Unit 17

'A VERY OLD MAN WITH ENORMOUS WINGS' BY GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

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17.0 OBJECTIVES

The objectives of this unit are to:

- Study the biographical sketch of the author and his significant literary works
- Critically examine the short story *A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings*
- Understand the unique literary style 'Magic Realism'

17.1 ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gabriel GarcíaMárquez,(born March 6, 1927, Aracataca, Colombia—died April 17, 2014, Mexico City, Mexico), was a Colombian novelist, short story writer, screenwriter and journalist and one of the greatest authors of the 20th century. Márquez has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in the year 1982 for his masterpiece *One Hundred Years of Solitude* after Gabriela Mistral, Pablo Neruda and Miguel Angel Asturias. He belonged to the greatest period of Latin American Literature i.e. 1960s popularly known as "boom" that soon got recognition internationally. Writers as part of "boom" reacted at the popular traditional realism related to the Latin American literature.

STUDY OF SHORT STORY

Márquez, in most of his writings dealt with some of the universal themes, social realism and narrative technique known as 'Magic Realism'. Some of his seminal works are;

- *The Autumn of the Patriarch*
- *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*
- *The Fragrance of Guava*
- *The General in His Labyrinth*
- *In Evil Hour*
- *Leaf Storm*
- *Love in the Time of Cholera*
- *Memories of My Melancholy Whores*
- *No One Writes to the Colonel*
- *Of Love and Other Demons*
- *One Hundred Years of Solitude*

17.2 STORY: '*A VERY OLD MAN WITH ENORMOUS WINGS*'

On the third day of rain they had killed so many crabs inside the house that Pelayo had to cross his drenched courtyard and throw them into the sea, because the newborn child had a temperature all night and they thought it was due to the stench. The world had been sad since Tuesday. Sea and sky were a single ash-gray thing and the sands of the beach, which on March nights glimmered like powdered light, had become a stew of mud and rotten shellfish. The light was so weak at noon that when Pelayo was coming back to the house after throwing away the crabs, it was hard for him to see what it was that was moving and groaning in the rear of the courtyard. He had to go very close to see that it was an old man, a very old man, lying face down in the mud, who, in spite of his tremendous efforts, couldn't get up, impeded by his enormous wings.

Frightened by that nightmare, Pelayo ran to get Elisenda, his wife, who was putting compresses on the sick child, and he took her to the rear of the courtyard. They both looked at the fallen body with a mute stupor. He was dressed like a ragpicker. There were only a few faded hairs left on his bald skull and very few teeth in his mouth, and his pitiful condition of a drenched great-grandfather took away and sense of grandeur he might have had. His huge buzzard wings, dirty and half-plucked were forever entangled in the mud. They looked at him so long and so closely that Pelayo and Elisenda very soon overcame their surprise and in the end found him familiar. Then they dared speak to him, and he answered in an incomprehensible dialect with a strong sailor's voice. That was how they skipped over the inconvenience of the wings and quite intelligently concluded that he was a lonely castaway from some foreign ship wrecked by the storm. And yet, they called in a neighbour woman who knew everything about life and death to see him, and all she needed was one look to show them their mistake.

"He's an angel," she told them. "He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old that the rain knocked him down."

On the following day everyone knew that a flesh-and-blood angel was held captive in Pelayo's house. Against the judgment of the wise neighbour woman, for whom angels in those times were the fugitive survivors of a spiritual conspiracy, they did not have the heart to club him to death. Pelayo watched over him all afternoon from the kitchen, armed with his bailiff's club, and before going to bed he dragged him out of the mud and locked him up with the hens in the wire chicken coop. In the middle of the night, when the rain stopped, Pelayo and Elisenda were still killing crabs. A short time afterward the child woke up without a fever and with a desire to eat. Then they felt magnanimous and decided to put the angel on a raft with fresh water and provisions for three days and leave him to his fate on the high seas. But when they went out into the courtyard with the first light of dawn, they found the whole neighbourhood in front of the chicken coop having fun with the angel, without the slightest reverence, tossing him things to eat through the openings in the wire as if weren't a supernatural creature but a circus animal.

