



'THE POSTMASTER' BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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12.0 OBJECTIVES

- To critically evaluate the short story
- To discuss theme and characterisation of the short story

12.1 INTRODUCTION

Rabindranath Tagore's *The Postmaster* is a poignant story of love of a simple naive girl named Ratan for a city-bred postmaster. The man from bustling Calcutta is posted as a postmaster in a remote village. To avert terrific loneliness, he showers love and affection on his maidservant, Ratan. He craves for some human company and necessary emotional warmth. The postmaster's kindness awakens in Ratan affection for him. But the place cannot hold the city man for long. He decides to resign and go back to his native place. The decision leaves the girl dumbfounded. She had a false hope that the postmaster would return.

12.2 RABINDRANATH TAGORE

One of the greatest Indian litterateurs of the 20th century, Rabindranath Tagore was a versatile personality and a prolific writer. Most of his works were originally written in Bengali and later translated into other languages. Tagore is the first and so far the only Indian to receive the Nobel prize for literature for his collection of poems *Gitanjali*.

Tagore's penetrating insight into the working of human mind, particularly in thoughts and feelings of the helpless and the neglected is quite apparent in his short stories. His stories are usually told in a simple and direct manner.

12.3 TEXT: 'THE POSTMASTER'

The postmaster first took up his duties in the village of Ulapur. Though the village was a small one, there was an indigo factory nearby, and the proprietor, an Englishman, had managed to get a post office established.

Our postmaster belonged to Calcutta. He felt like a fish out of water in this remote village. His office and living-room were in a dark thatched shed, not far from a green, slimy pond, surrounded on all sides by a dense growth.

The men employed in the indigo factory had no leisure; moreover, they were hardly desirable companions for decent folk. Nor is a Calcutta boy an adept in the art of associating with others. Among strangers, he appears either proud or ill at ease. At any rate, the postmaster had but little company; nor had he much to do.

At times, he tried his hand at writing a verse or two. That the movement of the leaves and the clouds of the sky were enough to fill life with joy—such were the sentiments to which he sought to give expression. But God knows that the poor fellow would have felt it as the gift of a new life, if some genie of the *Arabian Nights* had in one night swept away the trees, leaves and all, and replaced them with a macadamized road, hiding the clouds from view with rows of tall houses.

The postmaster's salary was small. He had to cook his own meals, which he used to share with Ratan, an orphan girl of the village, who did odd jobs for him.

When in the evening the smoke began to curl up from the village cowsheds, and the cicadas chirped in every bush; when the mendicants of the Baül sect sang their shrill songs in their daily meeting-place, when any poet, who had attempted to watch the movement of the leaves in the dense bamboo thickets, would have felt a ghostly shiver run down his back, the postmaster would light his little lamp, and call out "Ratan."

Ratan would sit outside waiting for this call, and, instead of coming in at once, would reply, "Did you call me, sir?"

"What are you doing?" the postmaster would ask.

"I must be going to light the kitchen fire," would be the answer.

And the postmaster would say: "Oh, let the kitchen fire be for awhile; light me my pipe first."

At last Ratan would enter, with puffed-out cheeks, vigorously blowing into a flame a live coal to light the tobacco. This would give the postmaster an opportunity of conversing. "Well, Ratan," perhaps he would begin, "do you remember anything of your mother?" That was a fertile subject. Ratan partly remembered, and partly didn't. Her father had been fonder of her than her mother; him she recollected more vividly. He used to come home in the evening after his work, and one or two

evenings stood out more clearly than others, like pictures in her memory. Ratan would sit on the floor near the postmaster's feet, as memories crowded in upon her. She called to mind a little brother that she had—and how on some bygone cloudy day she had played at fishing with him on the edge of the pond, with a twig for a make-believe fishing-rod. Such little incidents would drive out greater events from her mind. Thus, as they talked, it would often get very late, and the postmaster would feel too lazy to do any cooking at all. Ratan would then hastily light the fire, and toast some unleavened bread, which, with the cold remnants of the morning meal, was enough for their supper.

On some evenings, seated at his desk in the corner of the big empty shed, the postmaster too would call up memories of his own home, of his mother and his sister, of those for whom in his exile his heart was sad,—memories which were always haunting him, but which he could not talk about with the men of the factory, though he found himself naturally recalling them aloud in the presence of the simple little girl. And so it came about that the girl would allude to his people as mother, brother, and sister, as if she had known them all her life. In fact, she had a complete picture of each one of them painted in her little heart.

