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Full BOOK **III** (Plays and Poems)

SALMAN UL WAHEED

Teacher/ Teacher Trainer/ Author/ Director

Focal Person OCAS Higher Education Dept. Punjab

Focal Person PEEF Punjab

PhD Scholar English Linguistics

M.Phil. Applied Linguistics (GCU FSD)

Controller Exams & Lecturer English Govt. Degree College CS Shaheed

Former Entry Test Expert @ KIPS/PGC/NISHAT/SKANS Multan

Current Entry Test Expert @ STARS Multan

Author of 'Chemical Grammar'



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MCAT SPECIFIC

BOOK III

BY

PROF. SALMAN UL WAHEED

Play 1

HEAT LIGHTENING

The drab interior of a bus station **along a deserted highway** somewhere in the midwest. There are two long benches stage Right, back to back; one faces the audience and one faces the rear wall. A door up Center leads out onto the road. It has a single glass pane **in the top** and the bottom is wooden. Two doors, up Left and down Left. Up Left door reads "Men"; down left door reads "Women." The room is lighted by an overhanging light with a dull green shade. A large bus schedule on the wall up Right Center. A window is up right of Center and another at Right.

The Sound of heavy RAIN can be heard outside. LIGHTNING flashes outside followed by large bursts of THUNDER. With each flash of lightning the light in the room dims almost to the point of going out, but somehow feebly struggles back to its full strength.

When the curtain rises the stage is bare .Then a Man enters from the "Men's room". He is a pleasant looking Man of about thirty five. He **takes off** his hat and shakes the **water from it**; puts it on the bench downstage. He **glances at** the door up Center. Moves to it and Peers out; turns and moves to the Schedule on the wall and reads it. He then moves downstage and sits on the bench facing the audience. He **picks up** a discarded newspaper that **lies on the seat beside** him. He glances back **at the door**, then turn his attention once more **to the paper** and begins going **through it** casually.

The door up Center suddenly bursts open and a Girl of about twenty-three **rushes into** the room. She is sobbing and is **out of breath**. She **throws** her body **against** the door, slamming it. The Man turns about quickly. She throws the bolt into place and turns slowly, seeing the Man. The Girl's clothes are wet and muddy. Her hair is disheveled. She sobs and rushes to the Man quickly.

Girl (Hysterically). Thank God! You're here! Oh, thank God!
(She almost falls and the Man catches her.)

Man: My dear! What is it?

Girl: Help me. Oh, please-please help me!

Man: Good Heavens! You're in a terrible state. What has happened?

Girl: Don't let him in. Please. He's after me. Please don't let him in.

Man: Who? Who's after you?

Girl: He'll be here any minute. Please-help me!

(The girl looks to the Center door. The LIGHTNING flashes and the LIGHT dims slowly. The girl **looks at** the light and **begins sobbing** again.)

Man: Please, my dear, try to tell me what happened. You've locked the door. No one can come in. Now try to calm yourself.

(The LIGHT has recovered again)



- Girl:** you're waiting for the bus, aren't you? Oh, don't leave me! (She rushes into his arms.)
- MAN:** There, my dear! Of course I won't leave you!
- GIRL:** The bus .What time-oh, tell me it will be here soon.
- MAN:** The last one's due any time now. The storm has probably slowed it down .Now, listen to me. I shall do whatever I can for you, but you must tell me what has happened.
- Girl:** Yes-Yes-I must get hold of myself.
- Man:** Here sit down. (He brings her down to the bench facing the audience.)
There, now, that's better, isn't it? Now-
- GIRL:** I was at a party. I-I could have stayed all night with a friend, but I thought I had **enough gas** to get home-
- MAN:** Where do you live?
- GIRL:** About eight miles from here.
- MAN:** I see.
- GIRL:** About a mile from here, I suppose-I don't really know, I **ran out of gas** - I took my flashlight and locked the car and started walking down
The road. There are **so few cars** this time of the morning, but I thought - anyway - I knew I could get the bus when it **came along** and then-go back for the car later. (She **breaks off** and **glances at** the door again. She **shudders at** her own thoughts.)
- MAN:** Come on, now. You were doing fine.
- GIRL:** I must have walked-I don't know-just a little way, when I noticed a car **pulled off into a lane**. I saw the rear light burning. I wanted to call to them. I thought I'd just **call out** to them and ask **if they could help** me- if they might let me have some gas.
- MAN:** Did you?
- Girl:** **No**-I-I didn't get the chance to. I walked **near enough** to the car **to be heard if I called**, but-before I could **call out**, I saw someone. The front door of the car was open and someone was **standing by** it. A man-
He hadn't heard me-he was-he was pulling something out of the car.
I couldn't tell what it was at first-and then the lightning-and I - saw her hand and then-her head-her hair was light and long and dragged in the mud.
- Man:** This is dreadful!
(There is a flash of LIGHTNING and crash of THUNDER.)
- Girl:** He'll be here. He'll be here. I'm scared. Oh, God, I'm scared.
- Man:** Did he see you?
- Girl:** Maybe my flashlight -maybe I screamed- I don't know -I don't think I screamed, I was too frightened. He looked up-I knew he saw me. I dropped the flashlight and started running. I could hear him behind me. I could hear the water **splashing under** his feet as he ran. I knew he was



behind me-I was afraid I was going to faint. I ran crazy like **all over the road** - then I **ran off** the road and **into the woods**-I **circled round** and round hoping I'd lose him, but I **kept hearing** something behind me_ I ran until I fell-I knew there was no use-I couldn't keep it up-but then I realized I must have lost him- because I didn't hear him anymore.

MAN:

And you came straight here, then?

Girl:

Yes-Yes-Oh, he's still out there-somewhere. He'll be here. Oh God I know he will.

MAN:

The bus will be here soon and you'll be all right.

GIRL:

Yes. Oh,-God, please let it come quickly.

MAN:

You'll have to get to the police immediately.

GIRL:

No-I couldn't. I don't want to-I'm afraid.

MAN:

But you must. It's your duty. This is a dreadful thing.

GIRL:

I know, but-what could I tell them?

Man:

Tell them what you told me just now.

Girl:

That wouldn't be enough-they'd **want me to describe him**. Maybe identify him. I couldn't-I just couldn't.

MAN:

Are you sure you couldn't think of something that might give them a lead. Anything?

GIRL:

I don't even know what he looked like. I couldn't see him very well-I was so frightened,

MAN:

Nevertheless you've got to go to the police.

GIRL:

I don't know. I-

MAN:

They'll ask you a lot of questions, of course, but I'm sure you can answer most of them. After you tell them the story the way you told it to me, there'll be routine questions, but they'll be simple. They'll probably ask you something like-was he wearing a hat? How was he dressed?

GIRL:

I don't even know that!

MAN:

Or-was he tall? Was he short? How would you describe him generally?

GIRL:

I don't know-I swear-I just don't know.

MAN:

In the lightning-are you sure you didn't see his face at all?

GIRL:

I don't remember. Maybe he was wearing a hat or something. I don't **remember seeing his face**.

MAN:

But you saw the girl.

GIRL:

No-I didn't.

MAN:

But you said her **hair was** light-and you saw her hand.

GIRL:

Yes, I did. In the lightning, I think-Yes.

MAN:

But you don't **remember seeing** him?

GIRL:

No-I don't. (She **begins sobbing**.)

I'm sorry-I shouldn't be going on like this-you are **much too upset** to even think any more about it. Don't worry about it anymore. Something will come to you later-that you've forgotten about right now. You'll See.



- Girl:** Perhaps.
- Man:** Your flashlight-for instance. You could identify that, couldn't you?
- GIRL:** Yes – but -
- MAN:** There, you see! Now-look-(Points to "Women's room.") Go in there, and dry your eyes and **fix yourself up**. You'll feel **much better**.
- GIRL:** You won't leave, will you?
- MAN:** Of course not, my dear. I'll be right here!
(She moves toward the door up Left. There is a brilliant flash of LIGHTNING. The LIGHT begins to dim. The Girl looks toward the Center door. There is a second flash of LIGHTNING illuminating the Center door. The Girl screams. In the flash of lightning, a Man's face can be seen **pressed against** the glass outside the door. The door rattles viciously. The LIGHT in the room has almost **dimmed out**.)
- Man:** (Pushing her toward "Women's room"). Get in there. Stay until I tell you to come out. (The man pushes her **into the room** quickly.)
- Second Man:** (Outside the door. Rattles the door viciously once more). Let me in. Open This door. Let me in!
- Man:** What do you want?
- Second Man:** (Outside). I want to get out of this storm. What the hell do you think I want? What's the idea of locking this door? You think you own this place? (The Man **goes to the door** slowly, throws back the bolt and the second Man enters quickly. He is a nondescript sort of person. Tall, nice- looking and about thirty years of age. He **looks about** the room as he enters.) You've got no right to lock that door - keeping people outside in this kind of weather. (The Second Man **moves up to the Schedule** on the wall.)
Has there been a bus?
- MAN:** No-not yet.
- Second Man:** Late, huh? Good.
- Man:** Why?
- Second Man:** Why? I'd have missed it **if it were on time**-wouldn't I?
- Man:** Yes – of course-how **stupid of me**.
- Second Man:** There's someone else here, isn't there?
- Man:** What do you mean?
- Second Man:** I saw somebody else when I looked in.
- Man:** There-
- Second Man:** A girl, **wasn't it**?
(The **two Men** look at **each other** a moment; then the First Man walks to the door where the Girl has gone and **knocks on it** .The door opens slowly and the Girl enters. When she sees the other man standing in the room, she starts to cry out, but the Man puts his finger to his lip **conveying silence to her** and then guides her downstage to the bench)
- Second Man:** I thought you said -



MAN: I didn't say anything.

SECOND MAN: You tried to tell me there was no one else here. I thought there was -

MAN: Did you?

SECOND MAN: Yeah, I was sure there was. What was the idea of lying?

MAN: I wasn't conscious of lying about anything.

SECOND MAN: Yeah? I guess I'm imaginin' things. Oh, well - forget it. How far you going?

MAN: just into town.

SECOND MAN: How about you Miss?

Girl: Not far.
(The Second Man starts moving down **toward the Girl**. She **sees him coming**, and **moves over to the wall**, **appearing** to read the schedule)

SECOND MAN: It's pretty late, isn't it? I was in luck, don't you think? I told that to our friend here, but he didn't get it. (To First Man). I'll bet she's smarter **than you are**.

MAN: Yes-I suppose she might-be.

SECOND MAN: (noticing the girl's nervousness). Say, you look pretty nervous about something. Storm upset your plans? You can expect storms to **slow up buses**. **If** people **were** smart they **wouldn't be out on a night** like this. Just try to get somewhere when it storms -can't be done -especially if you're **in a hurry**.

GIRL: I'm- I'm in no particular hurry.

Second Man: Well, I'm sure as hell am - but there's nothing I can do about it - I guess.
(There is another flash of LIGHTNING and the LIGHT dims very low again. The Girl is **pressed against** the Right window **in fear**. The LIGHT recovers)

Second Man: Say - you're really upset, aren't you? Has somebody been bothering you?
(The Second Man moves toward her again.)

Girl: It's-it's just the storm.

Second Man: Afraid of storms?

Girl: Yes-I-am.
(The Girl seems **as if** she **is about to faint**. The First Man pushes ahead of the second Man and takes her by the arm and leads her down to the bench)

MAN: She'll be all right. Why don't you leave her alone?

Second Man: Yeah: Sure! (He moves away, watching the Girl.)
(There is another brilliant flash of LIGHTNING and a crack of THUNDER. The LIGHT dims slowly and goes out. The Girl **lets out** a muffled cry.)

Man: Here! Have a chewing gum, my dear.
(The Man opens the packet and gives her one. The Second Man pushes his head between them.)

Second Man: Don't mind to have one more, do you?

Man: No. of course not. (Gives him one more.)
(The LIGHT comes up slowly.)

Second Man: Thanks. (He **strolls up** toward the Center door.) God! What a night!
Always wonder what brings people out on nights like this. Wouldn't catch me out if it weren't pretty important. (To Man.) How about you?