Father Gonzaga arrived before seven o'clock, alarmed at the strange news. By that time onlookers less frivolous than those at dawn had already arrived and they were making all kinds of conjectures concerning the captive's future. The simplest among them thought that he should be named mayor of the world. Others of sterner mind felt that he should be promoted to the rank of five-star general in order to win all wars. Some visionaries hoped that he could be put to stud in order to implant the earth a race of winged wise men who could take charge of the universe. But Father Gonzaga, before becoming a priest, had been a robust woodcutter. Standing by the wire, he reviewed his catechism in an instant and asked them to open the door so that he could take a close look at that pitiful man who looked more like a hugedecrepit hen among the fascinated chickens. He was lying in the corner drying his open wings in the sunlight among the fruit peels and breakfast leftovers that the early risers had thrown him. Alien to the impertinences of the world, he only lifted his antiquarian eyes and murmured something in his dialect when Father Gonzaga went into the chicken coop and said good morning to him in Latin. The parish priest had his first suspicion of an imposter when he saw that he did not understand the language of God or know how to greet His ministers. Then he noticed that seen close up he was much too human: he had an unbearable smell of the outdoors, the back side of his wings was strewn with parasites and his main feathers had been mistreated by terrestrial winds, and nothing about him measured up to the proud dignity of angels. The he came out of the chicken coop and in a brief sermon warned the curious against the risks of being ingenuous. He reminded them that the devil had the bad habit of making use of carnival tricks in order to confuse the unwary. He argued that if wings were not the essential element in determining the different between a hawk and an airplane, they were even less so in the recognition of angels. Nevertheless, he promised to write a letter to his bishop so that the latter would write his primate so that the latter would write to the Supreme Pontiff in order to get the final verdict from the highest courts.

His prudence fell on sterile hearts. The news of the captive angel spread with such rapidity that after a few hours the courtyard had the bustle of a marketplace and they had to call in troops with fixed bayonets to disperse the mob that was about

to knock the house down. Elisenda, her spine all twisted from sweeping up so much marketplace trash, then got the idea of fencing in the yard and charging five cents admission to see the angel.

The curious came from far away. A traveling carnival arrived with a flying acrobat who buzzed over the crowd several times, but no one paid any attention to him because his wings were not those of an angel but, rather, those of a sidereal bat. The most unfortunate invalids on earth came in search of health: a poor woman who since childhood has been counting her heartbeats and had run out of numbers; a Portuguese man who couldn't sleep because the noise of the stars disturbed him; a sleepwalker who got up at night to undo the things he had done while awake; and many others with less serious ailments. In the midst of that shipwreck disorder that made the earth tremble, Pelayo and Elisenda were happy with fatigue, for in less than a week they had crammed their rooms with money and the line of pilgrims waiting their turn to enter still reached beyond the horizon.

The angel was the only one who took no part in his own act. He spent his time trying to get comfortable in his borrowed nest, befuddled by the hellish heat of the oil lamps and sacramental candles that had been placed along the wire. At first they tried to make him eat some mothballs, which, according to the wisdom of the wise neighbour woman, were the food prescribed for angels. But he turned them down, just as he turned down the papal lunches that the pentinents brought him, and they never found out whether it was because he was an angel or because he was an old man that in the end ate nothing but eggplant mush. His only supernatural virtue seemed to be patience. Especially during the first days, when the hens pecked at him, searching for the stellar parasites that proliferated in his wings, and the cripples pulled out feathers to touch their defective parts with, and even the most merciful threw stones at him, trying to get him to rise so they could see him standing. The only time they succeeded in arousing him was when they burned his side with an iron for branding steers, for he had been motionless for so many hours that they thought he was dead. He awoke with a start, ranting in his hermetic language and with tears in his eyes, and he flapped his wings a couple of times, which brought on a whirlwind of chicken dung and lunar dust and a gale of panic that did not seem to be of this world. Although many thought that his reaction had not been one of rage but of pain, from then on they were careful not to annoy him, because the majority understood that his passivity was not that of a hero taking his ease but that of a cataclysm in repose.

