

# **If the walls were alive...**

An anthology of playlets

Dr. Amrutha Latha

Translated by  
**Chintapatla Sudershan**



# PREFACE



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Every piece of writing has its own objective or end. The writer would like to convey something to the readers. We have to go through the piece thoroughly and delve deep into it to know whether or not the writer has achieved his or her end.

Dr. Amrutha Latha, an educationist and an academician by nature and profession proves to be a staunch advocate of educational and social reforms also. She has been one of the fore runners of such progressive ideologies as she has started pointing her pen-gun over four decades ago. She sees everything from a social and sociological perspective.

Dr. Latha touches every problem that perturbs the youth and the society. She gives a message at the end of each play-let. She wants that the victims of these social evils that have been deeply

inveterated out of ignorance, innocence and even irrationality should be set free. The dialogues are sharp, pointed and even straight-forward.

Dr. Latha strongly argues through the characters that these inchoate evils should be curtailed or nipped in the bud so as to manumit the forthcoming generations. These practices may look quotidian but they cause a cataclysmic effect on the society. The galling apathy or mere sympathy is inexcusable. A strong empathy is direly required to root out them. That's why at the end of each play-let an apt solution is offered for the betterment of the society.

The seven play-lets in the collection named "IF THE WALLS WERE ALIVE....." that were written right from 70's to 90's are really worth reading. We can call it Indian tendency to spoil the walls with spit, posters, writings by political outfits, and to nurture evil practices like ragging and eve-teasing, the linguistic differences among people of different states, the lassitude of the teachers towards their primary duties, donations and even bandhs called for by different parties and organizations. These people never bother about the problems caused by their practices and faced by the common man.

The writer's sharp comments are sometimes thought-provoking. 'Giving bandh calls in our country has become a contagious disease', 'The school teachers 'who work for earning' but the school teachers 'who teach for living', 'they stop fighting

with words and start fighting with swords', 'what you might think is fun, might be painful for others', 'we vote for those who don't write slogans on our walls' are mere samples of the writer's thoughts.

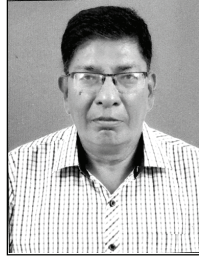
Being an educationist primarily Dr. Amrutha Latha writes more on school-centred issues. Her play-lets are didactic in nature. They teach the readers morals, values, social responsibilities and social etiquette as well.

The translation done by Sri Chintapatla Sudarshan is effective and interest-provoking also. The verses here and there are also amusing and captivating.

I feel it's my privilege to write preface to the anthology of play-lets written by a noted educationist in Nizamabad district. All these play-lets were published between 70's and 90's in the Andhra Bhoomi, a popular weekly of those times. The readers can get a message from each of them.

I hope Dr. Amrutha Latha's purpose will serve through this anthology. I'm not supposed to tell you what it contains. I definitely think the readers will enjoy the gripping interest of the play-lets as they read.

# REFLECTION



Chintapatla  
Sudershan

In this collection of plays 'If the walls were alive...', Dr. Amrutha Latha expresses her resentment towards social injustice. As a satirist, she used the powerful weapon of ridicule in these plays. Having three decades of experience in writing satire as a columnist, the translation of these plays is a matter of rapture forms. Moreover, being well-versed in various techniques of writing satire, the translation of these plays revitalized me.

In this collection, 'If the walls were alive...' 'Bandhs and Bandicoots' are political satires. In the first play the Playwright mixed humor and ridicule as salt and pepper. The plot of the play is posting posters and writings on walls. The multidimensional and purposeful dialogue of the play makes the play hilarious. The sharp, straight, crispy dialogue of Ranga Rao, Granny evokes a rip-roaring laughter. But, at the same time they persuade the viewer into serious introspection of present political scenario.

Bandhs and Bandicoots is also a political satire.

Different political parties give bandh calls for trivial issues to emulate their identity. These bandhs thrust a lot of people into turmoil. The negative effects of bandhs are exposed in a relatable way. The college students resolve to oppose the bandhs. This is the message of the play. The dialogue of this play is sturdy. As the writer is endowed with the capability of expressing intricate ideas in an amicable way, translation didn't pressurize me.

The translation of the songs at the end of some playlets appeared to be a hard nut to crack. With the intent of sustaining the essence of dialect of the Telugu songs, only the gist is furnished at the end.

'Ragging', 'staff Room', 'Setup a school' are the plays related to the problems of education. The play 'Ragging' begins with humor, but gradually turns out to be a serious play. The silly nature of the students resorting to ragging ends up with a tragic incident. The outcome of such heinous behavior serves as an eye - opener.

In the play 'staff room' the behavior of men in male staff room and women in female staff room is depicted. Their insincerity towards their profession, their mentality of bunking classes is a routine in educational institutions. In the play while ridiculing such teachers the writer elicits the nobility of the profession.

Another play 'Set up a school' is a play pervaded with facts related to managing a private school and arguments supporting and negating donations and

fee raise.

The writer gives importance to excavate the facts and for that reason despite the seriousness the play procures appreciation. As the play involves invigorating dialogue and precision, its translation went off smoothly.

The remaining plays 'Educated Illiterate', 'Eve Teasing', are humorous plays with substantial messages. The problem of language is the concern of Educated Illiterate and the creation of the character of Bharathamma is a highlight. The song she renders about the various states and different languages touches hearts. Though it is difficult to translate this, to uphold its original spirit, the song is translated into English scrupulously.

The play 'Eve Teasing' deals with the burning topic of women harassment. The play exposes the foolish behavior of a stupid young man and a dramatic turn in the play, punishes him. At the end of the play - the way the characters introduce themselves by revealing their nature is a novel experiment.

The satiric element, situational comedy, verbal irony, intense dialogue encouraged me to translate the plays. Though there were impediments like Telugu songs, colloquialism, idioms, I tried to hammer out them as far as possible to escort the translation to attain nearness to the original.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



**Dr. Amrutha Latha**

Sriramakavacham's review of my book shows his own reformist mind and forward thinking thoughts. No social movement is ever won. It is the need of the hour, however, to put our best foot forward to work towards it. I am thankful to Sriramakavacham for helping me realize that those feelings come across to the reader in my work. We need more people like him to make a better world for our children and us. Thank you

Most often than not - thoughts, ideas and expressions are lost in translation. For making the translation seem seamless, I am thankful to Chintapatla Sudershan. His relentless effort in bringing out this book in time is highly appreciable.

This book reached its acme with the paintings of Bali, the designer of the front cover and Mannem Sarada who designed the back cover page. I am thankful to Subhani, Benhar, Benny, Natraj and K. Babu for their splendiferous illustrations.

I am grateful to 'Andhra Bhoomi' Weekly and Monthly for publishing these playlets. I am especially thankful to the many readers that wrote back with their thoughts, reviews and comments when the stories were published.

In my attempt to run Vijay group of institutions, my own literary journey was on the back burner for over 20 years. For being ardent admirers of my literary work, for rekindling the love of writing in me, for fighting with me at times to make this book come to fruition, I am indebted to A. Shankar, Kiran Bala and Nellutla Rama Devi.

I am also thankful to K. Haranath, Dr. Palakurthy Dinakar and Dr. Himachandan for their efforts in bringing this book to the front burner.

The most tedious task in publishing a book is the proof reading. The mistakes and errors in a book often stand in the way of the pleasure it brings. To sift them with care and to gently toss them out requires enormous amount of patience. I am grateful to my friends Nellutla Rama Devi, Kiran Bala, A. Shankar, Thurlapati Lakshmi and K. Vijaya Lakshmi for their time and efforts. Their help is invaluable!

Days and nights merge into one for our DTP operators Krishna and Madan. The time they spent on this venture is unforgettable.

To the esteemed readers, for picking this book up and giving it a chance, thank you!

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# If the walls were alive...



## In the Sit out:

(Rickshawala brings oil tin inside.

Gowri is casually turning the papers of a magazine, sitting in sit out)

Rickshawala : Madam! Is this Ranga Rao Sir's house?

Gowri : Yes... Why?

Rickshawala : Kushaiguda Seth Chalamayya sent a tin of eighteen kilos oil in my rickshaw madam. Where shall I put it?

Gowri : Is that so? Come with me - bring it into the kitchen.

## In the Kitchen:

(Rickshawala after keeping the oil tin in kitchen wipes his hands to the wall and exits. Gowri, after putting out the gas stove becomes furious on

noticing oil stains on the wall.'

Gowri : Alas! Alas! He ruined the wall by rubbing his hands... I don't know... what other walls he damaged with his hands.

(Rickshawala while going out wipes his hands to the hanging window curtains also)

### **In the Drawing Room:**

Yamuna : Is Gowri here?

Granny : Who's there? Oh! You... Yamuna! Please come! Sit! How long have you been here! What's the news?

Yamuna : Nothing Granny! My husband and I have come to watch Geethanjali morning show in Ramesh theatre near here... oh... you haven't met him yet... This is my son Gopi! He insisted to buy toys during the intermission and we came out! We can't go straight from cinema hall to shopping you know. We came here to freshen up and.....

Granny : Oh! No problem! You can of course! Bathroom is over there. Gowri... Your friend Yamuna is here.

### **In the Kitchen:**

(Gowri with surf and water is trying to clean the oil stains on kitchen walls... listens to granny)

Gowri : I will be there in a minute! Coming mother-in-law!

**In the Drawing room:**

(His mother goes to the rest room to wash her face...)