Man: I have early business in town.
Second Man: (To Girl). And you?
Girl: I was visiting-with friends. I should have stayed the night.
Second Man: oh you're not together then?
Man: Er - no-
Second Man: see. (He moves down toward the Girl) How far did you say you were?
Going?
Girl: Not far-about eight miles.
(The Second Man **sits beside her** and she moves away suspiciously.)
Second Man: never saw anybody **so afraid of** a storm.
Girl: It's the Lightning- I _
SECOND MAN: Lightning. I used to be **afraid of** it, when I was a kid, but I **got over** it. All by myself too, (He takes the girl's arm) Look! Come here. I'll show you. (He leads her up to the window rear Right.) Watch the sky the next time there's a big flash. One of the really beautiful sights in this world if you look at it right - like a great big Fourth of July. (There is now a brilliant flash of LIGHTNING.) Look! See! What did I tell you? It's just like it was **cutting** the whole word **in** two. (The Girl **breaks away** and goes Right.) You wouldn't even watch it .**You'll** never **get over** being afraid of things **if** you **won't** face them.
GIRL: I can't.
(There is a hum of MOTOR in the distance. They all listen. The second Man goes to the window.)
SECOND MAN: I guess that's it -Yep-Looks empty.
GIRL: Empty!
(There is the sound of BREAKS being applied .Each **waits for** the other to make the first move.)
SECOND Man: Well- are we going?
MAN: No!
SECOND MAN: What?
MAN: I'm not going!
SECOND MAN: WHY?
MAN: I don't see that I have to give you a reason for what I do.
SECOND MAN: NO- I guess you don't at that - (He **looks at** the girl, then **moves to** her, **reaching for** her arm.) Well, in that case, I guess we'll just keep each other company, won't we? (The girl is stunned .She **looks to** the First Man, who stands behind the Second man. The First Man shakes his head "no". There is the sound of a HORN outside.)
GIRL: (**Backing away** from the second man.) No - No - I don't think I'll go either I'll wait.
SECOND MAN: I think **you'd better come on**. We'll have it **all to ourselves**.
GIRL: No - No - I won't .Leave me alone. I'm going to stay here - with him.



- SECOND MAN:** (Looks from one to the other). I get it. Waiting for a bus! (He laughs.) No wonder you had the door locked! (The Second Man **exits laughing**.)
(The Girl **rushes** after him, **slamming** the door and **throwing** the bolt once more. She **listens to the sound** of the BUS **pulling away**. Then she turns quickly to the Mam.)
- Girl:** Thank God!
- MAN:** I tried to tell him you weren't here.
- GIRL:** But you let him in-In God's name-why?
- MAN:** He was making such a disturbance out there. Besides there was really no way to tell for certain that-
- Girl:** No-He's gone-He's gone-I guess it wasn't-No-I somehow don't think it was-
- MAN:** You don't think it **was he**?
- GIRL:** No-I-don't-
- MAN:** Yes-You do! You know that wasn't the man. Why? That's a **step to remembering**.
- GIRL:** No-only that he-left. He left-
- MAN:** Yes, you do! I knew it would come back slowly-that you'd remember something.
- GIRL:** No!
- MAN:** First, you would say-That wasn't the man because I remember-and then later-That was the man because I remember. Yes. You-would remember!
- GIRL:** No! (There is another brilliant flash of LIGHTNING and the LIGHT begins to dim.) Oh-no-the light-Dear God-No!
- Man:** Don't worry, my dear. You'll have light.
(He has taken a flashlight from his coat pocket. The Girl **stares at it** as the LIGHTNING crashes again and the already very dim LIGHT dies completely. The piercing light of the flashlight is the only light in the room. The Girl **runs up** to the Center door and **pulls at it**. She bolts the door before the Man comes near her. A dog that comes there **by chance** to save itself from the storm jumps and seizes the Man with its sharp teeth. The Light **plays over**, and highlights the inside of the room. The dog forces the man to **run away** and the Girl comes out to pat the dog).

Important Information

یو ایچ ایس 2018 MDCAT میں 30 میں سے 28 سوال
پروفیسر سلمان الوحید کے MDCAT ڈیٹا میں سے آئے تھے۔
19 سوال انٹر کی کتابوں میں سے تمام وہ جگہیں تھیں جو سر سلمان
نے ان کتابوں میں highlight کی ہوئی تھیں۔ جبکہ 10 میں سے
9 vocabulary correct options سر سلمان کی کتاب UHS
MDCAT VOCAB PLUS میں سے تھے۔



Play 2

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET

Stock shot: The night sky, stars. Then slowly a luminous object **arcs into view**. As it is almost upon us, dissolves to the living room of the Spelding house in Maryland. Superimpose Card: "THE TIME THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW" The room is comfortably balanced between the expensively decorated **and the homely**. ROGER SPELDING is concluding his TV broadcast. He is middle-aged unctuous, resonant. His wife bored and vague, knits passively while he talks at his desk. Two technicians are **on hand**, operating the equipment. His daughter, ELLEN, a lively girl of twenty, fidgets the as she listens.

Spelding: (Into microphone)... And so, according to General Powers... who should know if anyone does.... The flying object which has given rise to so much irresponsible conjecture is nothing **more than** a meteor **passing through** the earth's orbit. It is not, as many believe, a secret weapon of this country. **Nor is it** a spaceship as certain lunatic elements have suggested. General Powers has assured me that it is highly doubtful there is any form of life on other planets **capable of building** a spaceship. "If any travelling is to be done in space, we will do it first." And those are his exact words.... Which **winds up** another week of news. (Crosses to **pose with** wife and daughter). This is Roger Spelding, saying good night to Mother and Father America, from my old homestead in Silver Glen, Maryland, **Close to** the warm pulse beat of the nation.

Technician: Good show tonight, Mr. Spelding.

Spelding: Thank you.

Technician: Yes sir, you were right **on time**.

Spelding nods wearily, his mechanical smile and heartiness suddenly gone.

Mrs. Spelding: Very nice, dear. Very nice.

Technician: See you next week, Mr. Spelding.

Spelding: Thank you, boys.

Technicians go.

Spelding: Did you like the broadcast, Ellen?

Ellen: Of course I did, Daddy.

Spelding: Then what did I say?

Ellen: Oh, that's not fair.

Spelding: It's not **very flattering** when one's own daughter won't listen to what one says while millions of people...

Ellen: I always listen, Daddy, you know that.

Mrs. Spelding: We love your broadcasts, dear. I don't know what we'd do without them.

Spelding: Starve.

Ellen: I wonder **what's keeping John**.

Spelding: Certainly not work.

Ellen: Oh, Daddy, stop it! John works very hard and you know it.



- Mrs. Spelding:** Yes, he's a perfectly nice boy, Roger. I like him.
- Spelding:** I know I know: He has every virtue except the most important One: he has no get-up-and-go.
- Ellen:** (Precisely) He doesn't want to get up and he doesn't want to go because he's already where he wants to be on his own farm which is exactly where I'm going to be when we're married.
- Spelding:** **More** thankless **than** a **serpent's tooth** is **an ungrateful** child.
- Ellen:** I don't think that's right. Isn't it "more deadly ..."
- Spelding:** Whatever the exact quotation is, I **stand by** the sentiment.
- Mrs. Spelding:** Please don't quarrel. It always gives me a headache.
- Spelding:** I never quarrel. I merely reason, in my simple way, with Miss Know-it-all here.
- Ellen:** Oh, Daddy! Next you'll tell me I should marry for money.
- Spelding:** There is nothing **wrong with marrying** a wealthy man. The horror of it has always eluded me. However, my only wish is that you marry someone hard-working, ambitious, a man who'll **make his mark** in the world. Not a boy who plans to sit **on a farm** all his life, growing peanuts.
- Ellen:** English. Walnuts.
- Spelding:** Will you stop correcting me?
- Ellen:** But, Daddy, John grows walnuts . . .
John enters, breathlessly.
- John:** Come out! Quick! It's coming this way. It's going to land right here!
- Spelding:** What's going to land?
- John:** The spaceship. Look!
- Spelding:** Apparently you didn't hear my broadcast. The flying object in question is a meteor not a spaceship.
John has gone out with Ellen. Spelding and Mrs. Spelding follows.
- Mrs. Spelding** Oh my! Look! Something is falling! Roger, You don't think it's going to hit the house, do you?
- Spelding:** The **odds against being hit** by a falling object that size are, I should say, roughly, **ten million to one**.
- John:** Ten million to one are not it's going to land right here, and it's not falling.
- Spelding:** I'm sure it's a meteor.
- Mrs. Spelding:** Shouldn't we go down to the cellar?
- Spelding:** If it's not a meteor, it's an optical illusion . . . mass hysteria.
- Ellen:** Daddy its real spaceship. I'm sure it is.
- Spelding:** Or maybe a weather balloon. Yes, that's what it is.
General Powers said only yesterday . . .
- John:** Its landing!
- Spelding:** I'm going to call the police... The Army. Bolts inside.
- Ellen:** Oh look how it shines!
- John:** Here it comes!



- Mrs. Spelding:** Right in my rose garden!
- Ellen:** May be it's a balloon.
- John:** No. It's a spaceship and right in your own backyard.
- Ellen:** What makes it shine so?
- John:** I don't know but I'm going to find out.
Runs off toward the light.
- Ellen:** Oh, darling, don't! John, please! John, John come back!
Spelding wide-eyed returns.
- Mrs. Spelding:** Roger, it's landed right in my rose garden.
- Spelding:** I got General Powers. He's coming over. He said they've been watching this thing. They... they don't know what it is.
- Ellen:** You mean it's **nothing of ours**?
- Spelding:** They believe it... (Swallows hard)... It's from outer space.
- Ellen:** And John's down there! Daddy, get a gun or something.
- Spelding:** Perhaps **we'd better leave** the house until the Army gets here.
- Ellen:** We can't leave John.
- Spelding:** I can. (Peers nearsightedly) Why, it's not **much larger than** a car. I'm sure it's some kind of meteor.
- Ellen:** Meteors are blazing hot.
- Spelding:** This is a cold one....
- Ellen:** It's opening.... The whole side's opening! (Shouts) John! Come back! Quick...
- Mrs. Spelding:** Why, there's a man **getting out of it**! (Sighs) I feel much better already. I'm sure if we ask him, he'll move that thing for us. Roger, you ask him.
- Spelding:** (Ominously) If it's really a man?
- Ellen:** John's shaking hands with him (Calls) John darling, **come on** up here...
- Mrs. Spelding:** And bring your friend...
- Spelding:** There's something wrong with the way that creature looks... if it is a man and not a ... monster.
- Mrs. Spelding:** He looks perfectly nice to me.
John and the visitor appear. The visitor is in his forties, a mild, pleasant looking man with side –whiskers and dressed in the fashion of 1860. He pauses when he sees the three people, **in silence** for a moment. They **stare back at him**, equally interested.
- Visitor:** I seem to've made a mistake. I am sorry. **I'd better go** back and **start over** again.
- Spelding:** My dear sir, you've only just arrived. Come in, come in. I don't need to tell you what a pleasure this is..... Mister.... Mister....
- Visitor:** Kreton... This is the wrong costume, isn't it?
- Spelding:** Wrong for what?
- Kreton:** For the country, and the time,
- Spelding:** Well, it's a trifle old-fashioned.



- Mrs. Spelding: But really **awfully handsome**.
- Kreton: Thank you.
- Mrs. Spelding: (to husband), Ask him about **moving that thing off my rose bed**.
Spelding **leads** them all **into** living room.
- Spelding: **Come on in** and sit down. You must be tired after your trip.
- Kreton: Yes, I am a little. (Looking around delightedly) Oh, it's better than I'd Hoped!
- Spelding: Better? What's better?
- Kreton: The house That's what you call it? Or is this an apartment?
- Spelding: This is a house in the State of Maryland, U.S.A.
- Kreton: In the late 20th century! To think this is really the 20th century. I must sit down a moment and collect myself. The real thing!
He sits down.
- Ellen: You ... You're not an American, are you?
- Kreton: What a nice thought! No, I'm not,
- John: You sound **more English**.
- Kreton: Do I? Is my accent very bad?
- John: No, It's quite good.
- Spelding: Where are you from, Mr. Kreton?
- Kreton: (Evasively) Another place,
- Spelding: On this earth of course,
- Kreton: No, not on this planet.
- Ellen: Are you from Mars?
- Kreton: Oh dear no, not Mars. There's nobody on Mars . . . At least no one I know.
- Ellen: I'm sure you're teasing us and this is all some kind of publicity stunt.
- Kreton: No. I really am from another place.
- Spelding: I don't suppose you'd **consent to my interviewing** you on television?
- Kreton: I don't think your authorities will like that. They are **terribly upset** as it is.
- Spelding: How do you know?
- Kreton: Well, I... **pick up** things. For instance, I know that in a few minutes a number of people from your Army will be here to question me and they ... like you... are **torn by doubt**.
- Spelding: How extraordinary!
- Ellen: Why did you come here?
- Kreton: Simply a visit to your small planet. I've been studying it for years. In fact, one might say, you people are my hobby. Especially, this period of your development.
- John: Are you the first person from your planet to travel in space **like** this!
- Kreton: Oh my no! **Everyone travels** who **wants to**. It's just that no one wants to visit you. I can't think, why? I always have. You'd be surprised what a thorough study I've made.(Recites) The planet, Earth, is **divided into** five continents with a number of large island. It is mostly water .There is one



moon. Civilization is only just beginning ...