Father Gonzaga held back the crowd's frivolity with formulas of maidservant inspiration while awaiting the arrival of a final judgment on the nature of the captive. But the mail from Rome showed no sense of urgency. They spent their time finding out in the prisoner had a navel, if his dialect had any connection with Aramaic, how many times he could fit on the head of a pin, or whether he wasn't just a Norwegian with wings. Those meager letters might have come and gone until the end of time if a providential event had not put an end to the priest's tribulations.

It so happened that during those days, among so many other carnival attractions, there arrived in the town the traveling show of the woman who had been changed into a spider for having disobeyed her parents. The admission to see her was not

only less than the admission to see the angel, but people were permitted to ask her all manner of questions about her absurd state and to examine her up and down so that no one would ever doubt the truth of her horror. She was a frightful tarantula the size of a ram and with the head of a sad maiden. What was most heartrending, however, was not her outlandish shape but the sincere affliction with which she recounted the details of her misfortune. While still practically a child she had sneaked out of her parents' house to go to a dance, and while she was coming back through the woods after having danced all night without permission, a fearful thunderclap rent the sky in tow and through the crack came the lightning bolt of brimstone that changed her into a spider. Her only nourishment came from the meatballs that charitable souls chose to toss into her mouth. A spectacle like that, full of so much human truth and with such a fearful lesson, was bound to defeat without even trying that of a haughty angel who scarcely deigned to look at mortals. Besides, the few miracles attributed to the angel showed a certain mental disorder, like the blind man who didn't recover his sight but grew three new teeth, or the paralytic who didn't get to walk but almost won the lottery, and the leper whose sores sprouted sunflowers. Those consolation miracles, which were more like mocking fun, had already ruined the angel's reputation when the woman who had been changed into a spider finally crushed him completely. That was how Father Gonzaga was cured forever of his insomnia and Pelayo's courtyard went back to being as empty as during the time it had rained for three days and crabs walked through the bedrooms.

The owners of the house had no reason to lament. With the money they saved they built a two-story mansion with balconies and gardens and high netting so that crabs wouldn't get in during the winter, and with iron bars on the windows so that angels wouldn't get in. Pelayo also set up a rabbit warren close to town and have up his job as a bailiff for good, and Elisenda bought some satin pumps with high heels and many dresses of iridescent silk, the kind worn on Sunday by the most desirable women in those times. The chicken coop was the only thing that didn't receive any attention. If they washed it down with creolin and burned tears of myrrh inside it every so often, it was not in homage to the angel but to drive away the dungheap stench that still hung everywhere like a ghost and was turning the new house into an old one. At first, when the child learned to walk, they were careful that he not get too close to the chicken coop. But then they began to lose their fears and got used to the smell, and before they child got his second teeth he'd gone inside the chicken coop to play, where the wires were falling apart. The angel was no less standoffish with him than with the other mortals, but he tolerated the most ingenious infamies with the patience of a dog who had no illusions. They both came down with the chicken pox at the same time. The doctor who took care of the child couldn't resist the temptation to listen to the angel's heart, and he found so much whistling in the heart and so many sounds in his kidneys that it seemed impossible for him to be alive. What surprised him most, however, was the logic of his wings. They seemed so natural on that completely human organism that he couldn't understand why other men didn't have them too

When the child began school it had been some time since the sun and rain had caused the collapse of the chicken coop. The angel went dragging himself about

here and there like a stray dying man. They would drive him out of the bedroom with a broom and a moment later find him in the kitchen. He seemed to be in so many places at the same time that they grew to think that he'd be duplicated, that he was reproducing himself all through the house, and the exasperated and unhinged Elisenda shouted that it was awful living in that hell full of angels. He could scarcely eat and his antiquarian eyes had also become so foggy that he went about bumping into posts. All he had left were the bare cannulae of his last feathers. Pelayo threw a blanket over him and extended him the charity of letting him sleep in the shed, and only then did they notice that he had a temperature at night, and was delirious with the tongue twisters of an old Norwegian. That was one of the few times they became alarmed, for they thought he was going to die and not even the wise neighbour woman had been able to tell them what to do with dead angels.

