

PPT

LESSON – 9 BHOLI

MODULE – 1

Bholi is a work by Khwaja Ahmad Abbas (K.A. Abbas). This story is about a girl, Bholi, who had fallen off a cot in the head. Thus, some part of her brain was damaged and she remained a backward child. She stammered and also had pock-marks on the face. Everyone made fun of her. However, her life changed when she started going to school. A kind-hearted teacher encouraged her and she overcame her problem of stammering.

PART OF THE LESSON

READ AND FIND OUT

- Why is Bholi's father worried about her?
- For what unusual reasons is Bholi sent to school?

HER name was Sulekha, but since her childhood everyone had been calling her Bholi, the simpleton.

She was the fourth daughter of *Numberdar* Ramlal. When she was ten months old, she had fallen off the cot on her head and perhaps it had damaged some part of her brain. That was why she remained a backward child and came to be known as Bholi, the simpleton.

At birth, the child was very fair and pretty. But when she was two years old, she had an attack of small-pox. Only the eyes were saved, but the entire body was permanently disfigured by deep black pock- marks. Little Sulekha could not speak till she was five, and when at last she learnt to speak, she stammered. The other children often made fun of her and mimicked her. As a result, she talked very little.

Ramlal had seven children — three sons and four daughters, and the youngest of them was Bholi. It was a prosperous farmer's household and there was plenty to eat and drink. All the children except Bholi were healthy and strong. The sons had been sent to the city to study in schools and later in colleges. Of the daughters, Radha, the eldest, had already been married. The second daughter Mangla's marriage had also been settled, and when that was done, Ramlal would think of the third, Champa. They were good-looking, healthy girls, and it was not difficult to find bridegrooms for them.

But Ramlal was worried about Bholi. She had neither good looks nor intelligence.



Bholi was seven years old when Mangla was married. The same year a primary school for girls was opened in their village. The *Tehsildar sahib* came to perform its opening ceremony. He said to Ramlal, “As a revenue official you are the representative of the government in the village and so you must set an example to the villagers. You must send your daughters to school.”

That night when Ramlal consulted his wife, she cried, “Are you crazy? If girls go to school, who will marry them?”

But Ramlal had not the courage to disobey the *Tehsildar*. At last his wife said, “I will tell you what to do. Send Bholi to school. As it is, there is little chance of her getting married, with her ugly face and lack of sense. Let the teachers at school worry about her.”

READ AND FIND OUT

- Does Bholi enjoy her first day at school?
- Does she find her teacher different from the people at home?

The next day Ramlal caught Bholi by the hand and said, “Come with me. I will take you to school.” Bholi was frightened. She did not



know what a school was like. She remembered how a few days ago their old cow, Lakshmi, had been turned out of the house and sold.

“N-n-n-n NO, no-no-no,” she shouted in terror and pulled her hand away from her father’s grip.

“What’s the matter with you, you fool?” shouted Ramlal. “I am only taking you to school.” Then he told his wife, “Let her wear some decent clothes today, or else what will the teachers and the other schoolgirls think of us when they see her?”

New clothes had never been made for Bholi. The old dresses of her sisters were passed on to her. No one cared to mend or wash her clothes. But today she was lucky to receive a clean dress which had shrunk after many washings and no longer fitted Champa. She was even bathed and oil was rubbed into her dry and matted hair. Only then did she begin to believe that she was being taken to a place better than her home!

When they reached the school, the children were already in their classrooms. Ramlal handed over his daughter to the headmistress. Left alone, the poor girl looked about her with fear-laden eyes. There were several rooms, and in each room girls like her squatted on mats, reading from books or writing on slates. The headmistress asked Bholi to sit down in a corner in one of the classrooms.

Bholi did not know what exactly a school was like and what happened there, but she was glad to find so many girls almost of her own age present there. She hoped that one of these girls might become her friend.

The lady teacher who was in the class was saying something to the girls but Bholi could understand nothing. She looked at the pictures on the wall. The colours fascinated her — the horse was brown just like the horse on which the *Tehsildar* had come to visit their village; the goat was black like the goat of their neighbour; the parrot was green like the parrots she had seen in the mango orchard; and the cow was just like their Lakshmi. And suddenly Bholi noticed that the teacher was standing by her side, smiling at her.

“What’s your name, little one?”

“Bh-Bho-Bho-.” She could stammer no further than that.

Then she began to cry and tears flowed from her eyes in a helpless flood. She kept her head down as she sat in her corner, not daring to look up at the girls who, she knew, were still laughing at her.

When the school bell rang, all the girls scurried out of the classroom, but Bholi dared not leave her corner. Her head still lowered, she kept on sobbing.

“Bholi.”

The teacher’s voice was so soft and soothing! In all her life she had never been called like that. It touched her heart.

“Get up,” said the teacher. It was not a command, but just a friendly suggestion. Bholi got up.

“Now tell me your name.”

Sweat broke out over her whole body. Would her stammering tongue again disgrace her? For the sake of this kind woman, however, she decided to make an effort. She had such a soothing voice; she would not laugh at her.

“Bh-Bh-Bho-Bho-,” she began to stammer.

“Well done, well done,” the teacher encouraged her. “Come on, now — the full name?”

“Bh-Bh-Bho-Bholi.” At last she was able to say it and felt relieved as if it was a great achievement.

“Well done.” The teacher patted her affectionately and said, “Put the fear out of your heart and you will be able to speak like everyone else.”

Bholi looked up as if to ask, ‘Really?’

“Yes, yes, it will be very easy. You just come to school everyday.
Will you come?”

Bholi nodded.

“No, say it aloud.”

“Ye-Ye-Yes.” And Bholi herself was astonished that she had been able to say it.

“Didn’t I tell you? Now take this book.”

The book was full of nice pictures and the pictures were in colour — dog, cat, goat, horse, parrot, tiger and a cow just like Lakshmi. And with every picture was a word in big black letters.

“In one month you will be able to read this book. Then I will give you a bigger book, then a still bigger one. In time you will be more learned than anyone else in the village. Then no one will ever be able to laugh at you. People will listen to you with respect and you will be able to speak without the slightest stammer. Understand? Now go home, and come back early tomorrow morning.”

Bholi felt as if suddenly all the bells in the village temple were ringing and the trees in front of the school-house had blossomed into big red flowers. Her heart was throbbing with a new hope and a new life.

Summary

This story is about a girl, Bholi, whose real name was Sulekha. She suffered from some brain-damage and thus used to stammer. Moreover, she suffered from the disease of small-pox which left pock-marks on her face. This made her look ugly. Thus, due to her dullness and ugly face, people made fun of her. Also, people called her Bholi as she remained a backward child. Ramlal had seven children- three sons and four daughters. Bholi was the youngest of all daughters. All others were healthy and strong except Bholi. They would also worry about her marriage. One day, Tehsildar Sahib came to perform the opening ceremony of a primary school opened in the village. He asked Ramlal to send her daughter to school. However, Bholi's mother was not in support of sending her school.

Yet, she agreed. At first, Bholi was frightened to hear about school. However, when she was properly cared for, given good clothes and other things, she began to believe that she was being taken to a better place than her home. She was happy to see girls of her age. She wanted to make one of them her friends. However, when the teacher asked her name, she stammered and all the girls laughed. This discouraged her badly. She started crying. But the teacher was a kind-hearted woman. She encouraged her to speak. Moreover, she told her that she could overcome her stammering completely if she came to school daily. This aroused a sign of hope and new life in Bholi.