Spelding: Just beginning! My dear sir, we **have had**.

Kreton: (Blandly) You are only in the initial stages, the most fascinating stages **as far as** I'm concerned ... I do hope I don't sound patronizing.

Ellen: Well, we are very proud.

Kreton: I know and that's one of your most endearing primitive traits. Oh I can't believe I'm here at last!

General Powers, a vigorous product of the National Guard, and his AIDE enter.

Powers: All right folks. The place is surrounded by troops. Where is the monster?

Kreton: I, my dear General am the monster.

Powers: What are you **dressed up for**, a fancy- dress party?

Kreton: I'd hoped to be in the costume of the period. As you see I am about a hundred years too late.

Powers: Roger, who is this joker?

Spelding: This is Mr. kreton General Powers. Mr. kreton **arrived in** that thing outside. He is from another planet.

Powers: I don't believe it.

Ellen: It's true. We **saw** him **get out** the flying saucer.

Powers: (To AIDE) Captain, go down and look at the ship. But be careful. Don't touch anything. And don't let anybody else near it. (AIDE goes)

Kreton: So you're from another planet.

Kreton: Yes. My, that's a very smart uniform but I prefer the ones made of metal, the ones you used to wear, you know: with the feathers on top.

Powers: That was five hundred years ago ... Are you sure you're not from the Earth?

Kreton: Yes.

Powers: Well. I'm not you've got some **pretty tall explaining** to do.

Kreton: Anything to oblige.

Powers: All right, which planet?

Kreton: None that you have ever **heard of**.

Powers: Where is it?

Kreton: You wouldn't know.

Powers: This solar system?

Kreton: No.

Powers: Another system?

Kreton: Yes.

Powers; Look, Buster, I don't want to play games: I just want to know where you're from. The law requires it.

Kreton: It's possible that I could explain it to a mathematician but I'm afraid I





couldn't explain it to you, not for another five hundred years and by then of course you'd be dead because you people do die, don't you?

Powers: What?

Kreton: Poor fragile butterflies, such brief little moments in the sun... You see we don't die.

Powers: You'll die all right if it **turns out** you're **a spy** or **a hostile alien**.

KRETON: I'm sure you wouldn't be so cruel.
AIDE returns; he look disturbed.

Powers: What did you find?

AIDE: I'm not sure, General.

Powers: (Heavily) Then do your best to describe what the object is like,

AIDE: Well, it's elliptical, with a **fourteen foot diameter**. And it's made of an unknown metal which shines and inside there isn't anything, Isn't anything?

AIDE: There's nothing inside the ship: No instruments, no food, nothing.

Powers: (To Kreton) What did you do with your instrument board?

KRETON: With my what? Oh, I don't have one.

Powers: How does the thing travel?

KRETON: I don't know.

Powers: You don't know. Now look, Mister, you're in pretty serious trouble. I suggest you do a bit of cooperating. You claim you travelled here from outer space in a machine with no instruments...

Kreton: Well, these cars are rather common in my world and I suppose once upon a time, I must've known the theory on which they operate but I've long since forgotten. After all, General. We're not mechanics, **you and I**.

Powers: Roger, do you mind if we use your study?

Spelding: Not at all. Not at all, General.

Powers: **Mr. Kreton and I are going to have** a chat. (To AIDE) **put in** a call to the Chief of Staff.

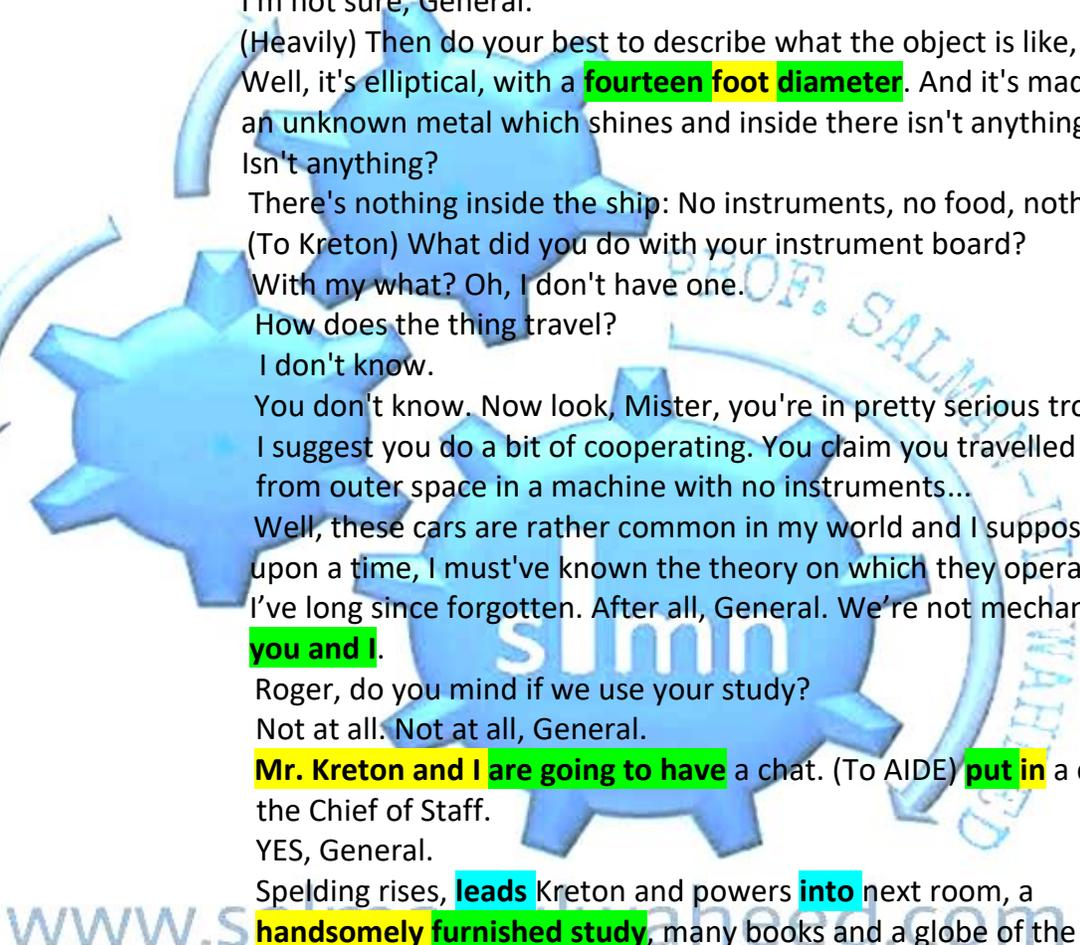
AIDE: YES, General.
Spelding rises, **leads** Kreton and powers **into** next room, a **handsomely furnished study**, many books and a globe of the world.

Spelding: This way gentleman.
(Kreton sits down comfortably beside the globe which he twirls thoughtfully. At the door, Spelding speaks **in a low voice** to Powers) I hope I'll be the one to get the story first, Tom.

Powers: There isn't any story. Complete censorship. I'm sorry but this house is under martial law. I've a hunch we're in trouble.
(He shuts the door Spelding turns and rejoins his family)

Ellen: I think he's wonderful whoever he is.

Mrs. Spelding: I wonder how much damage he did to my rose garden ...





John: It's sure hard to believe he's really from outer space. No Instruments, no nothing ... boy, they must be advanced scientifically.

Mrs. Spelding: Is he spending the night, dear?

Spelding: What?

Mrs. Spelding: Is he spending the night?

Spelding: Oh yes, yes, I suppose he will be.

Mrs. Spelding: Then I'd better go make up the bedroom. He seems perfectly nice to me. I like his whiskers. They're so very ... comforting. Like Grandfather Spelding's she goes.

Spelding: (Bitterly) I know this story will leak out before I can interview him. I just know it.

Ellen: What does it mean, we're under martial law.

Spelding: It means we have to do what General Powers tells us to do. (He goes to the window as a soldier passes by) See?

John: I wish I'd taken a closer look at that ship when I had the chance.

Ellen: Perhaps he'll give us a ride in it.

John: Travelling in space! Just like those stories. You know: intergalactic drive stuff.

Spelding: If he's not an impostor.

Ellen: I have a feeling he isn't.

John: Well, I better call the family and tell them I'm all right. He crosses to telephone by the door which leads into the hall.

Aide: I'm sorry sir, but you can't use the phone.

Spelding: He certainly can. This is my house

Aide: (Mechanically) This house is a military reservation until the crisis is over: Order General Powers. I'm sorry.

John: How am I to call home to say where I am?

AIDE: Only General Powers can help you. You're also forbidden to leave this house without permission.

Spelding: You can't do this!

AIDE: I'm afraid, sir, we've done it.

Ellen: isn't it exciting!
Cut to study.

Powers: Are you deliberately trying to confuse me?

Kreton: Not deliberately, no.

Powers: We have gone over and over this for two hours now and all that you've told me is that you're from another planet in another solar System....

Kreton: In another dimension. I think that's the word you use.

Powers: In another dimension and you have come here as a tourist.

Kreton: Up to a point, yes. What did you expect?

Powers: It is my job to guard the security of this country.



Kreton: I'm sure that must be very interesting work.

Powers: For all I know, you are a spy, sent here by an alien race to study us, preparatory to invasion.

Kreton: Oh none of my people would dream of invading you.

Powers: How do I know that's true?

Kreton: You don't, so I suggest you believe me. I should also warn you: I can tell what's inside.

Powers: What's inside?

Kreton: What's inside your mind?

Powers: You're a mind reader?

Kreton: I don't really read it. I hear it.

Powers: What am I thinking?

That I am **either a lunatic** from the earth **or a spy** from another world.

Powers: Correct. But then you could've guessed that. (Frowns) What am I thinking now?

Kreton: You're **making a picture**. Three silver stars. You're pinning them on your shoulder, instead of the two stars you now wear.

Powers: (Startled) that's right. I was thinking of my promotion.

Kreton: If there's anything I can do to hurry it along, just let me know.

Powers: You can. Tell me why you're here,

Kreton: Well, we don't travel much, my people. We used to but since we see everything through special monitors and re-creators, there is no particular need to travel. However, I am a hobbyist. I love to **gad about**.

Powers: (Taking notes) Are you the first to visit us?

Kreton: Oh, no! We started visiting you long before there were people on the planet. However, we are seldom noticed on our trips. I'm sorry to say I slipped up, coming in the way I did... But then this visit was all rather impromptu. (Laughs) I am a creature of impulse, I fear.

AIDE: AIDE looks in.

AIDE: Chief of Staff on the telephone, General.

Powers: (Picks up phone). Hello! Yes, sir. Powers speaking. I'm talking to him now. No. sir. No, sir. No, we can't determine what method of power was used. He won't talk. Yes, sir. I'll hold him here. I've put the house under martial law... Belongs to a friend of mine, Roger Spelding, the TV commentator. Roger Spelding, the TV... What?

Oh, no, I'm sure he won't say anything. Who... oh, yes, sir. Yes, I realize the importance of it. Yes, I will. Good-bye. (Hangs up) The President of the United States wants to know all about you.

Kreton: How nice **of him!** And I want to know all about him. But I do wish you'd let me rest a bit first. Your language is still not **familiar to me**. I had to learn them all, quite exhausting.



- Powers:** You speak all our languages?
Kreton: Yes, all of them. But then it's **easier than** you might think since I can see what's inside.
- Powers:** Speaking of what's inside, we're going to **take your ship apart**.
Kreton: Oh, I wish you wouldn't.
Powers: Security demands it.
Kreton: In that case my security demands you leave it alone.
Powers: You plane to stop us?
KRETON: I already have ... Listen.
Far – off shouting AIDE **rushes into study**.
- AIDE:** Something's happened to the ship, General. The door's shut and there's some kind of wall **all around it**, an invisible wall. We can't **get near it**.
Kreton: (To camera) I hope there was no one inside.
Powers: (To Kreton) How did you do that?
Kreton: I couldn't begin to explain. Now if you don't mind, I think we should go in and see our hosts.
He rises, goes into living room. **Powers and AIDE look at each other**.
Powers: Don't **let him out of your sight**.
Cut to living room as power picks up phone. Kreton is with John and Ellen.
Kreton: I don't **mind curiosity** but I really can't permit them to wreck my poor ship.
Ellen: What do you plan to do, now you're here?
Kreton: Oh, keep busy. I have a project or two ... (sight) I can't believe you're real.
John: Then we're all in the same boat.
Kreton: Boat? Oh, Yes! Well, I should have come ages ago but ... I couldn't get away until yesterday.
John: Yesterday? It only took you a day to get here?
Kreton: One of my days, not yours. But then you don't know about time yet.
John: Oh, you mean relativity.
Kreton: No, it's much more involved than that. You won't know about time until ... now let me see if I remember ... no, I don't, but it's about two thousand years.
John: What do we do **between now and then**?
Kreton: You simply go on the way you are, living your exciting primitive lives ... you have no idea how much fun you're having now.
Ellen: I hope you'll stay with us while you're here.
Kreton: That's very of you. Perhaps I will. Though I'm sure you'll **get tired of having a visitor under foot** all the time.
Ellen: Certainly not. And Daddy will be deliriously happy. He can interview you by the hour.
John: What's it like in outer space?
Kreton: Dull.
Ellen: I should think it would be divine!