And yet he not only survived his worst winter, but seemed improved with the first sunny days. He remained motionless for several days in the farthest corner of the courtyard, where no one would see him, and at the beginning of December some large, stiff feathers began to grow on his wings, the feathers of a scarecrow, which looked more like another misfortune of decrepitude. But he must have known the reason for those changes, for he was quite careful that no one should notice them, that no one should hear the sea chanteys that he sometimes sang under the stars. One morning Elisenda was cutting some bunches of onions for lunch when a wind that seemed to come from the high seas blew into the kitchen. Then she went to the window and caught the angel in his first attempts at flight. They were so clumsy that his fingernails opened a furrow in the vegetable patch and he was on the point of knocking the shed down with the ungainly flapping that slipped on the light and couldn't get a grip on the air. But he did manage to gain altitude. Elisenda let out a sigh of relief, for herself and for him, when she watched him pass over the last houses, holding himself up in some way with the risky flapping of a senile vulture. She kept watching him even when she was through cutting the onions and she kept on watching until it was no longer possible for her to see him, because then he was no longer an annoyance in her life but an imaginary dot on the horizon of the sea.

17.3 LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE STORY *A VERY OLD MAN WITH ENORMOUS WINGS*

- **The Old Man :** The old man in the story appears at Pelayo and Elisend's house in extremely poor condition. He speaks a foreign language which is not intelligible to anyone. He has filthy wings and therefore many people thinkthat he isa fallen angel and some believethat he isa Norwegian. By the end of the story he becomes normal and flies away back to his place.
- **Pelayo :** Pelayo is the husband of Elisenda and a host of the old man. He is an ordinary villagerliving a simple life. He is a self-centered man who uses the old man to make money and never feels sympathy for him.
- **Elisenda :** Elisenda is the wife of Pelayo and a host of the old man. She convinces her husband to charge villagers to see the angel. Though she makes a lot of money from exhibiting the old man she later devel-

ops dislike for him. She is a practical woman and feels relieved at old man's departure.

- **Father Gonzaga :** He is a priest and an authority figure for the town people. He isthe one who visitsthe couple's house to check the identity of the old man and later declareshim imposter.
- **The Neighbour Woman :** She is a woman in the story without a proper noun. She counsels the couple over the old man and saysthat he has come to take their sick child's soul.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS: 1

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS IN BRIEF.

1. Write a brief note on the author of the story.

2. Discuss some of the important character in the story.

17.4 ABOUT *A VERY OLD MAN WITH ENORMOUS WINGS*

Gabriel Garcia Marquez wrote the story *A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings*in the year 1968. The story got the subtitle 'A Tale for Children'. *A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings* was written in the mid of Marquez's two major novels, *A Hundred Years of Solitute* and *The Autumn of the Patriarch.* This story perfectly establishes Marquez as a short story writer using Magic Realist style in his writings. This style simply puts two different elements i.e. ordinary and extra-ordinary together and makes it very obvious to accept, understand and relate for the readers. A unique fact about this technique is that it makes the world complex and problematic void of any moral lesson or maxims to convey.

Moreover, any writing with this style can be interpreted at many levels and this story is not an exception. *A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings* can similarly be interpreted on many levels. First, we get to know about a town which is dealing with an angel who has lost his way and has come to the town. Initially, it seems like a children's story but later the human being's treatment to that old man raises many important questions of human existence and co-existence of others in this universe.

According to many critics, this story is a veiled allegory dealing with author's experience with fame. Marquez has become a canonical writer with his work *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and this story was about the relationship between an extraordinarily creative artist and his readers or public, who have found him alien with his work typically written with 'Magic Realism' style.

A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings is Marquez's one of the most widely read works with certain elements including uncertain time, setting and open-ended conclusions. However, witty, sad and haunting qualities of the story offer a great treat to all the readers and inspires them to re-read it many times.

17.5 SUMMARY OF THE STORY

In the beginning of the story, with the arrival of the rainstorm, legions of crabs enters into Pelayo and Elisendra's house.Pelayo and his wife both are trying

to drive them out of their house and killing them in numbers. At that point, Pelayo finds a very old man with wings in their courtyard who is huge in size and unable to get hold of self. He is completely soaked in mud and weathered. He calls his wife who is busy with attending her child who is suffering from fever. Both tryto talk to that old man but he is speaking a dialect they cannot understand. Pelayo and Elisendra feel that he must be a shipwrecked sailor and immediately approaches a neighbour woman who "knows everything about life and death". That lady declares him an angel who has come to get the soul of their sick child.Pelayo and Elisendra decide to lock him with chicken coop. Next day the rain stops and the child starts feeling normal and therefore both are very happy. Finally, Pelayo and Elisendradecideto shift that old man on a raft with sufficient food supply for three days. At the chicken coop, the old man is visited by many neighbours, troubling him and making fun of him as if he were a subject of fun or carnival attraction.

