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L-2 LOST SPRING
BOOK - FLAMINGO
CLASS - XII
SUB - ENG

Author - Anees Jung

Anees Jung is an Indian female author, journalist and columnist who writes for major newspaper in India and abroad. She was born in Rouskela and belongs to an aristocratic family in Hyderabad. Her father, Nawab Hosh Yar Jung, who was a renowned scholar and poet, worked as the musahib (adviser) to the last Nizam (Prince) of Hyderabad State. And her mother and brother are also well-known Urdu poets.

Characters:-

1. **Saheb-e-Alam** - He is a rag-picker who lives at Seemapuri which is a slum area, on the outskirts of Delhi. His family has immigrated from Bangladesh.

2. Mukesh - He belongs to a Poor banglemaker's family but his dreams are different. He wants to be a motor mechanic.

3. Savita - She is a young girl belonging to a banglemaker's family. She helps make bangles but she does not know about the sanctity of the bangles.

Difficult words -

1. Scrounging - searching for
2. Amidst - in the middle of
3. Mutters - to speak in a low voice
4. Glibly - speaking or spoken in a confident way, but without careful thought or honesty
5. Hallow - meaningless
6. Embarrassed - feeling ashamed
7. abound - exist in large numbers

8. bleak - empty
9. barefoot - wearing nothing in the feet
10. shuffles - slides them over each other
11. excuse - a reason to justify a fault
12. perpetual state of poverty - never ending condition of being poor
13. Desolation - the state of being empty
14. Panting - taking short and quick breathes
15. Acquaintance - Contact
16. Periphery - outer area
17. squatters - a person who unlawfully occupies an uninhabited building or unused land
18. wilderness - a wasteland

Summary :-

"Sometimes I find a rupee in the garbage"

The author comes across Sahab every morning. Sahab left his home in Dhaka long time ago. He is trying to sponge gold in the heaps of garbage in the neighbourhood. The author asks Sahab why he does that. Sahab mutters that he has nothing else to do. There is no school in his neighbourhood. He is poor and works barefooted.

There are 10,000 other shoeless rag-pickers like Sahab. They live in Seemapuri, on the outer edge of Delhi, in structures of mud, with roofs of tin and tarpaulin but devoid of sewage, drainage or running water. They are squatters who came from Bangladesh back in 1971. They have lived here for more than thirty years without identity cards or permit. They have right to vote. With ration cards they get grains. Food is more important

for survival than identity. Wherever they find food, they pitch their tents that become transit homes. Children grow up in them, and become partners in survival. In Seemapuri survival means rag-picking. Through the years rag-picking has acquired the proportions of a fine art. Garbage to them is gold. It is their daily bread and a roof over their heads.

Sometimes Sahel finds a rupee or even a ten-rupee note in the garbage-heap. Then there is hope of finding more. Garbage has a meaning different from what it means to their parents. For children it is wrapped in wonder, for the elders it is a means of survival.

One winter morning the author finds Sahel standing by the fenced gate of a neighbourhood club. He is watching two youngmen playing tennis. They are dressed in white. Sahel likes the game but he is content to watch it standing behind the fence. Sahel is wearing discarded tennis shoes that look strange over his discoloured shirt.

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and shorts. For one who has walked barefoot, even shoes with a hole is a dream come true. But tennis is out of his reach.

This morning Sahab is on his way to the milk booth. In his hand is a steel canister. He works in a tea stall. He is paid 300 rupees and all his meals. Sahab is no longer his master. His face has lost the carefree look. He doesn't seem happy working at the tea-stall.

II

I want to drive a car

The author comes across Mukesh in Firozabad. His family is engaged in bangle making, but Mukesh insists on being his own master. "I will be a motor mechanic", he announces. "I will learn to drive a car", he says.

Firozabad is famous for its bangles. Every other family in Firozabad is engaged in making bangles. Families have spent generations working around furnaces, welding glass, making