- Powers enters.
- Kreton:** No, General, it won't work.
- Powers:** What won't work?
- Kreton:** Trying to **blow up** my little force field. You'll just **plough up** Mrs. Spelding's Garden. *Powers snarls and goes into study.*
- Ellen:** Can you tell what we're all thinking?
- Kreton:** Yes. As a matter of fact, it makes me a bit giddy. Your minds are not at all **like ours**. You see we control our thoughts while you ... well, it's extraordinary the things you think about!
- Ellen:** Oh, how awful you can tell everything we think?
- Kreton:** Everything! It's **one of the reasons** I'm here, to **intoxicate** myself **with** your primitive minds ... with the wonderful rawness of your emotions! You have no idea how it excites me! You simply **seethe with** unlikely emotions.
- Ellen:** I've never **felt so sordid**.
- John:** From now on I'm going to think about agriculture.
- Spelding:** (Entering) you would.
- Ellen:** Daddy.
- Kreton:** No, no. you must go right on thinking about Ellen. Such **wonderfully purple** thoughts!
- Spelding:** Now see here, powers, you're carrying this martial law thing too far ...
- Powers:** Unfortunately, until I have received word from Washington as to the final disposition of this problem, you must obey my orders: no telephone calls, no communication with the outside.
- Spelding:** This is unsupportable.
- Kreton:** Poor Mr. Spelding! If you like, I shall go. That would solve everything, Wouldn't it?
- Powers:** You're not going anywhere, Mr. Kreton, until I've had my instructions.
- Kreton:** I sincerely doubt **if you could** stop me. However, I put it up to Mr. Spelding. Shell I go?
- Spelding:** Yes! (Powers gestures a warning) Do stay, I mean, we **want you to get** a good impression of us ...
- Kreton:** And of course you still want to be the first journalist to interview me. Fair enough. All right, I'll stay on for a while.
- Powers:** Thank you.
- Kreton:** Don't mention it.
- Spelding:** General, may I ask our guest a few question?
- Powers:** Go right ahead, Roger. I hope you'll do **better than I did**.
- Spelding:** Since you read our minds, you probably already know what our fears are.
- Kreton:** I do, yes.
- Spelding:** We are afraid that you represent a hostile race.
- Kreton:** And I have assured General Powers that my people are not remotely hostile. Except for me, no one is interested in this planet's present stage.
- Spelding:** Does this mean you might be interested in a later stage?



- Kreton:** I'm not permitted to discuss your future. Of course my friends think me perverse to be interested in a primitive society but there's no accounting for tastes, is there? You are my hobby. I love you. And that's all there is to it.
- Powers:** So you're just here to look around ... sort of going native.
- Kreton:** what a nice expression! That's it exactly. I am going native.
- Powers:** (Grimly) well, it is my view that you have been sent here by another civilization for the express purpose of reconnoitering **prior to** invasion.
- Kreton:** That would be your view! The wonderfully primitive assumption that all strangers are hostile. You're almost **too good to be true**, General.
- Powers:** You deny your people intend to make trouble for us?
- Kreton:** I deny it.
- Powers:** Then are they interested in establishing communication with us? Trade? That kind of things.
- Kreton:** We have always had communication with you. As for trade, well, we do not trade ... that is something peculiar only to your social level. (Quickly) Which I'm not criticizing! As you know, I **approve of** everything you do.
- Powers:** I give up.
- Spelding:** You have no interest then in ... well, trying to dominate **the earth**.
- Kreton:** Oh, yes!
- Powers:** I thought you just said your people weren't **interested in us**.
- Kreton:** They're not, but I am.
- Powers:** You!
- Kreton:** Me ... I mean I. You see I've come here to take charge.
- Powers:** Of the United States?
- Kreton:** No, of the whole world. I'm sure you'll be **much happier** and it will be great fun for me. You'll get used to it **in no time**.
- Powers:** This is ridiculous. How can one man **take over** the world?
- Kreton:** (Gaily) wait and see!
- Powers:** (To AIDE) Grab him!
- Kreton:** Powers and AIDE rush kreton but **within a foot of him**, they stop, stunned. You can't touch me. That part of the game. (He yawns) Now, if you don't mind, I shall **go up to my room** for a little lie – down.
- Spelding:** I'll show you the way.
- Kreton:** That's all right. I know the way. (Touches his brow) Such savage thoughts! My head is vibrating **like a drum**. I feel quite giddy, all of you **thinking away**. (He **starts to the door**; he pauses **beside** Mrs. Spelding) No, it's not a dream, dear lady. I shall be here in the morning when you **wake up**. And Now, good night, dear, wicked children ... He goes as we **fade out**.



Play 3

THE OYSTER AND THE PEARL

Harry van Dusen's barber shop in O.k. –by-the-sea, California, population 909. The sign on the window says: HARRY VAN DUSEN, BARBER. It's an old- fashioned shop, **crowded with** stuff not usually found in barber shop – Harry himself, for instance. He has never been known to **put on** a barber's white jacket or to work without a hat of some sort on head: a stovepipe, a derby, a western, a homburg. A skullcap, a beret, or a straw, as if putting on these various hats somewhat expressed the quality of his soul, or suggested the range of it.

On the walls, on shelves, **are many odds and end**, some apparently **washed up** by the sea, which is a block down the street: abalone and other shells, rocks, pieces of driftwood, a lifejacket, rope, sea plants. There is an old-fashioned chair.

When the play begins. Harry is seated **in the chair**. A boy of nine or ten named Clay Larrabee is giving him a haircut. Harry is reading a book, one of many in the shop.

CLAY: Well, I did what you told me, Mr. Van Dusen. I hope it's all right.
I'm no barber, though. (He begins to comb the hair)

HARRY: You just gave me a haircut, didn't you?

CLAY: I don't know what you'd call it. You want to look at in the mirror?
(He holds out a small mirror.)

HARRY: No thanks. I remember the last one.

CLAY: I guess I'll never be a barber.

HARRY: May be not. On the other hand, you may **turn out** to be the one man **hidden away** in the junk of the world will bring **merriment to** the tired old human heart.

CLAY: Who? Me?

Harry: Why not?

CLAY: Merriment to the tired old human heart? How do you do that?

HARRY: Compose a symphony, paint a picture, write a book, and invent a philosophy.

CLAY: Not me! Did you ever do stuff like that?

Harry: I did.

CLAY: What did you do?

HARRY: Invented a philosophy.

CLAY: What's that?

HARRY: A way to live.

CLAY: What way did you invent?

HARRY: The Take-it-easy way.

CLAY: That sounds pretty good.

HARRY: All philosophies sound good. The trouble **with mine** was, I **kept forgetting** to take it easy. Until one day. The day I **came off** the highway **into this barber shop**. The barber told me the shop was for sale. I told him all I had **to my name** was eighty dollars. He sold me the shop for seventy five, and **threw in** the haircut. I've been here ever since. That was twenty four years ago.

CLAY: Before I was born.



- HARRY: Fifteen or sixteen years before you were born.
- CLAY: How old were you then?
- HARRY: **Old enough to know** a good thing when I saw it.
- CLAY: What did you see?
- HARRY: O.K. by-the-sea, and this shop_ the proper place for me to
That a couplet. Shakespeare had them **at the end** of a scene, so I guess
that's the end of haircut. (He gets out of the chair, goes to the hat tree
and **puts on** a derby.)
- CLAY: I guess I **would** never **get** a haircut **if** you **weren't** in town, Mr. Van Dusen.
- HARRY: Nobody would, since I'm the only barber.
- CLAY: I mean, free of charge.
- HARRY: I give you a haircut free of charge, you give me a haircut free of charge.
That's fair and square.
- CLAY: Yes, but you're barber. You get a dollar a haircut.
- HARRY: Now and then I do. Now and then I don't.
- CLAY: Well, anyhow, thanks a lot. I guess I'll **go down to** the beach now and **look for**
stuff.
- HARRY: I'd go with you but I'm expecting **a little** Saturday business.
- CLAY: This time I'm going to find something **real good**, I think.
- HARRY: The sea **washes up** some pretty good things at that, doesn't it?
- CLAY: It sure does, except money.
- HARRY: What do you want the money for?
- CLAY: Things I need.
- HARRY: What do you need?
- CLAY: I **want to get** my father to come home again. I **want to buy** mother a present.
- HARRY: Now, wait a minute, Clay, **let me get** this straight. Where is your father?
- CLAY: I don't know. He **went off** the day after I got my last haircut **about a**
month ago.
- HARRY: What do you mean, he **went off**?
- CLAY: He just **picked up** and **went off**?
- HARRY: Did he say when he was coming back?
- CLAY: No. All he said was, 'Enough's enough'. He wrote it **on the kitchen wall**.
- HARRY: Enough's enough?
- CLAY: Yeah. We all thought he'd be back in a day or two, but now we know we've got
to find him and bring him back.
- HARRY: How do you expect to do that?
- CLAY: Well, we-put an ad in The O. K.-b-the-Sea Gull, That comes out every Saturday.
- HARRY: (Opening the paper). This paper? But your father's not in town. How will he see
an ad in this paper?
- CLAY: He might see it. Anyhow, we don't know what else to do. We're **living off** the
money we saved from the summer we worked, but there ain't **much left**.
- HARRY: The summer you worked!



- CLAY:** Yeah. Summer before last, just before we moved here, we picked cotton in Kern County. My father, my mother, and me.
- HARRY:** (indicating the paper). What do you say in your ad?
- CLAY:** (looking at it). Well, I say... Clark Larrabee. Come home. Your fishing tackles in the closet safe and sound. The fishing's good, plenty of cabazon, perch, and bass. **Let bygones be bygones.** We miss you. Mama, Clay, Roxanna, Rufus, Clara.
- HARRY:** That's a good ad.
- CLAY:** Do you think if my father reads it, he'll come home?
- HARRY:** I don't know, Clay. I hope so.
- CLAY:** Yeah. Thanks a lot for the haircut, Mr. Van Dusen.
(Clay goes out. Harry **takes off** derby, lathers his face, and begins to shave with a straight-edge razor. A pretty girl **comes into the shop**, **closing** a colorful parasol. She has long blonde hair.)
- HARRY:** Miss America, I presume.
- THE GIRL:** Miss McCutcheon.
- HARRY:** Harry Van Dusen.
- THE GIRL:** How do you do.
- HARRY:** (bowing). Miss McCutcheon.
- THE GIRL:** I'm new here.
- HARRY:** You'd be new anywhere, brand new, I might say. Surely you don't live here.
- THE GIRL:** As a matter of fact, I do. At any rate, I've been here since last Sunday.
You see, I'm the new teacher at the school.
- HARRY:** You are?
- THE GIRL:** Yes, I am.
- HARRY:** How do you like it?
- THE GIRL:** One week at this school has **knocked me for a loop.** As a matter of Fact, I want to quit and home to San Francisco. At the same time I have a feeling I ought to stay. What do you think?
- HARRY:** Are you serious? I mean, in asking me?
- THE GIRL:** Of course I'm serious. You've been here a long time. You know everybody in town. Shall I go, or shall I stay?
- HARRY:** **Depends on** what you're **looking for.** I stopped here twenty – four years ago because I decided I wasn't looking for anything anymore. Well, was mistaken. I was looking, and I've found exactly what I was **looking for.**
- THE GIRL:** What's that?
- HARRY:** A chance to take my time. That's why I'm still here. What are you Looking for, Miss McCutcheon!
- THE GIRL:** Well
- HARRY:** I mean, besides a husband.....
- THE GIRL:** I'm not looking for a husband. I expect a husband to look for me.
- HARRY:** That's fair.
- THE GIRL:** I'm looking for a chance to teach.