Father Gonzaga has his own Catholic point of view for that old man and tries to communicate him in Latin, the language of Gods and Angels. Looking at his appearance and inability to speak or understand Latin, he decides to not to call him an angel but an imposter and nothing more.

The news of the arrival of the angel spreads across the country and people starts to visit to see the captivated angel. Realizing the chance of making money, Elisendra thought of charging five cents sees the angel and makes a lot of money. Within a week only they literally crams their rooms with money but the old man is quite indifferent to the events happening in his surroundings. He is treated humanely as people pelts him with rocks just to listen some words from his mouth to ensure that he is an angel and chickens pecks him, though he shows his 'Supernatural Patience'.

A carnival attraction with the story of a Spider-Girl arrives at the town. It is the story of the girl who has turned into a spider by disobeying her parents over opting to Dance. She becomes a centre of attraction for all the town's people. After her arrival and as her story is full of life lessons it attracts more people and makes the old man less popular. The reputation of the old man declines with the popularity of the spider girl.

Over the period of the time, Pelayo and Elisenda's child learnsto walk and starts playing with the angel. By now everyone is accustomed to the angel's presence and his smell. A doctor diagnoses the old man and declares that he is still weak but was very much impressed by his wings and feels that humans do need to have them too.

Later, the chicken coop collapses, but Pelayo and Elisenda ignore this and let the angel to roam free about their house. Slowly Elisenda starts developing irritation for the old man's presence. The angel grows more ill and eats barely anything. All of a sudden from the verge of death, the angel recovers and starts having new feathers. On a one fine morning as Elisendais busy cooking in the kitchen, the angel first tests his wings and suddenly flies off to the sky. Finally, Elisenda feels relieved from his departure.

17.6 CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE STORY

While analyzing the story critically, a few points appear that can help to understand the story in more comprehensive and realistic manner. The following are the points to be discussed as part of critical analysis.

17.6.1 Human Reception of the Supernatural

The present story deals with two major supernatural events including the arrival of the old man with wings and the girl whogetsmetamorphosed into a spider girl. The people of the village treat the old man in an odd manner. For them the old man is merely a frail human with frail wings. They all have an endless debate on him being an angel or a human with defect as he was lacking in his dignity as an angel. Even father Gonzaga denies the arrival of the angel and consoles the family on checking on his real identity. The old man is treated badly, manipulated, exploited, and cooped up in a chicken cage. Here, the question that arises is who is lacking dignity, the old man or the people.

On the other hand, the spider-girl entertains people and impresses all of them with her story of disobeying parents and hence with God's wrath has turned in to a spider. With her this story people do not doubt her and accepts her without debate.

17.6.2 The Blurry Distinction between Natural and Supernatural

The story is an exemplary example of Magic Realism and therefore we can see how Marquez has blended the supernatural with vivid natural descriptions. In addition to this, for Pelayo there is no difference between the arrival of Crabs and Angel, of course not in its full glory, in house. Both Pelayo and Elisenda have become very insensitive to the progress they do in their life after the arrival of that old angel. They treat him badly and place in a chicken cage. The crowd also ill-treats him as if he were a circus animal and not a supernatural creature. In this way, the author promotes the readers to come-up with various interpretations.

17.6.3 What is Human?

In the story *A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings*, this very question is directly or indirectly reverberated and posed to the readers. In the beginning of the story the old man is described with a blend of animal, human characteristics but void of angel's one as he did not have the dignity of an angels. Further he is also described as a rag-picker, and later the couple decided that he must be a sailor. Though all these characteristics of an old man, the human themselves loses their human qualities and treats him inhumanly. The old man is kept with chickens, displayed to the visitors and given mush to eat. Even after the old man's decent behaviour, people don't respond humanely.

