

## Handout (Outline of the Story) 2/2

### Chandni- Lesson:7(Supplementary Reader)

#### Module-2

#### Important Points-

- Chandni escapes and enjoys her day
- Her happiness comes to an end in the evening
- Her fight with the Wolf
- Chandni's death and her ultimate victory

Chandni reached the hills. It seemed to her that the old hills were standing in a row to welcome her. She felt like a child meeting her parents after years of separation. Wherever she went, the tall grass rose to embrace her, the flowers bloomed to amuse her and the wind sang an endless song of welcome. How different all this was from her past in the prison-house of Abbu Khan's compound! It was the happiest day in Chandni's life. That day she played for hours on the grassy slopes of the hills. She met a herd of wild goats who asked her to join their group. But Chandni politely refused. She wanted to enjoy her new freedom all by herself.

The sun disappeared behind the hills, and soon darkness enveloped the grass, the flowers and the trees. The wind stopped blowing, and there was stillness all around except for a strange sound which was coming from the bushes. The sound was like a grunt. What was it? It wasn't Abbu Khan's voice calling her back to the compound; nor was it the voice of another goat. Then Chandni thought of the dangerous wolf who lived in the hills. She felt scared. Should she go back to the safety of Abbu Khan's hut? "No," she said to herself, "death in an open field is far better than life in a small hut".

The wolf had come out of the bushes, and was staring greedily at Chandni. His eyes were shining like burning coals in the darkness. He seemed in no hurry. He knew the new goat was his. The wolf and the goat sized up each other. The wolf was big and ferocious whereas the goat, though healthy, was small. But small is not weak. Chandni stood firm on her legs, head slightly bent and horns jutting out. She was a picture of courage. She looked like a brave soldier ready to fight a treacherous enemy. "I must put up a good fight," Chandni thought; "success or failure is a matter of luck or chance."

The fight began. It went on through the night. The moon, which had been watching the fight, began to grow pale and suddenly hid behind the clouds. The stars also began to disappear one by one. A faint light appeared in the east and

the morning call for prayer came from a distant mosque. The first rays of the sun saw Chandni lying on the ground. She was completely soaked in blood. The wolf, tired and sleepy, was getting ready to devour her. An assembly of birds perched on top of a tree nearby was debating the result of the fight. “Who is the winner?” one of them asked. “The wolf, of course,” most of them said. A wise old bird declaimed with confidence, “Chandni is the winner.”

Chandni was killed, not defeated.

ZAKIR HUSAIN (an adaptation)