- HARRY:** That's fair too.
- THE GIRL:** But this town!... The children just don't seem to care about anything, whether they get good grades or bad, whether they pass or fail, or anything else. On top of that, almost **all of them are** unruly. The only thing they seem to be **interested in** is games, and the sea. That's why I'm **on my way** to **the beach** now. I thought if I could watch them on a Saturday I might understand them better.
- HARRY:** Yes, that's a thought.
- THE GIRL:** Nobody seems to have any sensible ambition. It's all fun and play. How can I teach children like that? What can I teach them?
- HARRY:** English.
- THE GIRL:** Of course.
- HARRY:** (drying his face). Singing, dancing, cooking.....
- THE GIRL:** Cooking?... I must say I expected to see a **much older** man.
- HARRY:** Well! Thank You!
- THE GIRL:** Not at all.
- HARRY:** The question is, shall you stay, or shall you go back to San Francisco?.
- THE GIRL:** Yes.
- HARRY:** The answer is, go back while the going's good.
- THE GIRL:** Why? I mean, a moment ago I believed you were going to point out Why I ought to stay, and then suddenly you say I ought to go back. Why?
- HARRY:** (after a pause). You're **too good** for a town like this.
- THE GIRL:** I am not!
- HARRY:** Too young and **too intelligent**.
- THE GIRL:** You seem to think all I want is to find a husband.
- HARRY:** But only to teach. You want to teach him to become a father, so you can have a lot of children of your own to teach.
- THE GIRL:** (She sits almost angrily in the chair and speaks very softly.) I'd like a poodle haircut if you don't mind, Mr. Van Dusen.
- HARRY:** You'll have to get that in San Francisco, I'm afraid.
- THE GIRL:** Why? Aren't you a barber?
- HARRY:** I am.
- THE GIRL:** Well, this is your shop. It's open for business. I'm a customer. I've got money. I want a poodle haircut.
- HARRY:** I don't know how to give a poodle haircut but even if I know how, I Wouldn't do it.
- THE GIRL:** Why not?
- HARRY:** I don't **give** women **haircuts**. The only women who visit this shop bring their small children for haircuts.
- THE GIRL:** I want a poodle haircut, Mr. Van Dusen.
- HARRY:** I'm sorry, Miss McCutcheon. In my sleep, in a nightmare, I would not cut your hair. (The sound of a truck stopping is **heard from across the**



Street.)

THE GIRL: (softly, patiently, but firmly). Mr. Van Dusen, I've 'decided to stay, and the first thing I've got to do is change my appearance. I don't **fit into the scenery around** here.

HARRY: Oh, I don't know. **If I were** a small boy going to school, **I'd** say you look just right.

THE GIRL: You're just like the children. They don't take me seriously, either. They think I'm nothing **more than** a pretty girl who is going to **give up** in despair and go home. **If** you **give** me a poodle haircut **I'll look** more, well, plain and simple. I plan to dress differently, Too. I'm determined to teach here. You've got to help me. Now, Mr. Van Dusen, the Shears, please.

HARRY: I'm sorry, Miss McCutcheon. There's no need to change your appearance at all. (Clark Larrabee **comes into the shop**.)

HARRY: You're next, Clark. (Harry **helps** Miss McCutcheon **out of the chair**. She gives him an angry glance.)

THE GIRL: (*whispering*). I won't forget this rudeness, Mr. Van Dusen.

HARRY: (also *whispering*). Never whisper in O. K.-by-the-Sea. People- misunderstand. (Loudly) Good day, Miss.

[*Miss McCutcheon opens her parasol with anger and leaves the shop. Clark Larrabee has scarcely noticed her. He **stands looking at** Harry's junk **on the Shelves**.*]

HARRY: Well, Clark, I haven't seen you **in a long time**.

CLARK: I'm just **passing through**, Harry. Thought I might **run into** Clay here.

HARRY: He was here a little while ago.

CLARK: How is he?

HARRY: He's fine, Clark.

CLARK: I been working in Salinas. Got a **ride down** in a truck. It's **across the street** now at the gasoline station.

HARRY: You've been home, of course?

CLARK: No. I haven't.

HARRY: Oh?

CLARK: (after a slight pause). I've left Fay, Harry.

HARRY: You got time for a haircut, Clark?

CLARK: No thanks, Harry. I've **got to go back to Salinas on that truck across the street**.

HARRY: Clay's somewhere **on the beach**.

CLARK: (handing Harry three ten-dollar bills). Give him this, will you? Thirty dollars. Don't tell him I gave in to you.

HARRY: Why not?

CLARK: I **would rather he didn't know** I was around. Is he all right?

HARRY: Sure, Clark. They're all O.K. I mean.

CLARK: Tell him to take the money home to his mother. (He **picks up** newspaper, the Gull.)

HARRY: Sure, Clark. It **came out** this morning. Take it along.

CLARK: Thanks. (He puts the paper in his pocket -) How've things been going with you, Harry?



- HARRY:** Oh, I can't kick. Two or three haircuts a day. A lot of time to read. A few laughs. A few surprises. The sea. The fishing. It's a good life.
- CLARK:** **Keep an eye on** Clay, will you? I mean-well, I had to do it.
- HARRY:** Sure.
- CLARK:** Yeah, well that's the first money I've been able to save. When I make some more, I'd like to send it here, so you can hand it to Clay, to take home.
- HARRY:** Anything you say, Clark. (There is the sound of the truck's horn blowing)
- CLARK:** Well (He goes to the door.) Thanks, Harry, thanks a lot.
- HARRY:** Good seeing you, Clark.
- [Clark Larrabee goes out. Harry watches him. A truck shifting gears is heard and then the sound of truck **driving off**. Harry picks up a book, changes hats, sits down in the chair and begins to read. A man of forty or so, well-dressed, rather swift, comes in.]*
- THE MAN:** Where's the barber?
- HARRY:** I'm the barber.
- THE MAN:** Can I get a haircut, **real quick**?
- HARRY:** (getting out of the chair). **Depends on** what you mean by real quick.
- THE MAN:** (sitting down). Well, just a haircut then.
- HARRY:** (putting an apron around the man). O. K. I don't believe I've seen you before.
- THE MAN:** No. They're changing the oil **in my car across the street**. Thought I'd **step in** here and get a haircut. Get it out of the way before I get to Hollywood. How many miles is it?
- HARRY:** About two hundred straight down the highway. You can't miss it.
- THE MAN:** What town is this?
- HARRY:** O. K. by-the-Sea.
- THE MAN:** What do the people do here?
- HARRY:** Well, I cut hair. Friend of mine named Wozzeck repairs watches, radios, alarm clocks, and sells jewelry.
- THE MAN:** Who does he sell it **to**?
- HARRY:** The people here. It's imitation stuff mainly.
- THE MAN:** Factory here? Farms? Fishing?
- HARRY:** No. Just **the few** stores **on the highway**, the houses further back in the hills, the church, and the school. You a salesman?
- THE MAN:** No. I'm a writer.
- HARRY:** What do you write?
- THE MAN:** A little bit of everything. How about the haircut?
- HARRY:** You got to be in Hollywood tonight?
- THE MAN:** I don't have to be anywhere tonight, but that was the idea. Why?
- HARRY:** Well, I've always said a writer could **step into** a place like this watch things a little while, and get a whole book **out of it**, or a play.
- THE MAN:** Or if he was a poet, a sonnet.
- HARRY:** Do you like Shakespeare's?



- THE MAN:** They're just about the best in English.
- HARRY:** It's not often I get a writer in here. **As a matter of fact** you're the only writer **I've had** in here in twenty years, not counting Fenton.
- THE MAN:** Who's he?
- HARRY:** Fenton Lockhart.
- THE MAN:** What's he write?
- HARRY:** He gets out the weekly paper. Writes the whole thing himself.
- THE MAN:** Yeah. Well, how about the haircut?
- HARRY:** O.K.
- [Harry puts a hot towel around the man's head. Miss McCutcheon, carrying a cane chair without one leg and without a seat, comes in. With her is Clay with something in his hand, a smaller boy named Greeley with a bottle of sea water, and Roxanna with an assortment of shells.]*
- CLAY:** I got an oyster here, Mr. Van Dusen.
- GREELEY:** Miss McCutcheon claims there ain't a big pearl in it.
- HARRY:** (looking at Miss McCutcheon). Is she willing to admit there's a little one in it?
- GREELEY:** I don't know. I know I got sea water in this bottle.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Mr. Van Dusen, Clay Larrabee seems to believe there's a pearl in this oyster **he happens to have found on the beach.**
- CLAY:** I didn't happen to find it. I went **looking for** it. You know Black Rock, Mr. Van Dusen? Well, the tide hardly ever gets **low enough** for a fellow to **get around to the ocean side** of Black Rock, but a little while ago it did, so I went around there to that side. I got to **poking around** and I found this oyster.
- HARRY:** I've been here twenty-four years, Clay, and this is the first time I've ever heard of anybody finding an oyster **on our beach** at Black Rock, or anywhere else.
- CLAY:** Well, I did, Mr. Van Dusen. It's shut tight, it's alive, and there's a pearl in it, worth at-least three hundred dollars.
- GREELEY:** A big pearl.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Now, you children **listen to** me. It's never **too soon** for any of us to face the truth, which is supposed to set us free, not imprison us. The truth is, Clay, you want money because you need money. The truth is also that you have found an oyster. The truth is also that there is no pearl in the oyster.
- GREELEY:** How do you know? Did you look?
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** No, but neither did Clay, and in **as much as** only one oyster in a million has a pearl in it, truth favors the probability that this is not the millionth oyster-the oyster with the pearl in it.
- CLAY:** There's a big pearl in the oyster.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Mr. Van Dusen, shall we open the oyster and show clay and his sister Roxanna and their friend Greeley that there is no pearl in it?
- HARRY:** In a moment, Miss McCutcheon. And what's that you have?
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** A chair, as you see.



- HARRY:** How many legs does it have?
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Three of course. I can count to three, I hope.
- HARRY:** What do you want with a chair with only three legs?
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** I'm going to bring things from the sea the same as everybody else in town.
- HARRY:** But everybody else in town doesn't bring things from the sea-just the children, Judge Applegarth, Fenton Lockhart, and myself.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** In any case, the same as the children, Judge Applegarth, Fenton Lockhart, and you. Judge Applegarth? Who's he?
- HARRY:** He judged animals at a county fair one time, so we call him Judge.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Dogs or hounds?
- HARRY:** Hound's a little old-fashioned but I **prefer it to** dogs, and since both words mean the same thing. Well, I wouldn't care to call a man like Arthur Applegarth a dog's judge.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Did he actually judge dogs, as you prefer to put it, at a county fair one time? Did he even do that?
- HARRY:** Nobody checked up. He said he did.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** So that **entitled** him **to** be called judge Applegarth?
- HARRY:** It certainly did.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** On that basis, Clay's oyster has a big pearl in it because he says so, is that it?
- HARRY:** I didn't say that.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Are we living in the middle ages, Mr. Van Dusen?
- GREELY:** No, this is 1953, Miss McCutcheon.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Yes, Greeley, and to illustrate what I mean that's water you have in that bottle. Nothing else.
- GREELY:** Sea water.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Yes, but there's nothing else in the bottle.
- GREELY:** No. But **there's little things** in the water. You can't see them now, but they'll **show up** later. The water of the sea is full of things.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Salt, perhaps.
- GREELY:** No. Living things. If I look hard I can see some of them now.
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** You can imagine seeing them. Mr. Van Dusen, are you going to help me or not?
- HARRY:** What do you want me to do?
- MISS McCUTCHEON:** Open the oyster of course, so Clay will see for himself that there's no pearl in it. So he'll begin to face reality, as he should, as each of us should.
- HARRY:** Clay, do you mind if I look at the oyster a minute?
- CLAY:** (handing the oyster to Harry). There's a big pearl in it, Mr. Van Dusen.
- HARRY:** (examining the oyster). Clay... Roxanna... Greeley... I wonder if you'd go down the street to Wozzeck's. Tell him to come here the first chance he gets. **I'd rather he opened** this oyster. I might damage the pearl.
- CLAY, GREELEY, and ROXANNA. O. K., Mr. Van Dusen. (They go out.)



MISS McCUTCHEON. What pearl? What in the world do you think you're trying to do **to the minds of these children**? How am I ever going to teach them the principles of truth with an **influence like yours** to **fight against**?

