Grandfather. He is very sad about the granddad going away. He teaches his father a meaningful lesson.

8. **What sort of person is Granddad? What attitude does he display towards the entire situation?**

Ans: Granddad likes playing harmonica. He does not try to blame his son for sending him to old age home. He tells Peter that it was his idea. He says that Peter's father will marry a fine girl. He does not want to be around talking all day about his diseases and backaches. He displays a friendly attitude towards the entire situation.

9. **What sort of person is Peter's father? Is he a good-hearted person or not?**

Ans: Peter's father is selfish person. He has no regret and no respect for his father. He wants to rule over the house. He is not kind-hearted person. He should have to keep his father and take care of him.

Extending

10. **What lesson about human relationship do you learn from this short story?**

Ans: We learn a very good lesson about human relationship from this story. We learn from this story that "He who digs a pit for others falls into it" Or "As you sow, so shall you reap".

11. **How do you treat your Granddad (if alive), and how does your father treat him?**

Ans: My granddad is alive. I have great regards and respect for him. My father provides him every possible facility. He takes care of him.

12. **Do you know of any such elderly person in a family who is ill-treated? Write about how he is treated by family members.**

Ans: Yes, I know of one such elderly man. He is treated by his family member. He is ill and his sons do not take him for medical treatment. He is not provided with proper food and clothes.

13. **What are your feelings about sending old family members to Old Homes? Discuss.**

Ans: Sending old people to old homes is very bad practice and tradition. There is no room for such things in an Islamic society. Elders do much for their children and it is the duty of the youngers to respect and serve them in their old age.

Language Study

Auxiliary verbs are also called HELPING VERBS, because they may be said to "help" the main verb which comes after them. For example, in *The old lady is writing a play*, the auxiliary 'is' helps the main verb writing by specifying that the action it denotes is still in progress.

i) **The old lady** is writing **a play.**
ii) **The film** was produced **in Hollywood.**

However, the auxiliary verb may not always be followed by a verb; but may be followed by a noun or an adjective, instead. The auxiliary verb then is called a **linking verb, copular verb or copula**. For example:

iii) **He** is **an engineer.**

iv) **This food** is **delicious.**

14. Is the highlighted verb, copula or an auxiliary verb?

1. I will have the soup.

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (A) **Copula**

2. Police are investigating the incident.

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (B) **Auxiliary Verb**

3. It is very peaceful here.

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (A) **Copula**

4. Where does your brother work?

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (B) **Auxiliary Verb**

5. They have decided to advertise you job.

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (B) **Auxiliary Verb**

6. Your proposal seems really great.

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (A) **Copula**

7. She spoke intelligently.

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (A) **Copula**

8. She looks intelligent.

(A) Copula **(B) Auxiliary Verb** Ans: (A) **Copula**

15. Make a list of all the verbs and auxiliary verb, that you find in this story and note how they are used and when they are used.