Gopi : Granny! What do you have in the basket? Oh! Mangoes! I like mangoes very much!

(Gopi eats a mango as much as he can, rubs and scribbles with the sap of the mango on the walls)

Granny, do you know that this sap can be used as chalk piece? Our madam today taught us the spelling of cat in school. I was the first among all to write the spelling of CAT. Look I will show you how to write 'cat 'now!  
C..... a..... tee....! C....a....tee...!  
C..... a.....tee.... Cat!  
C....a....tee... Cat!

(Gopi goes on writing the spelling of cat on the walls)

Granny : You... let your intelligence burn! Did you have to show it on our wall? Is this wall a slate for you my boy? I will buy you a new slate but give that sap to me!

(As granny snatches away the sap from his hand, he begins to wave his arms and kick his legs, screaming and crying)

In the T.V. Hall:

(Yamuna's husband, after washing his face stands in front of the TV with his back rested on the wall and the left leg folded and pressed to the wall. He watches TV while the cigarette in his hand emits smoke)

Gowri : Na... Namaste.....

(About to wish him, Gowri sees him standing against the wall, his leg sticking dirt to wall, and his oily hair staining the same wall stands still as speechless! Yamuna after washing her face enters....)

Yamuna : Hai Gowri! What is that? You have lost a lot of weight!

(Greeting Gowri, not waiting for response she goes to her crying son)

Yamuna : Hi! What happened? You always cry...

(Yamuna slaps him, twists his nose, and rubs mucus to the wall. She stands in front of the mirror puts kumkum on forehead and kaajal to her eyes and sticks the remaining kaajal to the wall)

Yamuna : What Gowri? It has been ten minutes... You haven't spoken a single word... why are you standing saying nothing?



Gowri : Everything is okay. But, what is it! You applied the kumkum and kajal to the wall. See, how the wall is damaged.

Yamuna : Is this the way to speak to a friend like me who has come after a long time? I couldn't believe Vani's words. I understand it is a new house but I am hurt.

(To her husband) Why are you staring at me like that darling? Come on! Let's go! We have come to this rude house unnecessarily.

(They exit along with their son)

**In the sit out:**

Health Inspector: I am the Health inspector, coming from Government hospital.

Granny : Everyone is all right in our house.

Health Inspector: Somebody complained of smallpox in your house.

(Ranga Rao the head of the family enters)

Ranga Rao : Yes... yes... I have lodged that complaint.

Health Inspector: Oh! Is it? Then, where is that patient?  
(Health Inspector was about to step inside)

Ranga Rao : Stop! Stop! You can't find the patient inside! Come out... I'll show you!

(Both come out of the gate)

**In the Street at the gate:**

Health Inspector : How can you allow a smallpox patient move into the street? It's a contagious disease! It is a danger, other people might contract it.

Ranga Rao : What an innocent person you are! It has already spread like wild fire throughout the country.

Health Inspector : Spread throughout the country? What do you mean?

(Health inspector pinches himself and speaks to himself)

Health Inspector : What? Did I Sleep for twenty years like Ripwan Winkle and have come to senses now? Everyone is appearing all right to my eyes. The head of this house Ranga Rao is also healthy and handsome. Has the disease caught me! I should check myself; I must ask him to lend me a mirror...

(Ranga Rao pats the shoulder of health inspector)

Ranga Rao : Sir! What are you thinking about? Here is your patient!

Health Inspector : Where? Where is he?

Ranga Rao : Here... This wall!

Health Inspector : What! Are you kidding me?

Ranga Rao : No sir, not at all... thousand rupees award has been declared for finding the patients who suffer from smallpox. See, I have built this compound wall beautifully, but, look at it... With the election slogans... with variety of writings it has become ugly and looking like a patient of smallpox. Isn't it?

Gowri : You give us the thousand rupees award, we will get it white washed with that amount.

(Meanwhile a scooterist and a cyclist riding in opposite direction, while reading all writings on the wall collide into each other - fall down in front of the gate)

Scooterist : What mister! Don't you look at the surroundings while cycling?

Cyclist : Can I ask the same question Sir?

Scooterist : Don't prolong the matter. I wanted to see what movie is playing in each theatre... so I just briefly glanced at it. That's all.

Cyclist : Me too... I just looked for a second if there is a vacant wall to affix these posters. That's all Sir!

(Cyclist lifts the cycle and dusts the posters)

Cyclist : Thank God! The posters aren't torn! I am so lucky!

Ranga Rao : Oh my dear poster man! Come!  
Come! I was sad you weren't here

(The cyclist with posters standing,  
with a shy smile)

Scooterist : Look my boy! If you don't mind I have  
a request! Our house is close... just  
four steps away! Come with me...  
I'll show you our compound wall! You  
can affix as many posters as you  
want?

Cyclist : You are a good man Sir! I have seen  
many but I haven't seen a house  
owner like you! I used to affix posters  
secretly. But now I've met a person  
who has given permission to affix  
posters on walls.

(Both the scooterist and cyclist  
together exit)

Health Inspector : What is this? I thought you didn't want  
writings on the wall...

Ranga Rao : That's a top secret! The posters are  
stuck to the wall... The next morning  
the college students throw dung on  
the wall.

Gowri : Don't you know? His wife will wait  
like an eagle for that dung! As soon  
as the students leave the place, she  
scrapes the dung with an iron handle  
and makes dung cakes with the piled  
up dung. They use dung cakes for  
their water boiler.

Health Inspector : (Suddenly looks at the wall of the opposite house)

What a pity! The compound wall of your opposite house is melting that way...

Ranga Rao : What should I do? Every day it has a shower!

Health Inspector : What... shower? That too a wall! What luck! I only heard about a shower bath but never experienced it. If I were a wall I would have enjoyed a shower (Hums) but you haven't told me the story of the shower.

Ranga Rao: Shh... wait a second! You'll understand! The cinema theatre let the people out! Now you see the series of shower baths of the walls!

(The film viewers who come out one by one - finish their 'work' against the wall. The women look away and walk faster. Health Inspector closes his hand kerchief up to his nose)

Health Inspector : There are toilets in every cinema hall! I wonder why these people don't use them.

Ranga Rao : That's a question I already asked them. You know what they said - cinema hall people won't keep them clean.

Health Inspector : As if there is cleanliness... here...on the walls....

Ranga Rao : Please move aside Sir! In a few minutes your shoes will be flooded.

(Health Inspector moves away, some people who come out of the cinema hall chew betel leaves spit on the walls and go away. At the same time a push cart vegetable vendor flings the rotten tomatoes from his cart against the wall)

Ranga Rao : These vegetables remind me something. Have you ever seen Monda market? The left side wall of the gate always is wet with a shower and the right side wall bears heaps of vegetables! The water from the shower flows into vegetables. The vegetable bags are drenched in the flow of shower. Oh! Oh! That scene has to be witnessed, it can't be described! Those who witness the scene will never eat vegetables in their life!

(Meanwhile another three people come there)

Supervisor : Who is Ranga Rao here?

Ranga Rao : It's me! Who are you? College students or political party workers...

Supervisor : No sir! We are from municipality.

Ranga Rao : I've paid all my taxes! Then, why are you here? Come... come and sit inside.

Supervisor : We've not come to sit Sir! Your compound wall bulged half a foot! As it is encroachment of road, we are ordered to dismantle it! Rangayya bring the crow bar!

Health Inspector : What were you doing when it was built? You sure took your time to come. You should not have given permission while the building was under construction.

Supervisor : It was shown differently in blue print, but built differently sir.

Ranga Rao : It is constructed exactly as shown in the blue print! But the wall itself pushed forward.

Supervisor : What did you say? The wall itself pushed forward... What do you think of us Sir?

Rangayya : Does the wall have legs to move forward?

Ranga Rao : We got it white washed on the day of house warming! The next day 'RDSU' people wrote slogans!

Gowri : Within a week our daughter's marriage was fixed... So... we got it white washed once again...! This time GBVP men wrote slogans.

Ranga Rao : After two weeks my son was blessed with a son. We got it white washed again for the cradle ceremony. This time Doodicals wrote slogans.

- Granny : Yes... my son... in a short time my old man left me... For his ritual we got it white washed again! Assembly elections came thereafter. Congress, Telugu Desham, BJP people wrote whatever they wanted in a competition.
- Gowri : Meanwhile, a marriage party informed us that they are coming to see my sister-in-law. As the walls are not good my husband...
- Ranga Rao : Got it white washed! This time - the college elections! Before the marriage party visited our house, the college students had written their names again on the walls.
- Gowri : My husband, like Vikramarka, used to get the walls white washed and testing his patience, the students wrote their names on it the next day
- Granny : Getting white wash... writing slogan ... getting white wash... writing slogan ... writings on white wash, white wash on writings... writings on white wash, white wash on writings.....piled up....
- Ranga Rao : Our wall of one foot breadth... increased by another half foot.... Our one foot wall turned into one and half feet wall!
- Gowri : Actually we built one foot wall only! As the white wash and writings, as



the writings and white wash piled up, the one foot wall became one and half feet wall! Tell us what we can do...

Supervisor : May I advise you!

Ranga Rao : Tell me Sir! Tell me!

Supervisor : Buy a large cloth....

Ranga Rao : Mmmmmm! Buy a cloth....

Supervisor : Get a mosquito net made. Cover your house with it every night and remove it the next day. If anybody wants to write - they write on the net. So your walls will not be damaged.