One noon, during a break in the rains, there was a cool soft breeze blowing; the smell of the damp grass and leaves in the hot sun felt like the warm breathing of the tired earth on one's body. A persistent bird went on all the afternoon repeating the burden of its one complaint in Nature's audience chamber.

The postmaster had nothing to do. The shimmer of the freshly washed leaves, and the banked-up remnants of the retreating rain-clouds were sights to see; and the postmaster was watching them and thinking to himself: "Oh, if only some kindred soul were near—just one loving human being whom I could hold near my heart!" This was exactly, he went on to think, what that bird was trying to say, and it was the same feeling which the murmuring leaves were striving to express. But no one knows, or would believe, that such an idea might also take possession of an ill-paid village postmaster in the deep, silent mid-day interval of his work.

The postmaster sighed, and called out "Ratan." Ratan was then sprawling beneath the guava-tree, busily engaged in eating unripe guavas. At the voice of her master, she ran up breathlessly, saying: "Were you calling me, Dada?" "I was thinking," said the postmaster, "of teaching you to read." And then for the rest of the afternoon he taught her the alphabet.

Thus, in a very short time, Ratan had got as far as the double consonants.

It seemed as though the showers of the season would never end. Canals, ditches, and hollows were all overflowing with water. Day and night the patter of rain was heard, and the croaking of frogs. The village roads became impassable, and marketing had to be done in punts.

One heavily clouded morning, the postmaster's little pupil had been long waiting outside the door for her call, but, not hearing it as usual, she took up her dog-

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eared book, and slowly entered the room. She found her master stretched out on his bed, and, thinking that he was resting, she was about to retire on tip-toe, when she suddenly heard her name—"Ratan!" She turned at once and asked: "Were you sleeping, Dada?" The postmaster in a plaintive voice said: "I am not well. Feel my head; is it very hot?"

In the loneliness of his exile, and in the gloom of the rains, his ailing body needed a little tender nursing. He longed to remember the touch on the forehead of soft hands with tinkling bracelets, to imagine the presence of loving womanhood, the nearness of mother and sister. And the exile was not disappointed. Ratan ceased to be a little girl. She at once stepped into the post of mother, called in the village doctor, gave the patient his pills at the proper intervals, sat up all night by his pillow, cooked his gruel for him, and every now and then asked: "Are you feeling a little better, Dada?"

It was some time before the postmaster, with weakened body, was able to leave his sick-bed. "No more of this," said he with decision. "I must get a transfer." He at once wrote off to Calcutta an application for a transfer, on the ground of the unhealthiness of the place.

Relieved from her duties as nurse, Ratan again took up her old place outside the door. But she no longer heard the same old call. She would sometimes peep inside furtively to find the postmaster sitting on his chair, or stretched on his bed, and staring absent-mindedly into the air. While Ratan was awaiting her call, the postmaster was awaiting a reply to his application. The girl read her old lessons over and over again,—her great fear was lest, when the call came, she might be found wanting in the double consonants. At last, after a week, the call did come one evening. With an overflowing heart Ratan rushed into the room with her—"Were you calling me, Dada?"

The postmaster said: "I am going away to-morrow, Ratan."

"Where are you going, Dada?"

"I am going home."

"When will you come back?"

"I am not coming back."

Ratan asked no other question. The postmaster, of his own accord, went on to tell her that his application for a transfer had been rejected, so he had resigned his post and was going home.

For a long time neither of them spoke another word. The lamp went on dimly burning, and from a leak in one corner of the thatch water dripped steadily into an earthen vessel on the floor beneath it.

After a while Ratan rose, and went off to the kitchen to prepare the meal; but she was not so quick about it as on other days. Many new things to think of had entered her little brain. When the postmaster had finished his supper, the girl suddenly asked him: "Dada, will you take me to your home?"

The postmaster laughed. "What an idea!" said he; but he did not think it necessary to explain to the girl wherein lay the absurdity.

That whole night, in her waking and in her dreams, the postmaster's laughing reply haunted her—"What an idea!"