HARRY: Miss McCutcheon, The people of O. K.-by-the-Sea are all poor. Most of them can't afford to **pay for** the haircuts I give them. There's no excuse for this town at all, but the sea is here, and so are the hills. **A few** people find jobs a couple of months every year North or South, come back half dead of homesickness, and **live on next to nothing** the rest of the year. **A few** get pensions. Every family has a garden and a few chickens, and they make a few dollars selling vegetables and eggs. In a town of almost a thousand people there isn't one rich man, Not even one who is **well off**. And yet these people are the richest I have ever known. Clay doesn't really want money, as you seem to think. He wants his father to come home, and he thinks money will help **get** his father home. **As a matter of fact** his father is the man who stepped in here just as you were leaving. He **left** thirty dollars **for me** to give to Clay, to take home. His father and his mother haven't been **getting along**. Clark Larrabee's a fine man. He's not the town drunk or anything like that, but having four kids to **provide for** he **gets to feeling ashamed of** the showing he's making, and he starts drinking. He wants his kids to live in a good house of their own, wear good clothes, and all the other things fathers have always wanted for their kids. His wife wants these things for the kids, too. They don't have these things, so they fight. They had one too many fights about a month ago, so Clark **went off** he's working in Salinas. He's **either** going to keep **moving away** from his family, **or** he's going to come back. It all depends on-well, I don't know what. This oyster maybe. Clay maybe. (Softly) You and me may be. (There is a pause. He **looks at** the oyster. Miss McCutcheon **looks at** it, too.) Clay believes there's a pearl in this oyster for the same reason you and I believe whatever we believe to **keep us going**.

MISS McCUTCHEON: Are you suggesting we play a trick on Clay, in order to carry out your mumbo-jumbo ideas?

HARRY: Well, maybe it is a trick. I know Wozzeck's got a few pretty good-sized cultivated pearls.

MISS McCUTCHEON: You plan **to have Wozzeck pretend** he has found a pearl in the oyster when he opens it, is that it?

HARRY: I plan to **get** three hundred dollars **to** Clay.

MISS McCUTCHEON: Do you have three hundred dollars?

HARRY: Not quite.

MISS McCUTCHEON: What about the other **children who need** money? Do you plan to put pearls in oysters for them, too? Not just here in O. K. by- the-Sea. Everywhere. This isn't the only town in the world where people are poor, where fathers and mothers fight, where families **break up**.

HARRY: No. It isn't, but it's the only town where I live.

MISS McCUTCHEON: I **give up**. What do you **want** me **to do**?



- HARRY:** Well, could you find it in your heart to be just **a little less sure about** things when you talk to the kids, I mean, the troubled **ones**? You can **get** Clay **around to the truth easy enough** just **as soon as** he gets his father home.
[Arther Applegarth comes in.]
- HARRY:** Judge Applegarth, may I present Miss McCutcheon?
THE JUDGE: (Removing his hat and bowing low). An honour, Miss.
MISS MccuTCHEON. How do you do, Judge?
HARRY: Miss McCutcheon's the new teacher at school.
THE JUDGE: We are honored to have you. The children, the parents and the rest of us.
MISS McCUTCHEON: Thank you, Judge. (To Harry, whispering) I'll be back as soon as I change my clothes.
- HARRY:** (whispering). I told you not to whisper.
MISS McCUTCHEON: (whispering). I shall expect you to give me a poodle haircut.
HARRY: (whispering). Are you out of your mind?
MISS McCUTCHEON: (aloud). Good day, Judge.
THE JUDGE: (bowing). Good day, Miss. (Miss McCutcheon goes out.
Judge Applegarth **looks** from the door **to** Harry.)
- THE JUDGE:** She won't last a month.
HARRY: Why not?
THE JUDGE: Too pretty. Our school needs an old battleaxe like the teachers we had when we went to school.
HARRY: Just the teacher, I guess.
THE JUDGE: You know, Harry, the beach isn't what it used to be, not at all. I don't mind the competition we're getting from the kids. It's just that the quality of the stuff the sea's **washing up** isn't good any more, (He goes to the door.)
- HARRY:** I don't know. Clay Larrabee found an oyster this morning.
THE JUDGE: He did? Well, one oyster does not make a stew, Harry. **On my way** home I'll **drop in** and **let you see** what I find.
- HARRY:** O. K. Judge. (The Judge goes out. Harry comes to life suddenly and becomes businesslike.) Now, for the haircut! (He removes the towel he had wrapped around the writer's head.)
- THE JLRDGE:** Take your time.
HARRY: (He examines the shears, clippers, and combs.) Let's see now, (The writer turns and watches. A gasoline station attendant comes to the door.)
- THE ATTENDANT** (to the writer). Just wanted to say your car's ready now,
THE WRITER: Thanks. (The attendant goes out.) Look. I'll tell you what. How much is a haircut?
HARRY: Well, the regular price is a dollar. It's too much for a haircut, though, so I generally take **a half** or **a quarter**.
THE WRITER: (getting out of the chair). I've changed my mind. I don't want a haircut after



all, but here's a dollar just the same. (He hands Harry a dollar, and he himself removes the apron.)

HARRY: It won't take a minute.

THE WRITER: I know.

HARRY: You don't have to pay me a dollar for a hot towel. My compliments.

THE WRITER: That's O. K. (He goes to the door.)

HARRY: Well, take it easy now.

THE WRITER: Thanks. (He stands a moment, thinking, then turns.) Do you mind if I have a look at that oyster?

HARRY: Not at all.

[The writer goes to the shelf where Harry has placed the oyster, Picks it up, looks at it thoughtfully, puts it back without comment, but instead of leaving the shop he looks around at the stuff in it. He then sits down on a wicker chair in the corner, and lights a cigarette.]

THE WRITER: You know, they've got a gadget in New York now like a safety razor that anybody can give anybody else a haircut with.

HARRY: They have?

THE WRITER: Yeah, there was a full-page ad. about it in last Sunday's Times.

HARRY: Is that where you were last Sunday?

THE WRITER: Yeah.

HARRY: You been doing a lot of driving.

THE WRITER: I like to drive. I don't know, though those gadgets don't always work. They're asking two_ ninety five for it. You take a big family. The father could save a lot of money giving his kids a haircut.

HARRY: Sounds like a great idea.

THE WRITER: Question of effectiveness. If the father gives the boy a haircut the boy's ashamed of, well, that's not so good.

HARRY: No, a boy likes to get a professional looking haircut all right.

THE WRITER: I thought I'd buy one, but I don't know.

HARRY: You got a big family?

THE WRITER: I mean for myself. But I don't know-there's something to be said for going to a barber shop once in a while. No use putting the barbers out of business.

HARRY: Sounds like a pretty good article, though.

THE WRITER: (getting up lazily). Well, it's been nice talking to you.

[Wozzeck, carrying a satchel, comes in, followed by clay, Roxanna, And Greely.]

WOZZECK. What's this all about, Harry?

HARRY: I've got an oyster I want you to open.

WOZZECK: That's what the kids have been telling me.

ROXANNA: He doesn't believe there's a pearl in the oyster, either.

WOZZECK: Of course not! What foolishness!

CLAY: There's a big pearl in it.



- WOZZECK:** O.K., give me the oyster. I'll open it. Expert watch-repairer, to open an oyster!
- HARRY:** How much is a big pearl worth, Louie?
- WOZZECK:** Oh, a hundred. Two hundred, maybe.
- HARRY:** A very big one?
- WOZZECK:** Three, maybe.
- THE WRITER:** I've **looked at** that oyster, and I'd like to buy it. (To Clay) How much do you want for it?
- CLAY:** I don't know.
- THE WRITER:** How about three hundred?
- GREELEY:** Three hundred dollars?
- CLAY:** Is it all right, Mr. Van Dusen?
- HARRY:** (He **looks at** the writer, who nods.) Sure it's all right.
[The writer hands Clay the money.]
- CLAY:** (looking at the money and then at the writer). But suppose there ain't pearl in it?
- THE WRITER:** There is, though.
- WOZZECK:** Don't you want to open it first?
- THE WRITER:** No, I want the whole thing. I don't think the pearl's **stopped growing**.
- CLAY:** He says there is a pearl in the oyster, Mr. Van Dusen.
- HARRY:** I think there is, too, Clay; so why don't you just **go on home** and give the money to your mother?
- CLAY:** Well... I knew I was going to find something good today! (The children go out. Wozzeck is bewildered.)
- WOZZECK:** Three hundred dollars! How do you know there's a pearl in it?
- THE WRITER:** **As far as** I'm concerned, the whole thing's a pearl.
- WOZZECK :** (a little confused). Well, I got to get back to the shop, Harry.
- HARRY:** Thanks for **coming by**.
[Wozzeck goes out. The writer holds the oyster in front of him **as if** it **were** an egg, and looks at it carefully, turning it in his fingers. As he is doing so, Clark Larrabee comes into the shop. He is holding the copy of the newspaper that Harry gave him.]
- CLARK:** We were ten miles up the highway when I happened to see this classified ad in the paper. (He hand's the paper to Harry and sits down in the chair.) I'm going out to the house, after all. Just for the week end of course, then back to work in Salinas again. Two or three months, I think I'll have **enough to come** back for a long time. Clay came by?
- HARRY:** No. I've got the money here.
- CLARK:** O. K. I'll take it out myself, but first let me have the works- shave, haircut, shampoo, massage.
- HARRY :** (Putting an **apron on** Clark). Sure thing, Clark. (He bends the chair back, and begins to lather Clark's face. Miss McCutcheon, dressed nearly, looking like



another person almost, comes in.)

MISS McCUTCHEON: Well?

HARRY: You look fine, Miss McCutcheon.

MISS McCUTCHEON: I don't mean that. I mean the oyster.

HARRY: Oh, that! There was a pearl in it.

MISS McCUTCHEON: I don't believe it.

Harry: A big pearl.

MISS McCUTCHEON: You **might have done me** the **courtesy of waiting** until I had come back before opening it.

HARRY: Couldn't wait.

MISS MccuTCHEON: Well, I don't believe you, but I've come for my haircut. I'll sit down and wait my turn.

HARRY: Mr. Larrabee wants the works. You'll have to wait a long time.

Miss MccuTcHEoN: Mr. Larrabee? Clay's father? Roxanna's father? (Clark **sits up**.)

HARRY: Clark, I'd like you to meet our new teacher, Miss McCutcheon.

CLARK: How do you do?

MISS MccuTCHEON: How do you do, Mr. Larrabee? (She looks bewildered.) Well, perhaps some other time, then, Mr. Van Dusen. (she goes out. Clark sits back. Judge Applegarth stops **at the doorway** of the shop.)

THE Judge: Not one thing on the beach, Harry. Not a blessed thing **worth picking up** and **taking** home. (Judge Applegarth goes on, the writer looks at Harry.)

HARRY: See what I mean?

THE WRITER: Yeah. Well... so long. (He **puts** the oyster **in his coat pocket**.)

HARRY: **Drop in again** any time you're driving to Hollywood.

THE WRITER: Or away. (He goes out.)

CLARK: (after a moment). You know, Harry, that boy of mine, Clay... well, a fellow like that, you can't just **go off** and leave him.

HARRY: Of course you can't, Clark.

CLARK: I'm **taking him fishing** tomorrow morning. How about **going along**, Harry?

HARRY: Sure, Clark. Be like old times again. (There is pause)

CLARK: What's all this about an oyster and a pearl? **HARRY:** Oh just having a little fun with the new teacher. You know, she came in here and asked me to give her a poodle haircut? A poodle haircut! I don't remember what a poodle dog looks like, even.



POEMS

(PART II - POEMS)

Poem 1 THE RAIN

I hear leaves **drinking rain**.
I hear rich leaves **on top**.
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves **drinking near**.

And when the sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A **wondrous light** will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun **shines bright**;
It will be a lovely sight.

(W. H. Davies)

About the Poet

W. H. Davies is **an English poet** who was born in 1871 at Wales and died in 1940. He left school **at a young age**, and lived for a number of years as **a peddler** and **a beggar** in USA and England. His first attempt of poetry 'The Soul's Destroyer' (1905) was printed **at his own expense**. It won the attention of G.B. Shaw. Davies was a prolific poet; his favorite themes were nature and the hardships of the poor.

Theme

The poem is a musical display of rain, a great phenomenon of nature. It has a Symbolic meaning also. The **leaves on the upper level** get the rain drops first and quench **their** thirst. Afterwards they **pass on** the drops to the leaves at the level beneath. These lines may offer a metaphor as well; the rich at the upper level get a golden chance first and whatever remains **trickle down** to the people at the level beneath. However, the scene of the sunshine afterwards, is lovely, and a source of pleasure to every one of us.

Poem 2 NIGHT MAIL

This is the Night Mail crossing the Border,
Bringing the cheque and the postal order,



Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.

Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb
The gradient's against her, but she's **on time**.

Past cotton-grass and moorland boulder,
Shovelling white steam **over her shoulder**,

Snorting noisily, she passes
Silent miles of wind-bent grasses.

Birds turn their heads as she approaches,
Stare from bushes **at** her blank-faced coaches.

Sheepdogs cannot turn her course;
They **slumber on** with **paws across**.