Gowri : Bad advice! We can't afford to get the house curtain stitched.

Supervisor : How about another advice?

Gowri : (Nervously) what's that?

Supervisor : You, yourself make someone write GBVP, RDSU, Doodicals... all three terms in different color alphabet like a design without leaving an inch on the wall. Then I swear... they will never touch your walls!

Ranga Rao : I thought so too. But, the party workers won't be quiet during elections! They will white wash the design and write their vote slogans for some one else. No civic sense at all... What can we do?

Health Inspector : Look at them...! Midnight knights!

Students! What do they have in their hands? Brushes...

Ranga Rao : No. No... they are their gun barrels!

Health Inspector: What is that in their hands? Oh! Paint tin!

Ranga Rao : No... No... it is their arrows pouch!

(College students enter! Ranga Rao, Health Inspector and others take cover and secretly observe their activities. College students belonging to two different groups compete to write on Ranga Rao's neighbour's wall while singing a song. (i.e. parody for 'Snehamera Jeevitham' - Telugu film song)

**Note:**

**With the intent of sustaining the essence of dialect of the following Telugu song, the gist is furnished at the end of the song.**

Students :

*aa...*

*intode digivacchi...*

*intode digivacchi...*

*emayya emitidi ante...*

*kuncheloddo... ranguloddu,*

*ekkadaaniki-*

*nicchenodd antaamoo!*

*ee yedoo pai yedoo...*

*prathi yedoo ee reethi...*

*sunnameyamantaamoo...  
uttha sunnameyamantaamoo...  
godale...  
godale maa aasthuloo...  
godale maa aayudham !  
||Godale ||*

*Godale Maakunnadee..  
godale maa penndhi...  
godale.... ohhoy (godale)*

Second Group :

*Pagati poota vellithe -  
intivaallatho thippalooy !  
ardha raathiri vellithe  
polisollatho godavaloy !  
kunchane chepattu bhaayee...  
|| Kunchene ||*

*Oho adiyee manaku haaii  
||Godale ||*

First Group :

*Ohoho ee goda -  
chusindi mem bhaaye -  
aa rangu ne kaastha -  
ilaa andinchavoy !*

Second Group :

*Ee goda chusindi memoyi...  
maro godane -  
meeru vethukkondi.*

First Group :

*Intodu maa kaddam vasthaada?  
complaint evadaina isthaada?  
|| Intodu ||*

Second Group :

*Kalapamantaavaa... ?*  
*Kalapamantaavaa...*  
*aa nalla rangu ?*  
*veyamantaavaa*  
*aa neeli rangu ?*  
*evaraddu -*  
*vasthaaro choosthaamu*  
*vasthe - vaadhanthu choosthaamu*  
*|| Evaraddu ||*

*Manasanthaa upponge...*  
*Manasanthaa upponge,*  
*modalettaraa naanna!*

First Group :

*Okka gode chaalu -*  
*Voddule cigaretloo!*  
*ahaa... ahaa... ahaa...*  
*Okka gode chaalu -*  
*Voddule cigaretlu!*  
*aa pakka modaletti -*  
*ee pakka - raa naanna!*  
*ahaa... ahaa..*  
*raaseraaa.....!*  
*raasera maa vaadu...*  
*raasera - gundranga !*  
*raasera maa vaadu -*  
*slogans - nindugaa! || Godale ||*

### **GIST OF THE SONG**

(The song is about wall writings during the elections. The wall writers don't expect anything from the owner of the wall. They don't want to have

colours, brushes, ladders but request the owner to whitewash them every year. The wall writers have a problem with the owners if they go wall writing during day time. They have the problem with the police, if they are ready for their business during the night time. The wall writers from different groups quarrel over wall space for their specific writings. They neither prefer tea nor cigarettes but they like the neat and white walls to finish their job.)

Soori Babu : (Enters) Hey! Vote for Sutti Soori Babu! Oh! You wrote my name so beautifully.

Ranga Rao : Why mister! Why do you write on walls? Why don't you print pamphlets! Why don't you hang banners?

Soori Babu : Oh my God! Banners! Where do I get that much money?

Naresh : Yeah! Poor fellow! Day before yesterday he gave beer bottles to BA final students, yesterday he passed out cigarette packets to everyone, he spent all the money he had! Where will he get money to tie the banners?

Rajababu : It's not that we don't have money for banners. If we write names on walls,

whether we win or don't win, they will be on the walls for a year.... So thrilling... So... happy, won't it be?

Soori Babu : A lot of people see the names on walls!? It is very 'eye' catching and a great advertisement.

Vinay : Hey! Come here!

Soori Babu : (Comes to Vinay) What - Why?

Vinay : Please turn around-

(Vinay writes on the back of Soori Babu's shirt - 'Vote for Sutti Soori Babu')

Vinay : The writings on wall will be visible to everyone when people come to that wall! If it is written on your shirt... all the people see your advertisement wherever you go... Wherever you turn... is it not thrilling?

Rajababu : Yeah... yeah... these walls won't move! If it is you, you will not sit without moving even if you are tied.

Vinay : Bus stand, coffee club, Women's college, Girls' high school... you ... your advertisement - 'vote for Sutti Soori Babu' will be every where...! How is my idea?

Soori Babu : You fool! I got this shirt stitched by fighting with my uncle for six months! This is the first day I wore it. You Idiot... you wrote useless slogans on

it...

(Soori Babu and Vinay start to fight... Rajababu stops Soori Babu)

Rajababu : Hey! What goes around comes around. You have damaged many walls since this morning... Now Vinay damaged your shirt in the same manner.

(Rajababu beats Soori Babu... There is a slogan on Ranga Rao's wall next day...)

'We vote for those who don't write slogans on our walls'

(Curtain)

*'Andhra Bhoomi' Illustrated weekly*

*31-1-1991*

# RAGGING



- Anand : Hey Vijay! You look dull. Are you Okay? Today is our college reopening day! Have you forgotten... it's a special day for us!
- Gopal : Yeah! It's a wonderful day, interesting day, and a freshers' day.
- Ajay : You were just talking about them and here they are... The juniors are coming... shall we tease them?
- Anand : Why not? We are ready!  
(Juniors with sad eyes enter)
- Gopal : Hey! What's your name?
- Ratan : Ratan



- Anand : What's your name?
- Kishore : Kishore
- Gopal : Tell us your names one by one  
(All - Ramu, Somu, Ramesh, Suresh, Aravind, Govind, Ravi and Raja answer one by one)
- Anand : We now know your names, they are common names. Nice names! Okay not bad... Girls like your names.
- Gopal : Hey juniors! Don't you have manners? We know your names. Don't you want to know our names?
- Ratan : (Gulping) yes.
- Ajay : Yes... did you say yes! Arrogant fellow! Manners... speak with respect. We are your seniors! You call us Sir! Understand? Ask us again! You want to know our names, don't you?
- Ratan : Yes Sir!
- Gopal : Good! Now ask! You know how to ask! 'O mighty mighty senior! I am dirty dirty junior! May I know your name Sir'... Now ask!
- Ratan : O mighty mighty senior! I am a dirty dirty junior! May I know your name Sir!
- Gopal : Good! That's good! Hey Ramu, it's your turn. That is too lengthy... cut it

short... May I know your name Sir?  
That's enough! But say Sir after each  
word!

Ramu : As you say Sir! 'May' Sir I 'know' Sir!  
'Your' Sir! 'Name' Sir?

Gopal : You made a mistake again! Anand,  
bring the cane!

Ramu : Is it wrong Sir? Where Sir?

Gopal : You didn't say Sir after Sir. Go on...  
ask me again!

Ramu : Now, I'll tell it correctly Sir! Don't beat  
me Sir! May - Sir - I Sir - Know Sir -  
Your Sir - name Sir - Sir, Sir? Is it  
correct Sir!

Anand : Hey Kishore! Your shoes look good.  
Where did you buy them?

Kishore : In 'Bata' Sir!

Anand : You are Somu. Aren't you?

Somu : Yes Sir.

Anand : Where did you buy your shoe?

Somu : At 'Easy' Sir.

Anand : Wow! Those shoes and these shoes  
- both are good - come on take them  
off and show!

(Both take their shoes off! As they  
were taking their shoes off...)

Anand : Stop! Kishore, you wear Somu's  
shoe; somu will wear your shoe! You

go back home like this now.  
Understand!?

Kishore : Mine is black shoe Sir!

Sonu : Mine is brown shoe Sir!

Kishore : Everyone will laugh at me, if I wear  
one colour on my left leg and another  
colour on my right leg Sir!

Anand : Shut up! We don't care! Being  
juniors, you come to college like  
heroes wearing shoes. You have no  
fear. How dare you? Come on...  
exchange your shoe!

Kishore : Okay Sir!

(Both wear each other's shoe)

Gopal : Suresh! Put these flowers in your two  
ears. Take a handful of flowers to the  
college corridor where girls are  
loitering. Sell them... and come  
back. Wait... wait... don't tuck in your  
shirt. Roll your left pants up!

(Suresh bends and rolls his left pants  
up)

Yes! There you go! You look lovely  
in this outfit. Now, go!

(Suresh does as he is told)

Gopal : What's your name?

Ravi : Ravi

Gopal : Oh! Ravi Shastry! Okay...be ready

Ravi Shastri. It's your turn now. There are ten classmates in your front and back, aren't they! You scold the fellow at your back; he will scold the fellow who is at his back... This way you all continue abusing....

Ravi : No - I cannot scold him!