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On getting up in the morning, the postmaster found his bath ready. He had stuck to his Calcutta habit of bathing in water drawn and kept in pitchers, instead of taking a plunge in the river as was the custom of the village. For some reason or other, the girl could not ask him about the time of his departure, so she had fetched the water from the river long before sunrise, that it should be ready as early as he might want it. After the bath came a call for Ratan. She entered noiselessly, and looked silently into her master's face for orders. The master said: "You need not be anxious about my going away, Ratan; I shall tell my successor to look after you." These words were kindly meant, no doubt: but inscrutable are the ways of a woman's heart!

Ratan had borne many a scolding from her master without complaint, but these kind words she could not bear. She burst out weeping, and said: "No, no, you need not tell anybody anything at all about me; I don't want to stay on here."

The postmaster was dumbfounded. He had never seen Ratan like this before.

The new incumbent duly arrived, and the postmaster, having given over charge, prepared to depart. Just before starting he called Ratan and said: "Here is something for you; I hope it will keep you for some little time." He brought out from his pocket the whole of his month's salary, retaining only a trifle for his travelling expenses. Then Ratan fell at his feet and cried: "Oh, Dada, I pray you, don't give me anything, don't in any way trouble about me," and then she ran away out of sight.

The postmaster heaved a sigh, took up his carpet bag, put his umbrella over his shoulder, and, accompanied by a man carrying his many-coloured tin trunk, he slowly made for the boat.

When he got in and the boat was under way, and the rain-swollen river, like a stream of tears welling up from the earth, swirled and sobbed at her bows, then he felt a pain at heart; the grief-stricken face of a village girl seemed to represent for him the great unspoken pervading grief of Mother Earth herself. At one time, he had an impulse to go back, and bring away along with him that lonesome waif, forsaken of the world. But the wind had just filled the sails, the boat had got well into the middle of the turbulent current, and already the village was left behind, and its outlying burning-ground came in sight.

So the traveller, borne on the breast of the swift-flowing river, consoled himself with philosophical reflections on the numberless meetings and partings going on in the world—on death, the great parting, from which none returns.

But Ratan had no philosophy. She was wandering about the post office in a flood of tears. It may be that she had still a lurking hope in some corner of her heart that her Dada would return, and that is why she could not tear herself away. Alas for our foolish human nature! Its fond mistakes are persistent. The dictates of reason take a long time to assert their own sway. The surest proofs meanwhile are disbelieved. False hope is clung to with all one's might and main, till a day comes when it has sucked the heart dry and it forcibly breaks through its bonds and departs.

After that comes the misery of awakening, and then once again the longing to get back into the maze of the same mistakes.

12.4 SUMMARY

'The Postmaster' is a very heart-rending story of the relationship between a simple rustic girl and a city-bred man. The man from Calcutta is posted as a postmaster in a remote village of Ulapur. The postmaster felt like a fish out of water in this remote village. Here, he did not have much work to do. To pass the time, he also tried his hand at writing verse.

Due to his meager salary, he had to cook his own meals and used to share with Ratan. Ratan is an orphan girl of the village and helps him to do his daily chores. She cooks food, cleans for the postmaster, fetches his water for him and stokes his hookah. She is vital to his survival in the village.

Without much to do, the postmaster feels forlorn and bored. To overcome his sheer loneliness in the village, the postmaster gradually starts to chitchat with Ratan. This makes Ratan feel comfortable with him. She slowly opens up and develops affection for him. He listens to the stories of her childhood, her parents and family members. On an impulse he begins teaching Ratan to read and write. She is also equally curious to learn. Soon she lives for his call. Ratan, in all her simplicity grows immensely attached to her 'Dada'. On the contrary, for the postmaster she is just a medium of passing time.

In the suffocating atmosphere of village, the postmaster gets sick. In his illness, Ratan takes care of him and nurses him like a mother. As soon as he recovered from his ailment, he writes off to Calcutta office, an application for transfer, on the ground of his poor health at Ulapur. This gives Ratan a tremendous shock, when she learns that her master, her elder brother and above all her only living guardian on earth was leaving the village. The affectionate bond that grows up between them was suddenly severed. Ratan has become so emotionally dependent on the postmaster that she could not find meaning of her existence at Ulapur in his absence. In her desperate need to continue the bond with the postmaster, Ratan asks him to take her with him. He laughs out her desire by saying: "What an idea!" Ratan's plea in fact, strikes him so absurd that he does not even bother to explain his refusal. The postmaster fails to realize even for a moment, the depth of her feelings.