In the farm she passes; no one awakes,
But a jug in a bedroom gently shakes.

(W. H. Auden)

About the Poet

W. H. Auden was born in 1907. He was educated at Oxford and taught in England and Scotland for some time. He wrote poetry and won fame in political and social circles. Among his famous volumes of verse are: Look Stranger (1936), Another Time (1940), The age of Anxiety (1948). Auden showed a deep interest **in language** and metaphor, satire and parody which are often dazzling and sometimes cruel. He is lively and provocative, skilled and ingenious.

Theme

The poet describes the journey of **a coach that travels** all night **bringing mail** which contains letters, postal order, cheques for people who live in various parts of the land.

Sometimes the journey is a steep upward climb, **sometimes** it runs steadily **on plains**.

Whether the railway track is an upward ascent or is a **sloping descent**. The night mail is always **on time** and follows the time schedule.

The grass land, cotton fields, moorland and the white clouds above, all **pass by** quickly and swiftly.

The birds **stare at** the **approaching coach** from their nests but the-sheepdogs, **unmindful of** the noise of the mail coach, continue to slumber.

No one **wakes up** from slumber. Only a jug gently shakes as the coach **passes by** a farm.



Poem 3

LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY NOW

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is **hung with** bloom **along the bough**
And stands **about the woodland ride**
Wearing white for Easter tide.

Now, of my three score years and ten
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy Springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to **look at things in bloom**
Fifty Springs are little room,
About the woodland I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

(A. E. Housman)

About the Poet

A. E. Housman (1859. 1936) studied **at Oxford** and published learned article **on classical authors**. He spent his life teaching and editing the works of a minor Roman poet. He also wrote scholarly reviews. His poems are in three separate volumes written **between 1895 and 1905**.

His poems express simple, universal emotions-love of nature, **nostalgia for** the past, the pathos of man's brief existence--. In sense and narratives that are easy to understand. His style is derived from the old ballads and from classical poetry. Together with his pessimism and irony, which can be savage, the formal qualities of his style keep his intense emotion **from seeming sentimental**.

Theme

The beauty of nature, especially of cherry is captivating. But life is **too short to relish** it. Even **fifty years are** not enough time to enjoy it fully. The poet says that one should not miss any chance of enjoying the bloom of the 'Loveliest of trees', the cherry, in the woods in all seasons.

Paraphrase

Cherry, which is the loveliest of the trees, is now in full bloom and its branches are **bending down loaded with** flowers. It **stands along the path** in the woods and is all **covered in snow**. According to the poet's expression the cherry stands in a white dress **in preparation for** the celebration of Easter.

The poet says that **out of the seventy** years of his life, the early twenty years of age will never come again. The rest of his life of fifty years, he claims **to have enjoyed** the beauty of cherry blossom.



Since fifty years are not **long enough to enjoy** the beauty of the Spring, coloured and flavoured by the glory of cherry, the poet will avail every chance to go to the woodland to see the exotic beauty of the cherry tree whose flowery boughs are **hanging down with snow**.

Poem 4

O WHERE ARE YOU GOING

“O where are you going?” said reader to rider,
“That valley is fatal when furnaces burn,
Yonder’s the midden whose odours will madden,
The gap is the grave where the tall return.

“O do you imagine,” said fearer to farer,
“That dusk will **delay on your path** to the pass,
You diligent looking discover the lacking
Your footsteps feel from granite to grass?”

“O what was that bird,” said horror to hearer,
“Did you see that shape in the twisted trees?
Behind you swiftly the figure comes softly,
The **spot on your skin** is a shocking disease?”

“Out of this house”- said rider to reader,
“Yours never will” – said farer to fearer,
“They’re **looking for** you”- said hearer to horror,
As he left them there, as he left them there.

(W. H. Auden)

Theme

The poem is a dialogue between two imaginary persons personified **as reader and rider**. The rider is a bold and courageous person, ambitious to **make his way through** thick and thin.

The reader, full of awe and reverence, tells him that the valley beyond is full of dangers and that **heaps of dung and rubbish lie** on his journey ahead, whose bad smell **sickens** and **maddens the mind**.

The opposite force is working to **discourage** the traveler **from going** farther and farther. Fear and horror try to discourage the rider from **going on his path to the pass**.

The way to glory and success is vague and uncertain, but it can be **paved through with courage and perseverance**.



Poem 5

IN THE STREET OF THE FRUIT STALLS

Wicks balance flame, a dark dew falls
In the street of the fruit stalls
Melon, guava, mandarin,
Pyramid-piled **like cannon balls**,
Glow red-hot, gold-hot, from within.

Dark children with a coin to spend
Enter the lantern's orbit; find
Melon, guava, mandarin-
The moon **compacted to a rind**,
The sun **in a pitted skin**.

They take it, break it open, let
A gold or silver fountain wet
Mouth, fingers, cheek nose chin:
Radiant as lanterns, they forget
The dark street I am **standing in**.
Enter the lantern's orbit

(Jan Stallworthy)

Theme

This is a symbolic poem. The world is **threatened with war**, misery and poverty. But all these have failed to crush man's love for pleasure. Children enjoy the sweet spray of the juice **forgetting all about** the misery they **live in**.

Paraphrase

It is evening time. It is wet and dark. There is a street of fruit sellers where various fruit are **piled up in a conical form**. They reflect hot, red and golden colours which in dim lantern light look **like bombs**. Poor children come there with a coin and stand in the light of the lanterns, They look at melon, guava and other fruit. Their mouths water. They pick up a fruit and **break it open**. Juice comes out and **pours** itself **into** their mouths, and also sticks on their fingers and cheeks. They enjoy the fruit, and are **least conscious** of their surroundings.

Poem 6

SINDHI WOMAN

Bare foot, **through the bazaar**,
And with the same undulant grace
As the cloth blown back from her face,



She glides with a stone jar,
High **on her head**
And not a ripple in her tread.

Watching her cross erect
Stones, garbage, excrement and crumbs
Of glass in the Karachi slums,
I, with my stoop, reflect:
They stand **most straight**
Who learn to walk **beneath a weight**.

(Jan Stallworthy)

Theme

This poem is a **tribute to** a working woman. Work creates rhythm **in life**. Work keeps a person strong and vigilant. An idle person will soon decay. This poem also **portrays realistically** the slums of Karachi in a few words. The poet praises and appreciates the working **woman** who **has** practically **turned** her work **into** an art. The woman walks softly with the delicacy and rhythm of a dancer's feet.

Paraphrase

A Sindhi woman is **going through** a bazaar with bare feet. She is walking impressively and there is a rhythm **in her movement** which can be seen in her swaying body and floating dress. The wind pushes the cloth from her face. She is carrying stone jar on her head. She walks **as smoothly as** the wave of a stream. She is **passing through** stones, garbage, pieces of bread and the broken glass. This is the scene of a Karachi slum. The poet meditates and sees his own body that is bent by time. He observes that only those who **bear the burden of** life and carry its hardships through life are strong and straight.

**Poem 7
TIMES**

To everything there is a season,
And a time to every purpose under the heaven;
A time to be born,
And a time to die;
A time to plant,
And a time to pluck up that which is planted...
A time to break down,
And a time to **build up**;
A time to weep,
And a time to dance;
A time to **cast away stones**,
And a time to gather stones together;



A time to embrace,
And a time to **refrain-from embracing**;
A time to get,

And a time to lose;
A time to keep,
And a time to cast away;
A time to rend,
And a time to sew;
A time to keep silence,
And a time to speak.....

(From Ecclesiastes, 3, 1-12)

Theme

It is true that everything happens **at an appropriate time**. There is time when winter **sets in** and a time when winter is gone and another season **sets in**.

Nobody is born before time- nor dies before time. There is a time to sow seeds, and a time when their fruits are ripe to be plucked. The poet says that nothing in this world happens **out of place**. Everything is scheduled **according to a specific time**.

Poem 8 OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert.... Near them, **on the sand**,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and **sneer of cold command**,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, **stamped on these lifeless things**,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands **stretch far away**.

(Percy Bysshe Shelly)

About the Poet

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was **an English Romantic poet**. He wrote some of his finest lyrics, including the "Ode to the West Wind", "To a Skylark" and "The Cloud" in the last years of his life. He died **in a storm at sea** after visiting Lord Byron, another



great poet. Shelley's works show his remarkable lyrical gift, his originality and his **hatred for** oppression. He was a great revolutionary poet **of his time**.

Theme

It is a very ironic **poem which describes** the pride of a man and **the wretched reality of life**.

Man becomes proud **by success**. He thinks that he has toppled the world. He forgets that life is merciless. Time **brings** all luxuries of life **to an end**, and death is a great leveller. Shelley considers all feelings of superiority in man as only an illusion and self-deception.

Paraphrase

The poet met a traveler from an ancient country. He told the poet that he saw two huge, bodiless legs **made of** stone. Those legs were **standing in desert**. Near these legs there **was lying** the broken body of a man **half sunk in the sand**. His features gave the impression that he was very proud and **contemptuous of** others. The artist has beautifully recreated these impressions on the face of stone. One could see that he was proud and heartless. At the bottom of the statue were inscribed these words "My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings: **Look on** my works, ye Mighty, and Despair!" In the desert there **remains nothing** except this broken statue.

Poem 9 THE FEED

Holding **a grain of millet** in her beak
The mother sparrow has come to feed.
The **young ones are** so tiny and small
From head to toe they are beaks
When they cry.
One grain to be fed to the ten young ones

To whom the mother sparrow should feed?
Conjoining **beak with beak**
With whom should she solace?
Fissuring the atom,
You have learnt to weep and wail **in a loud tone**,
Splitting the grain,
You have learnt to set life **on foot**
Could you split the grain?
One grain to be fed to the ten young ones.

(Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi)

About the Poet

Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi is a Pakistani poet and he has written several poems in Urdu and also in English. He was born **in 1916 in a small village** Anga in Khushab



District. He **started writing poems** in the late thirties, He published more than a dozen books. Some of his works have also been translated into foreign languages, winning **applause for him** in foreign countries.

Theme

This poem is very simple. Here the poet depicts the love of a mother bird **for her young ones** who **are** very small and only **a few days old**. They are **in the nest**. The mother sparrow goes out and brings a grain of millet in her beak to feed them. They are ten in number.

Poem 10 THE HOLLOW MEN

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet **over broken glass**
In our dry cellar.

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion

Those who have **crossed**
With direct eyes, **to** death's other Kingdom
Remember us -if at all- not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

(T. S. Eliot)

About the poet

Thomas Stearns Eliot (1885- 1965) was a poet and critic. He **settled in** Britain. He is well-known for his great poems such as "The Waste Land" "Four Quarter". He also wrote plays and contributed many critical essay.

Theme

The theme of the poem is that **human beings have** become soulless. They try to **depend upon each other** but they cannot make a society. All their efforts are **like** the running of rats or the rustling of grass. We do have shapes but inside there is nothing. We only **seem to be walking souls** but actually we are not even that.



Paraphrase

We are worthless men, either puppets or dolls. We try to **rest upon each other** and our minds are filled with no wisdom. We are not wise men. We live in dreams. We try to **speak to each other** but convey nothing. All our speech is no more than the voices made by the grass or the rats. We seem to have no form and no colour. We seem to have strength, but it is only the appearance of strength; otherwise we are weak and without motion. **Those who have** already departed from this life do not know if we are frustrated or not. We seem to be only puppets made of straw.

Poem 11

LEISURE

What is this life if, **full of care**
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand **beneath the boughs**
And stare as long as sheep or cows

No time to see, in broad-daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile, her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare

(William Henry Davies)

Theme

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The poet has based this poem on personal experience. He thinks that one is so **busy in coping with** daily routine of life that most of the time the beauty and the joys of life are ignored. **One has** no time to enjoy and look at the wonders around us. He has mentioned the animals on the pastures, the stars in the sky, the music and smile around him. According to the poet's point of view, a man's life is so full of worries and care that he cannot even stand and **look up at** things as they are around him.



Poem 12 RUBA'IYAT

Faith is **like** Abraham **at the stake** to be
Self Honoring and God-drunk, is faith. Hear me,
You whom this **age's way** so captivate!
To have no faith is **worse than** slavery.

Music of strange lands **with** Islam's fire **blends**,
On which the nation's harmony depends;
Empty of concord **is** the **soul** of Europe,
Whose civilization to no Makkah bends.

Love's madness has departed: in
The Muslim's veins the blood runs thin
Ranks broken, hearts perplexed, prayers cold,
No feeling **deeper than** the skin.