Gopal : You... rascal! You must! That too in pure Telugu...! Come on, start...

Ravi : (looking at the student behind)  
White snake!

Another student : Palm stump...

(This way the ten students above start scolding others who are behind them, by using the words.... 'Grind stone', 'black lizard', 'red scorpion', 'black scorpion', 'stone bowl', 'bird shit' etc.)

Gopal : Hey, bewakoof! Are they words of abuse?

Ram : Nobody taught us how to abuse, Sir!

Gopal : I see..... (Claps)  
Who is there?

Govind : Sir!

Gopal : You fool! Don't say Sir... Say 'my lord'. Now I will call...

(Claps again)

Who is there?

- Govind : My Lord!
- Gopal : Good... what's your name?
- Govind : Govind, my lord!
- Gopal : See Govind! Do you know how to drive a Honda?
- Govind : (Happily) yes... My lord! Shall I drive?
- Gopal : Uh... from here to the gate you have to pretend as if you are driving in air!
- Govind : (Depressed) Okay... my lord!
- Jhoom... (Starts Honda by making sound of starting) Jhoom! (Sound of pressing accelerator) Pipeep (Sound of horn) Jhoom (Sound of using accelator) Pipeep (Sound of horn) - turrur (sound of gear) keech (sound of break)... Jhoom... Jhoom... sound of moving)
- Anand : Good! Driving is enough! Looks like your classmates don't know the words of verbal abuse. As a punishment... crash into those with your Honda!
- (Govind drives the imaginary Honda and falls on them as if they were in an accident! They all groan and moan! Govind pretends to pick the Honda that fell on them)

- Anand : A good punishment for the idiots!  
Pretending as if they don't know how  
to abuse in Telugu! What do you say  
Govind?
- Govind : My lord!
- Anand : You have driven the Honda heroically  
and punished those idiots suitably....  
So we present a necklace made with  
gems as a gift to you!
- Govind : I am blessed My Lord!
- Anand : (Claps) who is there?
- Kishore : (Comes and bows) My Lord!
- Anand : Honor him with a garland and make  
us happy!
- Kishore : As you please...my Lord!  
  
(Shocks to find the garland made  
with footwear on the table. He goes  
and garlands Govind)
- Gopal : Why are you looking at me? Come  
on! Clap! (They all clap their hands)  
No! Come on clap vigorously  
  
(All clap vigorously)
- Gopal : Hey... What's your name?
- Aravind : Aravind Sir!
- Gopal : See Aravind! Can you throw stones?
- Aravind : Not a hard task Sir! I can.
- Gopal : Can you throw them far away?

Aravind : Oh yes. In my school I stood first in Javelin throw, discuss and short put Sir.

Gopal : I see, throw this stone.

(Aravind throws the stone to a long distance!)

Good! That was excellent! You should be really appreciated! Take this matchstick and measure the distance from here to there and find out how many match sticks distance it is! Don't stare at me? Go... Go!

(Aravind goes trying to measure with match stick)

Anand : Look here! What's your name?

Raja : Raja Sir!

Aravind : See Raja! Who is that standing there, wagging the tail?

Raja : Some country dog Sir!

Anand : Drag it by its tail, I want it! I want it within five minutes.

Raja : It can't be caught Sir! Moreover it has the itch Sir! It looks like a mad dog Sir!

Anand : Shut your mouth! Do what I say!

Raja : Will do Sir!

(Raja runs after the dog! He does not catch it. Raja is panting)

Ajay : Ramu... Do you know the costumes of Phantom?

Ramu : Don't know Sir!

Ajay : You fool! If you are given a character in a drama in our college tomorrow, what will you do?

Ramu : I'll ask the director Sir!

Ajay : You will never get selected if you ask the director - See I will show it to you! Come on!

Ramu : Right now, Sir!?

Ajay : Yeah... right now!

Ramu : Okay Sir!

Ajay : Look! What is this?

Ramu : A vest Sir!

Ajay : Wear this on your shirt!

Ramu : (Scared) as you wish Sir!  
(Wears vest on shirt)

Ajay : Now, what is this?

Ramu : Under wear Sir!

Ajay : Wear this on your pants!  
(Ramu hesitates)

Ajay : (Reprimanding) Come on... wear it!

Ramu : Okay Sir!  
(Ramu wears under wear over the pant)



- Seniors : (Singing) Oh! Oh! Phantom! O my dear Phantom! We like you very much! We love you very much!
- Aravind : (returns) Sir, the distance from here to there it is seven thousand ninety nine match sticks!
- Gopal : Shut up! Your measurement is wrong! You've measured it incorrectly. It is more than that! Measure it again.  
(Aravind nervously goes back to measure again)
- Anand : Hey, Hippy cut! This is old fashion! Why do you need curly hair?
- Suresh : No... mine is not hippy cut! It's my vow to God. I want to offer my hair to Lord Venkateshwara if I get a seat in engineering.
- Anand : You are so sweet like a girl in this hippy hair! Come on! Tie a pony tail with your hair!
- Suresh : Everyone will laugh at me Sir!
- Anand : Tell me will you do it or not?
- Suresh : I will do it Sir!  
(Everyone laughs! Meanwhile Raja enters)
- Raja : Sir! You asked me to drag the dog by its tail to you! The dog is not caught... but its tail has come off...

- here it is... in my hand!
- Anand : W... what! Where is the tail? Tail is good! Okay...that will do for today.
- Gopal : But look Raja! There is a saying that a dog's tail can not be straightened. Go ahead and straighten it and bring it to us by evening. Do you understand?
- Raja : (Feeling defeated) Understood Sir!
- Ajay : Hey Ratan! I am going to draw sign curve on this ground. When I draw it up you laugh! When I draw it down you cry! Understand?
- Ratan : Understand Sir!
- Ajay : (When Ajay draws up Ratan laughs 'hahaha' and draws down weeps 'ee.. ee.. ee..') He does like this two or three times.)
- Ajay : Hey! Who is there?
- Somu : My Lord!
- Ajay : Scrape this traitor. He doesn't know how to laugh and how to weep.
- Somu : As you please... my lord!
- Ajay : (Looking at Ratan) come on, on your fours. Not like that, on your fours like a horse, as children ride on the back of their grand father. Kneel!
- Ratan : Okay Sir!
- Gopal : Govind! Now you are the king

Duryodhana! This guy is your royal seat! You sit on his back! (Govind sits on Ratan's back) Why are you sitting like a girl? Roll your moustache and sit proudly like NTR.  
(Govind sits proudly)

- Anand : Hey Ramu...
- Ramu : Yes Sir!
- Anand : Hey Somu...
- Somu : Yes... Sir...
- Anand : You both are the courtesans of King Duryodhana! So now you have to sing and dance!
- Ramu : Oh my God! I can't sing
- Somu : Oh my God! I can't dance
- Anand : Shut up! Do as I say!
- Somu,Ramu : Okay Sir! (Sing and dance)
- Anand : (Whispering) Ratan! Govind sat on your back! ...Posing as if he is real Duryodana. At a favourable time you have to dethrone him.
- Ratan : (Panting by the weight of Govind!)  
I'll do it Sir!
- Somu,Ramu : (Sing and dance)  
(Ratan, who was on his fours, suddenly falls flat on his face! Duryodhana with his fingers on his mustache also falls down. Seniors

burst into laughter when Duryodhana is unable to get up)

- Gopal : Hey! Do you go to gym every day?
- Kishore : Yes, Sir.
- Gopal : That's why your body is shining? It's so beautiful! It will attract a lot of attention from the girls
- Kishore : (Overwhelmed with joy) Yes Sir!
- Gopal : With six pack body you look like Tarzan... come on! Yell like the Tarzan shouts in forest!
- Kishore : I've never seen Tarzan Sir!
- Gopal : Shout! Maddening calls... dreadful screams... Shouts... not to be understood by anyone!
- (Kishore thrashing his chest, legs and hands, shouts madly)
- Ajay : Ravi! Do you know sit ups?
- Ravi : (Nervously) Yes Sir I know! But I have rickets! I can't stand straight!
- Kajal : Come on! You have to do only ten sit ups. Then, we will leave you!
- Ravi : Only ten... Okay..... I will!
- Ajay : Ready! One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight Nine!
- (Ravi thinks it ten and tries to getup)  
No... no... Carry on! Nine one! Nine two! Nine three! Nine four! Nine five!

Nine six! Nine seven! Nine eight!  
Nine nine...

(Again Ravi thinks it 'ten' and tries to sit)

Nine - Nine one! Nine - nine two!  
Nine-nine three! Nine - nine four!  
Nine-nine five! Nine-nine six! Nine-  
nine Seven! Nine-nine Eight! Nine-  
nine!

Gopal : Enough! Poor fellow has rickets!  
He'll die! Hey Ajay! Our Principal is  
coming!

Ajay : Oh! No

Gopal : See, Mister Raja! Do you know the  
man who is coming?

Raja : You just mentioned, he is our college  
Principal, Sir!

Gopal : Good! You have great memory. Now  
go and shoot the Principal with this  
revolver.

Raja : My goodness! Shoot!?

Ajay : You fool! That's a toy pistol, nothing  
will happen! The Principal won't die!  
He will get scared... That's all!

Raja : (Desperately) later, he will suspend  
me!

Anand : He can't do anything! Go and shoot  
him...otherwise I'll send you home in  
under wear!