Out of pity, he offers her a substantial portion of his month's salary. But Ratan denies to take anything at all. She falls at his feet, begs him not to give her anything and runs away to hide her tears. The offer of money burns the very core of her being. It appears to her as a crude insult and hence bursting into tears she runs away refusing all the material helps from him. This shakes the postmaster from within but only for a while. The postmaster is also suffering from a sense of guilt. When his boat starts moving, he has a thought of going back to Ratan and takes her with him. But this momentary feeling is soon relieved with the thought that there are many separations and deaths on this earth. As he is carried away from the village on the monsoon-swollen river, leaving Ratan for his replacement, the postmaster consoles himself with philosophical reflections. He ponders on num-

berless meetings and partings in the world, and on death- the great parting, from which there is no return. "But Ratan", Tagore reminds us, "had no philosophy".

Ratan stays back with her dumb agony and acute despair. She is unable to understand the harshness of life and is still hopeful that her 'Dadababu' would come back to give her shelter. Tagore portrays the vanity of Ratan's affection and the miserable situation she entangles herself in.

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12.5 THEME

i) Loneliness and the search for meaning

Loneliness and the search for meaning in the world are the main themes of Rabindranath Tagore's '*The Postmaster*'. The story begins and ends with this. The postmaster spends his evening with Ratan speaking about his family: "memories which were always haunting him". He also falls sick from his family's separation and loneliness. The story also ends with this. Ratan is separated from him. She stands dumbfounded and earnestly longs that her 'Dadababu' would come back.

ii) Companionship

Companionship and dependency can be seen through how the relationship between the postmaster and Ratan grows through the course of this story. The relationship between the postmaster and Ratan is an emotionally imbalanced one. The postmaster's needs are met in his relationship with Ratan. He finds a companion even though he is isolated from others. He finds in Ratan a person who helps him pass the time in Ulapur. When he is with Ratan, the postmaster is able to relive the joys of his family and his past life in Calcutta. At the same time, the postmaster benefits from Ratan's loyalty towards him. Ratan had developed an affectionate bond with him.

The relationship between the postmaster and Ratan grows through the course of the story. It emerges from the need for a companion in both the characters. The postmaster comes to a remote village from the city. He does not have enough work to keep himself busy. Ratan provides companionship to the postmaster and grows dependent on him. When the postmaster falls sick, Ratan takes care of him until he recovers. She is heartbroken when he leaves without her and she longs for him to come back.

When the postmaster tells Ratan he is leaving, she is taken aback. She asks to accompany him. But the dismissiveness in his response reflects how her needs were a distant second to his in their relationship. Tagore illustrates a relationship where two desperate people who met in one particular moment needed one another at that point of time. Here, the postmaster's needs were met, while Ratan's emotional needs remained unfulfilled.

The Postmaster's love and compassion for the young girl and her musing by herself late into the night suggests loneliness. The Postmaster understands implicitly what it may be like to be that lonely, to live that loner's life. Ratan, who has no life, no home, and no job, lacks the Postmaster's perspective on life.

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Once in a while the postmaster tries his hand at writing a verse or two. His salary is small and an orphan girl named Ratan from the village helps him by managing his domestic works. He speaks to her about his mother and sister in the evenings, and would keep enquiring about her family. He would speak with sadness of all those “memories which were always haunting him”.

Tagore ends the story by saying that human beings often fall into hope without seeing reason, and long before they realize, disappointment becomes too hard to handle. Ratan the little orphan girl is interested in nothing beyond her own needs and family. Most unsettling, perhaps, and tragic in its sterility, is Ratan’s love for the Postmaster. Ratan complains to the Postmaster that there could be nothing upon which the patron could base his decision because she has no marks in his mind. This comment reveals Ratan’s ignorance about human nature, and a certain naïveté that comes from inexperience. Ratan, it would seem, has lived a very unsheltered life. She needs a shelter and Tagore infuses the situation with tragedy by having the Postmaster helpless in this situation.

The ending of Tagore’s short story brings forth the theme of inevitability and universality of pain and suffering in the world. The ending, in particular the last two paragraphs, takes an almost global perspective to the conditions of both Ratan and the postmaster. Tagore suggests that in their separation, pain is evident and it is experienced by both the characters though they belong to two different worlds.

