

The portrait of a lady

-By Khuswant Singh

MY grandmother, like everybody's grandmother, was an old woman. She had been old and wrinkled for the twenty years that I had known her. People said that she had once been young and pretty and had even had a husband, but that was hard to believe. My grandfather's portrait hung above the mantelpiece in the drawing room. He wore a big turban and loose-fitting clothes. His long, white beard covered the best part of his chest and he looked at least a hundred years old. He did not look the sort of person who would have a wife or children. He looked as if he could only have lots and lots of grandchildren. As for my grandmother being young and pretty, the thought was almost revolting. She often told us of the games she used to play as a child. That seemed quite absurd and undignified on her part and we treated it like the fables of the Prophets she used to tell us.

Portrait_photo,painting wrinkled_ fine lines on face due to oldness mantelpiece_ narrow shelf above the space on a room where a fire goes revolting_very unpleasant,disgusting
absurd_not at all logical or sensible,ridiculous undignified_ unsuited, unseemly
fables_a short story that teaches a lesson
Prophet_ server of Jewish and Muslim religion.

HW__ learn the words above and try to use them to summarise the written 1st paragraph.