- Raja : Okay Sir! I will do as you say.  
(Raja walks in the opposite direction of Principal with the toy pistol and acts as if he is shooting by making 'tishim...' 'tishim' sounds.... Though the sound shocks the Principal, he understands the situation and looks at both seniors and juniors.
- Principal : Started ragging again! Were you not juniors in this college at one point? Have you forgotten how you suffered when your seniors teased you?
- Gopal : We did not forget Sir.... The seniors teased us. That's why we are teasing our juniors now!
- Principal : Very good! A daughter-in-law troubles her daughter in-law because her mother-in-law troubled her! Your argument is the same!
- Anand : Don't take it so seriously Sir! Just to enjoy!
- Gopal : It's just for fun!
- Vice Principal : (enters) Mr. Gopal... a telegram for you!
- Gopal : (confused) where is it from Sir?
- Vice Principal : It's from the medical college where your brother is studying!  
(Hesitates to read it and finally gathers courage to say in a low voice)

Unable to bear ragging, your brother  
committed suicide!

(Gopal faints. All the seniors are  
shocked)

Principal : Do you understand? What you might  
think is fun, might be painful for  
others. Did you ever think of all the  
people that took their lives with this  
sadistic mentality of seniors teasing  
their juniors? Mend your ways and  
go to classes!

Seniors : Sorry Sir!

(Curtain)

*'Andhra Bhoomi' Illustrated weekly*

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# EDUCATED ILLITERATE



(It is Krishna Nagar bus stop in Jubilee hills area! Adjacent to it, there is a grocery shop. Passengers are waiting for the bus in front of the bus stand. Those who are tired of waiting for the bus - often come to the grocery shop. Prem Nair who comes from Kerala to visit Hyderabad is asked to buy tamarind. He goes to the shop. Prem Nair doesn't know any other language except Malayalam. Shop keeper can only speak in Telugu)

Prem Nair : *(In Malayalam) Nokike - Ningalude  
kadayil puli undo?*



(Do you have tamarind in your shop?)

Shop keeper : *Yemito meeremi aduguthunnaro naakem artham kavadam ledandee!*  
(I don't understand what you are asking for!)

Prem Nair : *Ade... puli! Rasam undaakkana pulaylle ada!*  
(Tamarind... we make rasam with it, no! That is what I am looking for)

Shop keeper : (Showing Rasna)  
*Oho - Rasna?! vundi*  
(Giving it to Prem Nair)  
*idigo theesukondi!*  
(Oh! Rasna! We have Rasna. Here it is)

Prem Nair : *Ayyo! idalla!*  
(No...No... Not this one!)  
(Speaks to himself)  
*Entho.... ee..manishana manasi lagunnile! Iniyam nyaraneengane parayanam?*  
(This man can't understand what I am asking, how do I tell him?)

(Openly) : *Ade... karathana idikyunna! Ada vellatthilla idumbola rasam kattille... ada!*

(It is black in color. We soak it in water to make rasam. That one)

Shop keeper : *Yemito - poddunne evari mukham chooshano? Itlanti beram thagilindi! Aayana cheppedi nakartham kadu! nenu cheppedi athadiki aartham kadu! Yela chachedeeyantho! Ponle eeroju customer's raddee atte ledu! Okkokkati chupinchi adigithe sari... (Showing red gram) idaa ?*

(I don't know whose face I saw this morning when I woke up. This costumer has been a challenge. I don't understand what he is saying and he doesn't understand what I am saying. Instead of a slow death like this, I will show him each item and ask him if it is what he is looking for. There are no other customers in the store. Let me find out...)

(Showing red gram) Is it this one?)

Prem Nair : *Alla!*

Shop keeper : (Showing chilli Powder)  
*idaa!?*  
(Is this?)

Prem Nair : *Alla!*  
(No!)

- Shop keeper : (Vexed)  
*Nee bonda! Neekem gavalee?*  
(What else? What do you want?)
- Prem Nair : (scolding) *Ninna mukham! Ninaku Kanikyan potam ariyathilla!*  
(You do not know how to show products to your customers, dumb face!)
- Shop keeper : (Murmuring)  
*Veedu kooda naalage nannu thiduthunnadallevundi! Naa karma koddee dorikadu!*  
(I think this fellow is also scolding me. What an ill fate!)
- Prem Nair : *Anna pogatte ningal ku English ariyamo? English - pariyano? ...Tamarind? Tamarind!*  
(It's okay... Do you understand English? Shall I tell you in English? tamarind... tamarind.)
- Shop keeper : *Oh taamara mandaa!? adi ikkada yendukuntundi? Medical shopki vellu.*  
(Oh! Got it! It's a medicine for ring worm. I don't have it. Go to medical shop!)
- Raja Rao : (A customer who knows English

interferes)

*Adikadu shahukaru! Ayanaku  
kavalasindi mandu kaadu!  
Tamarind ata! Chintapandu -  
Chintapandu kaavaalata!*

(Look Seth Saheb! He doesn't need  
medicine! He is asking tamarind!  
Tamarind! He wants tamarind.)

Shop keeper : *Oho! chinthapandu kaavaalaa?  
Mari apptnunchi sarigga cheppa  
vemayya? Chinthapandukem?!  
Basthalakoddee istha! Idigo  
chinthapandu!*

(Oh! Tamarind! You want tamarind!  
Then why don't you tell me properly!  
We have a lot of tamarind! Will give  
you a truck load of bags? Here is  
tamarind!)

Prem Nair : (Happily) thank you! Thank you very  
much! *Ethra Kilo?*  
(Thank you! Thank you very much!  
What's the price per a kilo?)

Shop keeper : *Kilo iravai rupayalu.*  
(Twenty rupees per kilo)

Prem Nair : *Naam iravathanja roopa tharathilli!  
Irpada tharathollu!*

(I will not give twenty five rupees! I will give you twenty only)

Shop keeper : *Isthe iravai ivvu! Lekapotho po! Nenu ammanu!*

(Give me twenty! Otherwise go away, I will not sell!)

Prem Nair : *Enda karthave! ithrayum Kaasho? Nyan nuparichalum tharilla...*

(Oh... No... That is a lot! I won't pay that much)

Ranga Rao : Both of you are asking the same price! Since you don't understand each other's language, you are unnecessarily fighting over it.

Shop keeper : *Alaga! aithe sari! Yemandi, Aa dabbu itu ivandi! Idigo mee chintapandu. Theesukondi!*

(Is that so? Then it's okay! Give me the money! This is your tamarind! Take this!)

(Prem Nair buys tamarind. Meanwhile a Tamil young man comes to the bus stop, waits for the bus.... No bus arrives for a long time. Sharath Babu stands in front of him turning the pages of a weekly magazine. You can hear the buses

coming and going. Natraj asks Sharath Babu in Tamil....)

Natrajan : (In Tamil) *Ennanga! Inda bassu enga paraka pogiradu?*

(Sir, where will this bus go?)

(Sharath Babu is unable to understand what Natarajan is asking for... looks up from the book. Looks at him for a moment and goes back to reading his book)

Natrajan : *Ennwnga! Ungalaloo! Inda bassu enga varika pogiraduga.*

(Sir, I am asking you. Where is this bus going?)

Prakash : (A man that speaks Teugu)

*Oho! ee bus yekkadiki potundani aduguthunnaraa? Charminar lendi!*

(Oh! You are asking where this bus is going. It is going to Charminar)

(Hear another bus coming)

Natarajan : (To Sharath Babu)

*Ennanga, inda bassu.*

Prakash : Nampally!

(Another bus arrives)

Natrajan : *Ennanga! Ippo... Inda bassu?*

Prakash : Osmania University!

Rangaiah : (A villager throws out the cigar that he is smoking and speaks to Sharath Babu-)

*(Yem baaboo! naaku telvaka adugu thunna - yemee anukoku! Gantasepat nunchi soothunna! Antha pedda pustakam isugu iramam lekunda sadoothunnavu gada! ga bus meedi board sadvaleyaa? Paapam gayanaki saduvu raaka ninnu adugu thunte... gatla bellam gottina raayilaa nilabadthavendi? Nenante saduvu raani vaanni! Lekapotha nenu cheppevaanni! Nuvvemo sooda taaniki pedda sadookunnodi laagunnaavu! Ga board sadivi seppaadani gantha pareshaan ayipothavendi?)*

(Look my boy! Pardon my innocence - please don't be offended. You have been reading such a big book for one hour without rest. Why can't you read the board on the bus? When that poor fellow, being an illiterate, is asking you why you are sitting like a rock. I am uneducated and illiterate. Otherwise I would have told

him. You seem to be highly educated, why are you hesitating to read the board?

Raja Rao : These educated people are like that only! They are too lazy to read boards)

(Sharat Babu overhears the conversation between the villager and Raja Rao but he is unable to understand what they are talking about and concentrates on magazine)

Bharatamma : Is he lazy to read? No. He worked hard from his childhood and achieved many gold medals! He is not lazy as you said.

Raja Rao : Then what...? Is he short sighted?

Bharatamma : If he had that problem, he would have worn glasses, wouldn't he?

Raja Rao : Then....?

Bharatamma : He is an 'educated illiterate!'

Raja Rao : What does it mean maa?

Bharatamma : He is an educated illiterate!

Ramayya : (scratching his head) what you said is incomprehensible! I can't



understand.

Bharatamma : He is university first in M.A. political science. But he studied in Bengali medium from the beginning. He doesn't know any other language except Bengali. How can people that do not know any other language other than their regional language read the words written in other languages? So, people like him are educated illiterates! They are educated, can't read and can't write!