12.6 CHARACTERISATION

12.6.1 Character sketch of the Postmaster

The postmaster is a city-bred man from Calcutta. He is posted in a remote village named Ulapur. He is an intellectual and a profound thinker. He often thinks about life and philosophizes about various subjects. He feels lonely and displaced in the village. He wants to share his deepest thoughts and sentiments with someone close but cannot, unfortunately, find it in himself to communicate with the locals for he does not deem them decent or intelligent enough. Through the dialogue, Tagore reveals the Postmaster as a man searching desperately for something to cling to in his life, for some meaning. He tries to pacify his longing emotions by writing poetry. Due to his meager salary, he has to cook his own meals and he shares his food with Ratan.

Ratan is an orphan girl of the village and helps him to do his daily chores. Without much to do, the postmaster feels forlorn and bored. To overcome his sheer loneliness in the village, the postmaster gradually starts to chitchat with Ratan. He also teaches Ratan to read and write. Ratan, in all her simplicity grows immensely attached to her ‘Dada’. On the contrary, for the postmaster she is just a medium of passing time.

In the suffocating atmosphere of the village, the postmaster gets sick. In his illness, Ratan takes care of him and nurses him like a mother. As soon as he recovered from his ailment, he writes off to Calcutta office, an application for a transfer, on the ground of his poor health at Ulapur. This gives Ratan a tremendous shock. When Ratan asks whether she can accompany him, her request strikes him so absurd that he does not even bother to explain his refusal. The postmaster fails to

realize even for a moment, the depth of her feelings. This shows that he is not emotionally attached to Ratan as she is to him.

The postmaster at last for a moment experiences a sense of guilt. When his boat is moving, he has an impulse to go back to Ratan and take her with him. But this momentary feeling is soon relieved with the thought that there are many separations and deaths on this earth. In this light, the postmaster is revealed to be emotionally ambivalent about one of the most important decisions of his life.

12.6.2 Character sketch of Ratan

Tagore peeps into the human heart and excavates the human emotions through the portrayal of Ratan. She is a little orphan girl of a village called Ulapur. She is duty bound, caring and sensitive. She helps the postmaster to do his daily chores. She cooks food, does cleaning, fetches water and stokes his hookah. She is vital to his survival in the village.

She slowly opens up and develops an affection for him. He listens to the stories of her childhood, her parents and family members. On an impulse, he begins teaching Ratan to read and write. She is also equally curious to learn. Soon she lives for his call. Ratan, in all her simplicity grows immensely attached to her 'Dada'. When the postmaster falls sick, Ratan takes care of him and nurses him like a mother. When she learns that her master is leaving the village, she is dumbfounded. Ratan has become so emotionally dependent on the postmaster that she could not find meaning of her existence at Ulapur in his absence. In her desperate need to continue the bond with the postmaster, Ratan asks him to take her with him. But her proposal is laughed out by him.

Tagore has vividly described how dutiful the poor orphan is. Even after hearing the shocking news that the postmaster would never come back to her, she does not forget to bake fresh loaves for her master's dinner and slowly goes to the kitchen. Even when she learns that her proposal to her master to take her with him has appeared absurd to him, she meticulously arranges for water for his early morning shower by picking it up from the river late at night. She does all these chores with a completely broken heart.

Being naïve and impressionable, Ratan is not able to accept the separation with her master- cum- guardian- 'Dadababu' easily. She still is not mature enough to understand the harshness of life and is still hopeful that her Dadababu would come back to give her shelter.

But Ratan's simplicity and blind faith does not help her in any way. This does nothing but cruelly tearing her heart into pieces. She finally sinks in a deep sea of misery and excruciating agony.

It is universality that human hearts are powerlessly fond of hope, even when it is a false one. Tagore writes: "Alas, for our foolish human nature! Its fond mistakes are persistent. . . . and then once again the longing to get back into the maze of the same mistakes".

12.7 LET US SUM UP

Rabindranath Tagore's *The Postmaster* revolves round two characters named

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Ratan and the postmaster and the relationship they form during the course of the story. While a simple rustic girl, Ratan seems emotionally attached to her 'Dadababu' and develops an affectional tie with him, the postmaster seems unaffected by her sentiments. Tagore depicts the futility of Ratan's love and the pathetic situation she finds herself in with great intensity.