(Allama Muhammad Iqbal)

Theme

In this modern age of allurements, strong faith **like that of** Hazrat Abraham is required. Though he was **thrown in** the fire by his opponents, he was saved by his **faith in God**. Muslim harmony **depends upon** true faith **in Islam**. The poet addresses the modern man, whom the life style of this age **appeals to the core**, and tells him that a man without faith is **worse than** a slave. The national harmony amongst the Muslims **depended upon** a blend of strong Islamic values and local feelings. This blend created a national harmony. The modern European soul is empty of this harmony: They have no **resemblance with** the Makkah civilization. The spark igniting love has disappeared. The **blood** running in the veins of the Muslims **has** thinned and **has** lost **its** warmth. As a result of all this the Islamic unity has broken. That is the reason the hearts of all the Muslims are perplexed, the prayers have become artificial and the feelings have become superficial and **devoid of** love.

Poem 13 A TALE OF TWO CITIES

In the storms of the shrills
Of arms, smoke and the drills
All were scarred, burnt and afraid
Powerless and helpless were they made.



Woeful were all the hills
Wasteful were all the grills
None to share their moans
None to lessen their groans.

The flowers, flavours all smashed
Burnt, crushed and all dashed
And all **passed through** the grind
Leaving there nothing behind.

No eye could look
The explosion that took
The lives of two glories
In the moments of furies.

All was done by a nation
Who in her wild passion
Cared not for the human rights

Nor saved them from deadly fights.

But how much great **were they**
Who bore the pains of black day:
"Ashes are not merely the waste
They can really create the great."

(John peter)

Theme

The people of the two cities of Japan **passed through the most cruel** period of their lives when the atomic bombs exploded, and destroyed the glory of their culture and civilization. They suffered all the pains and pangs patiently and boldly, and did not lose heart. They, with their great will and determination, again **rose to** the heights as an economic power from the ashes.

Poem 14

MY NEIGHBOUR FRIEND BREATHING HIS LAST

My neighbour friend breathing his last!
What should I do, O God! Aghast!
He is to leave, now can't remain,
Companions ready to catch the train.
What should I do, O God! Aghast!



On every side decamping talk,
At every place are shrieks **in stock**
What should I do, O God! Aghast!

Flare up flames **in heart** to height,
For, visible is not charming sight.
What should I do, O God! Aghast!
Without His love, Bullah **in loss**,
Can hardly dwell **here or across**.
What should I do, O God! Aghast!

(Bullah Shah)

Translated by A. R. Luther

Theme

The death of a neighbor fiend terrifies the poet and puts him **in a state of shock**. The deads leave this world and leave behind relatives to mourn for them. Everything charming in the world becomes invisible. The only appreciable thing is the love of God without which everyone is **at a loss**.

Poem 15

HE CAME TO KNOW HIMSELF

He Came to Know Himself
He came to know Himself
Naught else had He in view
To be able to realize this
He got **enmeshed in love**
He **alighted from** high heaven
To pour a cascade of love
Became Mansur-to mount the gallows
Just to have His head **cut off**.
He treaded the bazaars of Egypt
Just to be sold for a slave
Sachu speaks the bare Truth
To speak of His sojourn on earth.

(Sachal Sarmast)

Theme

One who knows himself, and also knows that he is a wonderful thing created by the Creator, cannot have a view of anything else except God Almighty. He starts loving Him, Who **blesses him with** great love. In such state of affairs every other



thing becomes **useless to** him, and like Mansur, he feels pleased and is willing to be hanged **on the gallows** to get his head **cut off** only for the Love of his Beloved. God. The poet thinks that a person's stay in this world is temporary. It is better for a man to have been loved. The union of one soul with another soul through the alchemy of love is **the highest** mystic truth.

Poem 16

GOD'S ATTRIBUTES

God calls Himself 'Seeing' **to the end** that
His eye may **scare you from** sinning.
God calls Himself 'Hearing' to the end that
You may **close your lips against** foul discourse.
God calls Himself 'Knowing' to the end that
You may be afraid of Him to plot an evil.
These are not mere accidental names of God
As a negro may be called camphor
So are these names derived from God's attributes,
And not mere vain titles of the First Cause.

(Jalaluddin Rumi)

Translation by Dr. Nicholson)

Theme

The attributes of God are not mere vain titles but are meaningful and effective for character building and guidance. For example, when God calls Himself All Seeing, it **restrains a person from doing** wrong and when God calls Himself all Hearing, it checks a person from using foul language. Knowing God's attributes makes one **afraid of plotting** an evil against others.

Poem 17

THE DELIGHT SONG

I am a feather **on the bright sky**
I am the blue horse that runs **in the plain**
I am the fish that rolls, shining, in the water
I am the shadow that follows a child
I am the evening light, the luster of meadows
I am the eagle **playing with** the wind
I am a cluster of bright beads
I am the farthest star
I am the cold of the dawn



I am the roaring of the rain

I am the glitter on the crust of the snow
I am the long track of the moon in a lake
I am the flame of four colors
I am the whole dream of these things.

You see, I am alive, I am alive
I **stand in good relation to** the earth
I stand in good relation to the lords
I stand in good relation to all that is beautiful
I stand in good relation to all that is fruitful
You see, I am alive, I am alive.

(N. Scott Momaday)

Theme

It is a delightful song in which the poet feels light as a feather in the bright sky. Everything seems to be **in harmony with** the poet who finds no hurdles or difficulties anywhere in this universe. He has good relations with beauty, living things, nature, the atmosphere and the natural phenomena of stars, wind, dawn, rain, moon and snow. He is happy and **content with** the dream of all things, bright and beautiful, **all colours that glitter** in the rainbow. He is in complete harmony and has a good relation with everything. He is playful and light **like** the shadow of a child, the cold of dawn, the glitter of snow and the flame of fire.

Poem 18

LOVE-AN ESSENCE OF ALL THE RELIGIONS

Through love thorns become roses, and
Through love vinegar becomes sweet wine,
Through love the stake becomes a throne,
Through love misfortune becomes good fortune,
Through love burning fire becomes pleasing light,
Through love stone becomes **soft as butter**,
Through love grief becomes a joy,
Through love lions become harmless
Through love sickness becomes health,
Through love wrath seems to be a mercy,
Through love the **dead rise to life**,
Through love the king becomes a slave.

(Jalal Uddin Rumi)



Theme

Love is the essence of all religions. It is love that **changes the adversities into** pleasures. Thorns become roses, vinegar becomes sweet wine, burning fire a pleasing light, sickness becomes health, and the king a slave. Life becomes a success and pleasure because of love, otherwise life is not **worth living**.

Poem 19

A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow.
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall.
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky.
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door.
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a **stick across your back**.
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart.
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead and dead and dead indeed.

(Charles Perrault 1628-1703)

Translated by Robert Samber

Theme

A man who always talks and boasts and is not **involved in any deed** is **like** a garden full of weeds. And when it is once grown it further aggravates the situation **like** snow in winter. Life passes through different phases and ultimately **comes to an end with the death of a person**. It is, therefore, necessary that a man must always engage himself in some fruitful activity to make the life pleasant and useful for humanity.



Poem 20 IN BROKEN IMAGES

He is quick, **thinking in** clear images;
I am slow, thinking in broken images.

He becomes dull, **trusting to his** clear images;
I become sharp, mistrusting my broken images.

Trusting his images, he assumes their relevance;
Mistrusting my images, I question their relevance.

Assuming their relevance, he assumes the fact;
Questioning their relevance, I question the fact.

When the fact fails him, he questions his senses;
When the fact fails me, I approve my senses.

He continues quick and dull in his clear images;
I continue slow and sharp in my broken images.

He in a new confusion of his understanding;
I in a new understanding of my confusion.

(Robert Graves)

Theme

A person should remain inquisitive about the images of life whether they are broken or clear. **One**, who trusts **one's clear** images without proofs becomes dull in **one's** life whereas the **other** who mistrusts **his** broken images becomes sharp and intelligent. Nothing should be taken for granted and one should remain thoughtful and **considerate about** the facts of life. **Inquiry into** the nature of things **leads** one **to** understand; and accept the ground realities of life.

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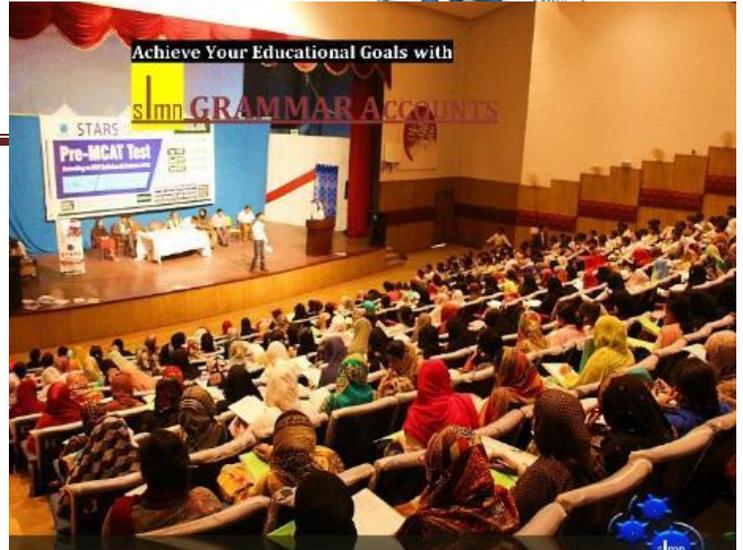
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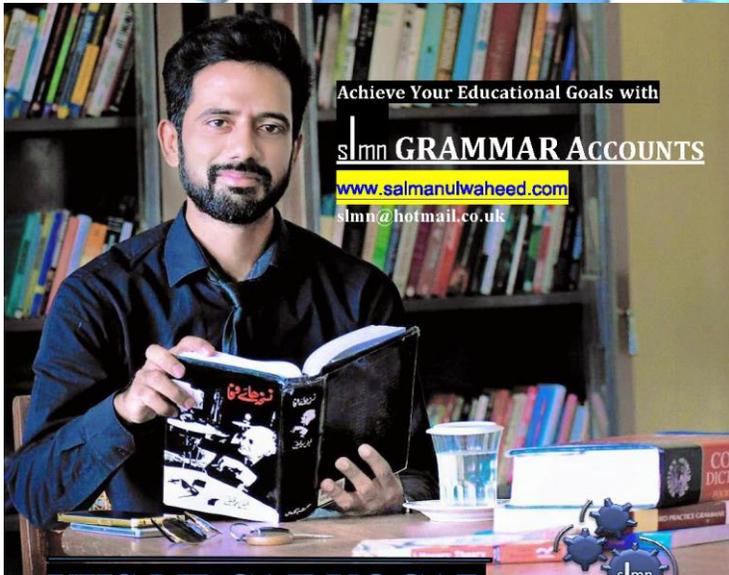
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Teacher/ Teacher Trainer/ Author/ Director
Focal Person OCAS Higher Education Dept. Punjab
Focal Person PEEF Punjab/ Student Career Counselor HED
PhD Scholar English Linguistics (IUB)
M.Phil. Applied Linguistics (GCU FSD)
Controller Exams & Lecturer English Govt. Degree College CS Shaheed
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Teacher/ Teacher Trainer/ Author/ Director
Focal Person OCAS Higher Education Dept. Punjab
Focal Person Punjab Education Endowment Fund (PEEF)
PhD Scholar English Linguistics (IUB)
M.Phil. Applied Linguistics (GCU FSD)
Controller Exams & Lecturer English Govt. Degree College CS Shaheed
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Focal Person OCAS Higher Education Dept. Punjab
Focal Person PEEF Punjab/ Student Career Counselor HED
PhD Scholar English Linguistics (IUB)
M.Phil. Applied Linguistics (GCU FSD)
Controller Exams & Lecturer English Govt. Degree College CS Shaheed
Former Entry Test Expert @ SKANS/ KIPS/ Nishat Multan
Current Entry Test Expert @ STARS Academy Multan
Author of 'Chemical Grammar'



About the Author

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The collage features several key elements:

- Newspaper Covers:** Multiple instances of 'Jang Multan' with headlines such as 'جنگ ملتان' and 'جنگ ملتان'.
- Book Cover:** 'Pehla Qadam' by Salman ul Waheed, presented by Mr. Qasim Ali Shah.
- Event Poster:** A poster for a book launch event titled 'Pehla Qadam' with Qasim Ali Shah and Salman ul Waheed, dated Sunday, 14th May 2017, at 9:00 AM - 12:00 PM at the Events Hall, Layyah.
- Photographs:** Several photos showing the author, Qasim Ali Shah, and other men in suits, likely at book launches or public appearances.
- Textual Elements:** Urdu text on the newspaper covers and posters, including mentions of 'ABC Certified' and 'The Daily Jang Multan'.