Venkat Rao : (Another passenger interferes)  
What you said is exactly correct maa! Few days back I went to Trivandrum! I saw a board and thought it was a saloon and went in. It was a beauty parlour! They sent me out after beating me!

Raja Rao : Why didn't you tell them the actual fact ?

Venkat Rao : How? How do I tell them? I don't know their language. They don't know my language. We don't know a common language. What to do? So I just shut up and endured the beating

Basant : What you said is right! I also experienced a similar situation in Chennai. To visit Vahini Studio I waited for a bus in the bus stop but I could not understand which bus went in which direction. To be sure, I asked other people but I don't understand Tamil. There was no one in the bus stop who knew English to tell me.... I boarded some other bus that took me somewhere and left me in some other place.

Venkat Rao: Listen to this. I boarded a city bus in Pune. The Conductor handed me a ticket. I checked the ticket amount that I have to pay. But I found only Marathi numbers on the ticket. As I could not understand the amount, I put fifty paise coin in his hand. Conductor stretched his hand out again. This time I gave him a rupee! He stretched his hand again! This time I put one and a half rupee. He looked at me angrily. I gave two rupees again. He yelled at me. I felt embarrassed when everyone looked at me. So I put five rupees in his hand and stayed quiet. I didn't

even ask for the remaining change,  
I swear!

Ranga Rao : Poor fellow! You have faced so  
many troubles...

Venkat Rao : It is not done yet! Listen... I stuck my  
head out of the bus to look for signs  
of my destination, but all the boards  
are in Marathi! Where do I get off?  
Every time the bus stopped, I would  
ask my co-passenger whether it was  
the street where I had to get off. He  
told me something in his language...  
As I could not understand I asked  
him once again... he answered me  
two times and left the seat by me! I  
got off the bus and sought help of an  
autowala who knew English and  
finally got to my destination.

Prakash : This is nothing but mania for mother  
language! From the very moment we  
step in a neighboring state, we  
become speechless, wordless and  
hence useless! We have to put  
plaster on our mouths and lead a life  
where there is no difference  
between us who can speak and the  
animals which can't speak...

Venkat Rao : No need to be so nervous... Where there is a will there is a way! Speaking is not a problem at all. You can communicate with signs... signs... if necessary! For that you don't need a language. What do you say?

Raja Rao : Yeah... Yeah... that can be done! Then nobody will shout at others! The whole country will be peaceful!

Prakash : Some states say 'no' to Hindi, Some states support abolition of English... I don't know where the country is heading? One should appreciate and respect his/her language - No objection! If people don't allow other languages except their language to flourish...is it not narrow-mindedness?

Basant : (Ridiculing) their passion for their language has a long vision. If one develops one's own language, no one will understand the other's language. If this is so, they don't know how to fight, what to fight and with whom to fight. In this way the lovers of regional languages earn a

name and fame for not exchanging their words as they cannot understand others language.

Venkat Rao : You fool! When they don't know what other people are asking for, there will be a problem of misunderstanding. In such situations, they stop fighting with words and start fighting with swords.

Bharatamma : True my son! I am suffering every minute with this issue!

Prakash : Mother, who are you?

Bharatamma : (Laughs meekly)

Me...?! Who am I? How I am related to you? I can not explain this and I am helpless, my son! Yet, I'll tell you! Listen!

(Bharatamma sings)

*I am mother India  
Mother India I am -*

*Two hundred years of imprisonment  
Under the rule of white people -  
Sanskrit was my mother tongue  
Before I was forced to speak  
English*

*Twenty five members are my sons*

*I call them 'states' by their name  
They disowned their mother tongue  
When they got wings  
And become hen-pecked  
husbands.*

*Telugu is my daughter in law  
Tamil is another one  
Malayalam is one  
Kannada is another one!*

*One is Gujarati  
Other is Punjabi  
One is Marathi  
Other one is Oriya*

*One is Bengali  
Others are Hindi  
One is Rajasthani  
Other is Kashmiri*

*One feels English is painful  
Other feels Hindi is scornful  
Sanskrit is heavy for all on the whole  
No one declares about the  
language  
That unites them all*

*One says Telugu is best  
Another says it's Tamil  
One says Hindi is best*

*Another says it's Punjabi  
If lines are drawn apart  
How nation stands on line.  
Who will lead them all?  
Who will unite them all?*

(Curtain)

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Note:

(In order to write Prem Nair's conversation I consulted a Malayali friend! She doesn't know Telugu! I don't know Malayalam.

'I don't know if you have the same alphabet in Telugu, so you can write it exactly the way it is pronounced. I don't know if the pronunciation will come across in Telugu," she said.

Please excuse me if you see any mistakes.

**-Dr. Amrutha Latha**

# THE STAFF ROOM



## FEMALE STAFF ROOM...

Rangamma : (With Kamamma) Madam! The second class teacher hasn't come to school today! HM asked you to go to second class! Sign here in this note book!

Kamamma : (Signing in the substitution book)  
This HM has no work! He always assigns substitution work to me only. She can't think of any other person. She can't tolerate if I rest for some time! Mean face!



- Suguna : HM has to teach only two periods a day! Yet, she won't, so lazy! We, who are already over burdened with five periods, are asked to teach extra periods!
- Rangamma: (Goes to Vimala) Madam, substitution classes for you too!
- Vimalamma : (Reading novel while relaxing in a chair looks at Rangamma) For me too? (Humming) I was just thinking why I got a minute to rest. I spent my time in the class till now! Substitution again to same class! Oh! Kill me now! I am dying in that asbestos shed, add to that the foul body odor of sweaty children - it's a living hell!
- Rajitha : Oh! You are complaining about only two periods! Did you think of those poor children? They suffer in the asbestos shed without any breeze for seven periods, you know!
- Vimala : Why should anyone suffer? The government should supply fans to all classes! The students can understand the lessons only when there is adequate air and light!
- Kamamma : Perhaps the government is not taking it seriously and thinking that the students and teachers might fall

sleep in the classes if fans are installed.

Tara : Please listen! Hear me out! Can I offer a solution? The parents will not give donations for fans! The government is poor to spend money! Therefore, we should chip in and buy fans for every class

Suguna : Not a good idea! You want us fix the issue?

Kamamma : (Angrily) Useless advice!

Vimalamma : (Looking at Rangamma) you brought the substitution work for me today, but please do not hereafter! Nothing is more tiresome than working in a girls' school!

Tara : Why? Why do you say so?

Vimalamma : Why not! Every two months one teacher applies for maternity leave. They are not even here for a period of three months. We are weighed down by the extra work (To Kamala) Look, I am going to the bazaar and will be back within five minutes! Meanwhile, please mind my class.

(Vimalamma goes out)

Kamamma : She is an examination secretary... she only has three periods! She never teaches classes properly, but

always complains about others that this person is not in this class or this person is not in that class.

Rajitha : Please! Speak quietly. I made mistakes in attendance register!  
(Rajitha leaves the room)

Tara : (Mocking) Going... Going... The best teacher is going!

Elizabeth : She got 'The best Teacher Award' at the District level once! Now she is trying for state award it seems!

Tara : Poor Pullamma, doesn't she know that she will retire before the State Award is announced?

Rangamma : Madam, HM is calling you  
(Tara leaves)

Elizabeth : (As Tara steps out) Going to HM's office to woo her with flattery! She is double-faced. She talks so sweetly with us here and complains about us to HM there. Do you know what she did? Her daughter always gets zero marks in my class. So she deliberately not awarded marks properly to my daughter.

Kamamma : Look... Rajitha is coming! I am going to class.

Sugamma : Why are you afraid of Rajitha? Why are you panicky? Is she the DEO?

Elizabeth : What can I do? Recently I went to my aunty's daughter's marriage... so couldn't correct papers. She... the best teacher aspirant... keeps asking me for marks list wherever I go!

Sugunamma : Thank you for reminding me! Because of you, my progress reports are also incomplete! Not only Rajitha... You also owe me the reports.

Aravinda : (Busy peeling beans) Me too!

Elizabeth : Oh my God! I am escaping!  
(Elizabeth moves out)

Sugunamma : What is this? Peeling beans here!

Aravinda : We have five periods a day! Seventy in each class, seventy multiplied by five - three hundred and fifty! I have no time to correct three hundred and fifty papers at school I am correcting them at home! What's wrong if I do some of my house work at the school?

Tara : Why are you stressed my darling? I have an easy solution! Assign a leader for every bench! You correct the notes of leader. Ask the leader to correct the notes of the students of her bench. Job done!

- Rajitha : Yes... yes... from the salary you earn the on first of every month, give some to the leaders! Poor leaders, sharing your labour... let them share the wages also!
- Aravinda : (Interrupts) I am thinking of buying ear studs. Where did you buy those ear studs Tara?
- Tara : Here at Maganlal. What is this mustard colour blouse for your yellow sari! They are not matching!
- Rajitha : (Sarcastically) Hmmm... you find time for silly chats - When HM asks us to correct students' notes, we waste so much time by arguing with her.
- Ramanamma: Madam! Anjaiah who sells saris is here with a bundle of saris.
- Sugunamma : Oh! Yeah? Ask him to come! Did he bring the sari that I had asked for? Look to see what the HM is doing? Send him in without her notice!
- Rangamma : She is talking to parents!
- Sugunamma : Delay always breeds danger. Make it fast. Send Anjaiah quickly!
- (Anjaya spreads saris before teachers! Teachers gather... those who are in the classes also bunk the classes and come)

- Aravind : This sari is not good! That white sari, with red border is good! How much is it?
- Anjaiah : Two hundred!
- Aravinda : What... two hundred? Make it hundred!
- Rajitha : What is this? Is this staff room or shopping centre? What is this nuisance in school hours? Anjaiah pack up your bundle and leave immediately! Otherwise I've to complain! If you want, come after school hours, they will select the saris leisurely.
- Sugunamma : After school hours... staying here... no... I have so much work at home! It's a time waste for me to stay here after school hours.
- Rajitha : It is time waste for you to stay after school hours. Okay agreed! But bunking classes and selecting saris in school hours... is it not a time waste for students?
- (HM comes to staff room! On seeing her, Sugunamma rushes out saying 'I have a class')
- H.M. : Is Vimalamma teacher here?
- Elizabeth : Just now she has gone to bazaar madam!

