

VDIYA BHAWAN, BALIKAVIDYAPEETH

Good LAKHISARAI

Class-8 Date -7/6/202

Subject-English ,Subject Teacher- Arti Kumari

Good morning students, I have been explaining L-1

Today I am going to explain page no. 16 of L- 1

L -1 PARTITION

BY- GULZAR

Mr. Gulzar got a telephonic message from Mrs. Dandavate that a gentleman named Harbhajan Singh wanted to meet him (Gulzar). She told that he (Harbhajan Singh) thought that you were his son whom he had lost during partition when he (Harbhajan Singh) was migrating from Pakistan to India with his family.

Gulzar told her(Mrs.Dandavate) that he(Gulzar) would be coming to Delhi and then he could meet him.

So, Gulzar went to Delhi in January there he met Harbhajan Singh . With great love and affection Harbhajan Singh met Gulzar. Here, he met with Iqbal also who was the son of Harbhajan Singh and used to write the letter to Gulzar that he was his long lost brother. Mr. Harbhajan Singh introduced him (Gulzar) to Mrs. Harbhajan Singh saying that this is your mother. Then, Harbhajan Singh started to tell the story of partition when he had lost his son and daughter.

There were terrible riots. It means there were violent conflict between two different communities who believe in different religion. British India was partitioned into India and Pakistan and this particular partition led to death of thousands of people. A big wave of migration was there. Millions of people moved to safer place. Muslims were moving towards Pakistan and Hindu and Sikhs towards India. During narrating the story Harbhajan Singh was mentioning the condition of that time. Fires were broken out everywhere. Horrible news were there. People were gossiping like this and that.

(Page no. 16 of L-1 is given below)

got a telephone call from Mrs Dandavate, a former finance minister's wife. She told me that a civil supplies minister in Punjab who lived in Delhi, wished to meet me because he thought I was his son whom he had lost during the Partition. I told her, 'I shall be coming to Delhi and I can meet him then.'

I went to Delhi in January. That was the time I met Harbhajan Singh, his elder son Iqbal, and other family members at their residence. Harbhajan Singh *sahib* met me with great affection. He introduced me to the mother, 'This is your mother!' And then he narrated the story.

There were terrible riots. Fires raged all around and scorched in those flames, news and gossip reached us, but we stayed put. The zamindar, being a friend of my father's, was kindly disposed towards us. The entire *qasba* knew that till he was there, no one could even knock on our door at an inappropriate hour. His son, Ayaaz, used to study with me in school. Still, we would be terrified when the caravans travelling from the hinterland passed through our *qasba*. We would quail from within. The zamindar would come every day and bolster our courage. He treated my wife like his own daughter. Our older son, Iqbal, was named by him.

One day, a caravan passed wailing and weeping so piteously that the entire *qasba* spent the entire night standing on the roof of their houses watching them go past. It seemed as though that was our last night and the next morning would surely bring catastrophe. We felt we were being pulled out by the roots. It was as if this were the last of the caravans, and it was time for us to go. Like a traitor, I left my friend, the zamindar.

We pretended to keep up our spirits. In reality, we were terrified. We had heard that if we managed to enter Jammu from Mianwali, an armed contingent would escort us on our journey towards the plains.



But the family of Harbhajan Singh was calm because the zamindar was the friend of Mr. Harbhajan

Singh's father.

H, W

Read and write the explanation and meaning of red colored bold word of page no. 16.