However, because of the story of the Spider-girl, which was far easy for all the people to believe as it dealt with human-truth, i.e. moralityis found appealing, attractive and interesting. The people don't questions her mysterious and complex story that was a real mess one in comparison to the old man's story. At this point, the author tries to prove the point that the humans are very gullible and fearful. For them, whatever is beyond culture or tradition is fearsome and hard to accept. And

with this point, author comes up with this debatable question, 'What is human?' that everyone must ponder over.

17.6.4 Uncertainty in the Narrator

Throughout the story, readers may find the narrator full of uncertainty, ambiguity and doubts. In the beginning, the narration is third-person omniscient and gradually offers opinions at a few points. The narrator also supports a few characters and condemns the problem ones.

17.6.5 Humans Must Interpret Events

The story emphasizes on the importance and need to interpret life events. The arrival of the old man, though strange event, needed to be interpreted by Pelayo, Elisenda, or Father Gonzaga differently and sensibly. All the people in the story try to interpret the event by relating to their customs and regular lives and ignore the importance of the old man. Here the author depicts the limits of human experiences and not the think beyond the perception they have developed by the means of their senses and culture. However, they fail to accept that there can also be something beyond their world and relate themselves with something universal or call it enigmatic events or inevitability to accept the existence of others in this universe except humans, again something we always belong to, celestial creatures depicted in Holy Scriptures. We do believe in supernatural through the means of religion but when that comes to us in person, we either fear or doubt their very existence.

17.6.6Magic Realism

The term Magic Realism is a technique used in this story '*A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings*'. In this technique, we find the inseparable blend of realistic elements with magical events. The ordinary events are beautifully alongside with fantastic events that ultimately convince the readers to accept both and value them equally. According to Bernard McGuirk and Richard Cardwell, "Magical realism expands the categorizes of the real so as to encompass myth, magic and other extraordinary phenomena in Nature or experience which European realism excluded".

Marquez has played a very important role in developing this technique and used it in a way that has become a seminal part of his most of his works. This term was used to describe the works of Jorge Louis Borges and later Marquez used this style in his major novels and short stories. This style was effortlessly used by Gunter Grass and John Fowles. Magic Realism blurs the differences between serious and trivial or horrible ludicrous. Though this style has been criticized by many of the critics, Marquez's works with Magic Realism style have become quite popular and got position among the canons.

17.7 LET US SUM UP

'A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings' is though unusual but extremely gripping and interesting tale written by using *Magic Realistic* style. The story has become a testimony to Marquez for the human world void of humanity and other issues like lack of sympathy and full of ignorance to others' co-existence.

17.8 KEY WORDS

Stench- a very unpleasant smell

Stupor- numbness, insensibility

Rag picker- a person who collects and sells rags

Fugitive- a person who has escaped from captivity or is in hiding

Magnanimous- generous or forgiving, especially towards a rival or less powerful person

Reverence- deep respect for someone or something

Frivolous- not having any serious purpose or value

Prudence- the quality of being prudent; cautiousness

Sterile- lacking in imagination, creativity, or excitement; uninspiring or unproductive

Decrepitude- the state of being decrepit

17.9 BOOKS SUGGESTED

Márquez, G. G. (1979). Leaf Storm (Vol. 699). Harper Collins.

Marquez, G. G. (1972). A very old man with enormous wings: A tale for children. Leaf storm and other stories.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS: 2

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS IN BRIEF.

1. Write a brief on the role of supernatural element in the story.
2. Discuss the portrayal of the spider-girl and the angel in the story.
3. Comment on the literary style 'Magic Realism' with reference to the story.
4. Write a critical note on the story with special reference to Humanity.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS: 3

STATE WHETHER THE STATEMENTS ARE TRUE OR FALSE.

1. The angel yells at all the visitors in a language they cannot understand.
2. Pelayo and Elisenda were first very annoyed and frightened by the old man but later became comfortable and treated him like his family member.
3. The angel landed to couple's house because he was exiled from the heaven.
4. People shifted their interest from the angel to spider man.
5. An angle lands in an ordinary town full of ordinary people make the story Magical in nature.

Answers

1. False
2. False
3. False
4. True
5. True