H.M : With whose permission did she go?  
She has the first class. Doesn't she?

Elizabeth : Yes, she does madam!

H.M. : Who are standing at the gate?

Elizabeth : Tara and Kamamma madam.

H.M. : This is what going on! There is a lot of time for long bell! They are at the gate to go home before the children do. Vimalamma always bunks classes! First class children are bored in the class room! A girl's left eye is bleeding because she accidentally poked a pencil into it. She was taken to Sujatha hospital! I don't know how her parents are going to react now.

Aravind : Alas! We don't know madam!

H.M. : It is a shame! So much has happened in the school... but only a handful of people know! Had Vimalamma gone to class on time this would not have happened? All of you who bunked go to classes immediately!

(Curtain)

### **MALE STAFF ROOM**

Raja Rao : Brother! What is the score? I was so curious I could not stay in the class, so I came to find out.

- Jagan : (Reducing the volume of transistor)  
Two forty for the loss of six wickets -  
Kapil is batting on ninety two and  
Azharuddin on six.
- Raja Rao : Kapil seems to make a century!  
Pakistan's defeat is sure!
- Ramu : May I come in Sir? (Comes in,  
looking at Jagan!) Good morning  
Sir! This is your period! Your class  
is very noisy. It is disturbing Bhum  
Reddy master's class in the next  
room. He sent me to tell you this!
- Jagan : (Shouts) you... nasty ruckus! Go  
now! You never let us sit down for a  
minute in the staff room! Why are  
you still standing here? Go... go...  
I'll come to class in five minutes.
- Raja Rao : (Looking at Somaiah who comes in)  
you just went out and you are here  
again to go?
- Somaiah : I can't live without smoking cigarette  
every ten minutes brother! If I don't  
come out at regular intervals, I can't  
teach! What can I do?
- Raja Rao : (Reading daily paper) who is winning  
the election this time, Somaiah?
- Somaiah : Who else? Telugu Desham in state!  
Congress in centre!
- Raja Rao : No... no... only Congress both in



state and centre!

Jagan : No... Janatadal in Centre, Telugu  
Desham in State!

Raja Rao : Want to bet?

Jagan : It's a bet!

Raja Rao : How much?

Gopi : May I come in Sir (to Raja Rao) Sir,  
this is your period! Raju and Ravi  
are fighting in class. Ravi's nose is  
bleeding. He is crying!

Raja Rao : Idiots! Always fighting! Coming!  
(Looking at Somaiah)... What will be  
the stake for the bet? Tell me Sir!

Somaiah : If you win, we both will give you five  
hundred! If I win both of you should  
give me five hundred. If Jagan Sir  
wins we must give him five  
hundred... Do you agree?

Raja Rao : Okay, agreed!

(Apparao enters in)

Rajaroo (closing his nose) Gurujee,  
seems to be drunk...

AppaRao : What to do Guroo! I won three  
hundred rupees while playing cards  
yesterday! Friends forced me to  
give a party with that amount!  
Applied half day leave in the  
morning! Rum... up to the neck!

Chicken biryani... belly full! Coming straight from the Bar to school for the afternoon session!

Raja Rao : Chew a pan guroo! It's a danger if HM notices!

Vinod : Don't think that no one is watching you. Is it ok if HM doesn't notice? Teachers are found 'in glass rooms... not in class rooms' said a great man. His words are true! It is enough. The children will observe us, even if we eat or drink and dance.

Raja Rao : Appa Rao Sir, you didn't come yesterday but you've signed in the register for the yesterday.

AppaRao : I was on duty yesterday. Played cards throughout the day and purchased registers for school in the night - I did the school work yesterday, so I signed today!

Raja Rao : Guroo... I heard you have long standing service in the school. You are the senior one who gets transfer this time.

Jagan : What! Take back what you said! Do you know... who he is? He is the brother-in-law of ZP chairman... transfer for him... never!

Raja Rao : This year our scales will be revised! Then all of us will get at least two

hundred rupees more.

Vinod : Yes... yes... We waste time with such useless talk by bunking classes. If we take more and more salaries like this, we will be called 'the school teachers who 'work for earning' but not - ' the School teachers who 'teach for a living...

Somaiah : Let it go! This time D.A. is enhanced by thirty four percent! Then how much salary will I get sir?

Appa Rao : If you know your basic pay, I'll calculate right now!

Kishore : Excuse me Sir (Looking at Appa Rao)

I am unable to understand this sum! When I asked you yesterday, you asked me to meet you in leisure today.

Appa Rao : Don't you have time and place to clear your doubts? Meet me in the evening, I'll tell you (turning to Somaiah)... Where are we in our conversation... yes... is it the basic pay I am asking?

Raja Rao : Leave the matter of basic pay Sir! This time all the groups in all teacher unions should jointly fight for LTC!

Somaiah : Yes Sir! Then only the Government will know our strength!

Vinod : Stop it, Raja Rao Sir! We get salary hikes now and then. Yet, we keep asking for more and more! Are we doing justice to the salary that we are taking? Are we fulfilling our duties towards educating the children. It is time to introspect and think of ways to better educate and nurture our students.

*'Andhra Bhoomi' Monthly 1989*

# SET UP A SCHOOL



('Abolish Donation', 'Abolish Donation'  
slogans from the back of curtain)

Education

Minister : Secretary! What is that noise  
outside! Is it a dharna again? Who  
is staging that dharna! It might be of  
our opposition people! Go out and  
see who is shouting slogans.

(Secretary goes out peeps and  
comes back)

Secretary : They are all college students Sir! As you are Education Minister 'they are shouting slogans - 'Abolish Donations in private schools...', 'Check education business' in front of our secretariat!

Education

Minister : What? Education... a business! What business is this secretary? Sounds new...

Assistant : Establishing a school, building own houses with profits and accumulating personal properties!

Education

Minister : What business is this... how do I run it? Tell me in detail Secretary! If the students are protesting against that business, it must be more profitable one than this ministership! I have an idea... if we both start a school, how will it be Assistant?

Assistant : It was my previous vocation! I started a school. I wasn't able to face the problems, closed it and came to this job Sir!

Education

Minister : I know you are educated and that is why I asked you. My wife is forcing me to look for a bride for my brother-in-law who failed intermediate. I'll ask him to open a school! What are

the steps to opening a school, Secretary? Who will pay the salaries in private schools? Is it our Government?

Assistant : Our Government pays salaries to private aided schools Sir! But it will not pay to Un-aided schools!

Education

Minister : Is it? Then who will pay the salaries for teachers in Un-aided schools?

Assistant : Their management committees! They collect fee from the students and pay the salaries to teachers.

Education

Minister : When they pay salaries from the fee collected then, why are they collecting donations?

Assistant : Perhaps the fees they are collecting may not be sufficient! Every year the rents of school buildings are increasing! The salaries of teachers are increasing with the DA! But, we have not increased the fee which we decided ten years back! So they are following back door methods! That's the matter! Some say that the donations are collected for building the schools! I don't know what it actually is!

Education

Minister : What if we pay salaries to private schools without allowing them to collect fee? We will pass a G.O.

Secretary : Excuse me sir! We already have opened thousands of government schools! We are suffering to pay the teachers working in them! We are not filling the vacancies with new people because we have no money! We are not paying the salaries of teachers who are working in Aided schools in time! If we also give salaries to Un-aided schools, our treasury will become bankrupt!

Education

Minister : (Desperately) Then what should we do? It means we can never give salaries to private schools...

Secretary : As our population is increasing in its own way it is impossible Sir! A newspaper recently stated that unless one hundred and forty schools are established every day, the children every year will not get seats in schools!

('Abolish donation', 'Abolish donation...' slogans from outside)

Education

Minister : There you go again! How can we send them away Secretary?



Secretary : We should announce abolition of donations as they demand Sir!

Education

Minister : If we abolish donations... won't we get into trouble from our Education Department?

Secretary : Not at all Sir! So far many Governments ruled our state! No Government took such an ideal action... So, we will gain popularity also.

Education

Minister : (Proudly puts his hand on his moustache) If that is so, then why wait? Pass a 'GO' to abolish donations.

Secretary : All right Sir!

Attendant : Sir, someone... wants to meet you, he is the President of private schools union it seems. He wants to speak to you!

Education

Minister : Okay. Send him!

President : Namaskaram Sir!

Education

Minister : Namaskaram! Sit... sit! What is your issue?

President : We heard that donations are going to be abolished! We are very happy!

But you have not revised the school fees that the government fixed long back.

Education

Minister : What is your concern?

President : We are giving admission for thirty students in a class in our school! You decide the thirty rupees fees. Thirty multiplied by thirty... nine hundred rupees. It means the income of the class is nine hundred rupees!