12.8 KEY WORDS

Fish out of water-	in an unusual or unfamiliar situation
Sentiments-	feelings
Genie-	spirit with supernatural powers
Macadamized road-	(here) well- made city roads
Cicada-	a kind of insect
Mendicants-	beggars
Ghostly shiver-	a shiver caused as if by the presence of a ghost
Unleavened-	unfermented
Exile-	outcast
Allude-	refer
A persistent bird-	a bird that endlessly repeats the same tone
Shimmer-	twinkle
Remnants-	bits and pieces
Kindred soul-	family member, relative
Sprawling-	lying or sitting with arms and legs spread out
Punts-	flat bottom boats
Dada-	(in Bengali) elder brother
Plaintive-	sad, mournful
Furtively-	secretly
Haunted-	disturbed, troubled
Dumbfounded-	struck dumb with surprise
Incumbent-	the holder of an office
Waif-	homeless child
Longing-	desire, yearning

12.9 SUGGESTED READING

You would be benefitted by reading the following short stories:

Kabuliwallah by Rabindranath Tagore

Subha by Rabindranath Tagore

Atithi by Rabindranath Tagore

Maanbhanjan by Rabindranath Tagore

The Letter by Dhumketu

The only American From Our Village by Arun Joshi

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS: 1

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ANSWER THE QUESTIONS IN BRIEF.

- (1) What memories did Ratan have about her past?
- (2) “When postmaster had nothing to do he decided to teach Ratan.” Explain in brief.
- (3) Why did the postmaster stop teaching Ratan?
- (4) “Ratan ceased to be a little girl. She at once, stepped into the post of mother”- Discuss in brief.
- (5) What was Ratan’s immediate reaction on hearing the postmaster’s decision? Why do you think she reacted in this way?
- (6) What provisions did the postmaster make for Ratan when he was leaving?
- (7) Why did Ratan wander near the post office?

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS: 2**WRITE SHORT NOTES.**

- (1) Draw character sketches of the postmaster and Ratan and discuss the relationship between them.
- (2) Trace the growth of Ratan’s love for the postmaster and its eventual failure.
- (3) “Tagore explores in the story man’s psychological need for some form of love”- Discuss.
- (4) Justify the title of the story.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS:3**CHOOSE THE CORRECT ANSWER FROM THE OPTIONS GIVEN BELOW.**

- 1) Rabindranath Tagore authored _____
 - a) The Post Master
 - b) A Cup of Tea
 - c) A Lottery Ticket
 - d) The Letter
- 2) Where are you going Dada? (Who is Dada in this story?)
 - a) Ratan’s brother
 - b) The Post Master
 - c) None of these
- 3) “Ratan ceased to be a little girl.”(What does the statement mean?)
 - a) Ratan acted like a little girl
 - b) Ratan has shown her maturity and responsibility
 - c) Ratan has turned eighteen
 - d) None of the above
- 4) The Postmaster belongs to which city?
 - a) Chennai
 - b) Ahmedabad
 - c) Calcutta
 - d) London
- 5) The man from Calcutta is posted as a postmaster in a remote village of _____.

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- a) Udaipur
c) Sitampur
- b) Dharampur
d) Ulapur
- 6) Who is Ratan?
a) Ratan is postmaster's sister
b) Ratan is postmaster's daughter
c) Ratan is an orphan girl of the village and helps the postmaster to do his daily chores
d) None of the above
- 7) What is the Postmaster's main hobby in "The Postmaster"?
a) Writing Poetry
b) Fishing
c) Bird watching
d) Writing Songs
- 8) The Postmaster is about
a) About the mundane work of the post office
b) a little girl and a man from a distant land
c) An elite woman and a rustic man
d) None of the above
- 9) The postmaster stopped teaching Ratan after sometime as _____
a) Postmaster got transferred in another village
b) Ratan was a poor learner
c) Ratan did not show any interest in learning
d) He was preoccupied in his wait for transfer order
- 10) What did Ratan do when postmaster left the village?
a) She kept wandering near the post office
b) Ratan also went along with the postmaster to Calcutta
c) She took the charge of the post office
d) None of the above

ANSWER

Check Your Progress 3

1. a
2. b
3. b
4. c
5. d
6. c
7. a
8. b
9. d
10. a