Education

Minister : What do we do with your accounts? First tell me, why are you here!

President : You say government scale should be implemented to the teachers who are working in private schools! If it is so, as per rules, teachers working in SGBT scale are to be paid fourteen hundred a month!

Education

Minister : Only five hundred rupees less.

President : It's not over Sir! We don't have own building for our school. We pay three hundred rupees for each class room.

Education

Minister : So, you mentioned an additional expenditure three hundred to the five hundred. So, you will be short of a total of eight hundred. Fill out an

application for land for your school...  
I will get it for you!

Secretary : Many government offices are being run in rented buildings as they have no land. Then how can we get land for private schools Sir.

Education

Minister : Is it? That I don't know. (Looking at President) Okay. Okay! Continue!

President : One teacher is not enough for one class Sir! They need some rest! Four teachers are needed for every three classes! That means an additional four hundred rupees expenditure for appointing another teacher for every three classes.

Education

Minister : That means another four hundred is added to the amount you stated. Now you are short of twelve hundred rupees!

President : That's not enough Sir! Another three hundred we require for furniture, examination, power, phone, games, science, non-teaching staff, miscellaneous, etc...

Education

Minister : (Shocked) That means if we add the first total and this total... then total will be fifteen hundred.

President : Yes Sir, we are short of fifteen hundred rupees! Limiting a class to thirty and giving government scale... will not be possible if we collect thirty rupees! We have to collect eighty rupees then only we can pay attractive salaries to our teacher and can provide all facilities to our students!

Education

Minister : I now understand, let's do it! Secretary! We have abolished donations! Now we must increase the monthly fee from thirty to eighty.

Secretary : Excuse me Sir! If we do so, the students will revolt! It will be like scratching the head with a torch!

Education

Minister : Secretary... on one hand, we don't pay them salaries, on the other hand we are insisting not to collect fees! There is no justice. Don't say anything! Do as I say! Please increase monthly fee from thirty to eighty rupees.

Secretary : Okay Sir as you wish!

Education

Minister : (Sits in a chair in relaxed position) Secretary! What's the news in today's paper... read out!

Secretary : (Reading paper) 'Take action against the business of the educational institutions that are collecting more fee than fixed by Government'... 'Severe action should be taken on private schools'... is written in the paper Sir!

Assistant : Sir, there are some ideal schools which do social service in private sector also. We have not increased fee rates! The amount collected is not enough for them! Do you say the service done by the schools is not service at all, if more fee is collected?

Education

Minister : What Assistant! Are you supporting private schools? Do you have partnership in any school?

Assistant : Sir! Education is not a business. There are no partners in it. No partnership deal will be there. The committee members should extend financial assistance to the school they established, but should not share the school income! If any member goes against it, the remaining members have the right to remove him.

Education

Minister : In that case, why are they running

schools... to eat mud?

Assistant : Sir, some admirers of education establish schools with love and passion, some to earn fame, some others for livelihood. The third type people give meager salaries to teachers and build bungalows by exploiting them! Because of this third type, people have bad opinion on private schools!

President : Minister Sir! I ask the press reporters to write essays like 'Fee Hike - Heavy burden on middle class' - by showing sympathy on middle class people! But, knowing what I do now and understanding their problems, how can we justify not increasing fees?

Assistant : Yes Sir! Ten years back the price of that paper was 50 paise. Now it is one rupee fifty paise. In these ten years they paper price increased three times! How can they ask not to increase school fees?

President : You are correct Sir! Paper price is one rupee fifty paise per day multiplied by thirty days! Forty five rupees per month! The price of paper which can be read in an hour is forty five rupees! The fee of the school in which teachers teach for

six hours a day is thirty rupees!  
Where is the justice?

('Increase of fees injustice', Reduce  
the fees immediately' slogans  
outside)

Education

Minister : What is it Secretary? I hear the  
protestors outside our Secretariat.

Secretary : Didn't I tell you Sir! If the fee is  
increased, people will revolt!  
Students are on strike against the  
fee increase.

Education

Minister : We have done it for the welfare of  
the students. To give Government  
salaries to teachers who are working  
in Private schools we have  
increased fees! What is this  
commotion again? What is the  
trouble?

Secretary : Even now it is in our hands Sir! We  
should reduce the increased fee.

Education

Minister : Alas! How do the private schools  
survive Secretary? We have  
abolished donations also...

Secretary : Let them go to hell. If they take thirty  
for a class it's their problem! If we  
ask them to take sixty students the  
amount will be sufficient.

Assistant : If there are sixty students in a class then both government and private schools are same. Instead of sending our children to private schools by paying so much money, it's better to send them to Government schools where there is no fee.

Attendant : Don't be angry Sir for speaking out of turn! I send my son to a private school because the quality of education in a government school is poor. My son can now read and write.

('Reduce the fees' - slogans)

Education

Minister : They started again!

Secretary : Yes sir! Why should we get involved in this? We must reduce the fee.

President : You have heard all our problems and agreed... but now you are backpedaling... Sir!

Education

Minister : I pity you... I understand your burden, what can we do? We should be with public! We have to make sure they are not angry! We need their votes in the upcoming elections!

President : Every year RTC rates are increasing. Prices of consumer



goods, newspapers rates, salaries are all increasing! But you don't want the fee to be...

Education

Minister : Look... I don't know how you became the President. You seem to be very eccentric! May I ask you to do one thing?

President : What is it Sir?

Education

Minister : You are very innocent. That's why you are thinking on these lines. The rules follow their way! You follow your way! We can't annoy the public, we are not supposed to increase the fees! You say you can't run a school for less than eighty rupees. What to do?

President : What is he supposed to do Sir?

Education

Minister : Take eighty rupees and give receipt for only thirty.

President : If we do that we will be looked down by public Sir! They will think that we are pocketing the money

Education

Minister : Present the budget in parents meeting! Let them think whatever they want! We are least bothered.

They should feel like we are on their side. That's what we need! We need to act without annoying the public!

President : This is injustice Sir! To make you look better, you are throwing us under the bus

Education

Minister : That's none of our business! Now you can go! We have so much work to do! Assembly session starts from tomorrow! Opposition parties are going to ask many questions!

President : (About to go) At least do us a favour Sir. If there are eighty students, fix thirty rupees fee and if there are thirty students, fix eighty rupees fee - as fee structure on the basis of the strength of students in the class.

Education

Minister : That's not possible... you can go! I've to leave for a meeting.

(President is going away)

Secretary : You've done a good job Sir! We should not revise fee structure under any condition! They will have to increase fee because the present fee is not enough for them. Meanwhile we will start a vigilance department to catch them. We

should announce it to parents in all news papers that, "You pay only this much - not more than this!" The fish we need will be trapped in the vigilance's net! The school people will come to us and pay the amount we demand to save them from the case... this way you will get double the amount you spend in elections!

(President while going out says to Rangaiah)

President : See Rangaiah! Look at your Minister's intelligence! Instead of solving problem he pitted the parents against the private schools. Did you notice Rangaiah, how smoothly he escaped!

*'Andhra Bhoomi' Monthly - 1989*

# BANDHS - BANDICOOTS



- Suresh : Hey Raju, Remember, Kamal Hasan's picture is being released today. We should watch the picture at any cost. Let's make sure!
- Raju : Oh my friend! Don't you know today is Bharath Bandh? Cinema halls also are closed!
- Anand : Oh! I forgot! (Strolls to and fro) Even going to a restaurant is not possible as all restaurants are closed!
- Raju : (Desperately) my sister's marriage is next Sunday! I planned to

purchase clothes today. But, all the shops are closed today as the bandh is called. How can I shop?

Anand : All the buses are cancelled, we can't go for picnics. We can't get a cassette as video libraries also are closed.

Raju : The strangest of all... bandh is observed by banks! Suresh went to bank and found it was closed because of fear of the people who gave the bandh call.

Suresh : (Annoyed) College is also closed! No way to while away the time!

Anand : I have an idea! Shall we all play cards?

Ravi Kishor : (Angrily) Idiot! Any holiday will make you think stupidly! The country is getting destroyed by the bandh calls given by idiots like you. Still you want to play cards! Shame on you!

Anand : What more to add? We are the virtuous born in a county where bandhs are observed for all trivial things.

Raju : It's okay Suresh! Do you remember the song we used to sing in our childhood... Sunday... Monday...

Anand : So what? Do you want to bore us with your poems and rhymes right now?

Raju : Not that...! Our Suresh is a young

poet! Let's have fun with him singing  
a parody song on bandh!

Anand : Please do it Suresh! You give us a  
headache with your poetry when we  
are busy. We are available now to  
listen. We handover our ears...  
eyes... and mouths to you! Come  
on... recite your poem!

Suresh : Oh! Poetry on bandh! It's so easy!  
Listen to my ad-lib poetry

(Clearing his throat)

Bandh... Bandh... Bandh!

Monday - BJP bandh!

Tuesday - Reservation bandh!

Wednesday - Congress bandh!

Thursday - Radicals bandh!

Friday - Telugu Dessam bandh!

Saturday - Communist bandh!

Bandh - bandh - bandh

Give a call for bandh!

Let lazy guys enjoy the bandh!

Anand : Excellent! We have listened to useful  
poetry after many days. We are  
happy! We better felicitate you with  
garland.

Raju : Why ridicule him? He is not  
exaggerating. The whole week is a  
bandhs week. Calculate how many

working days we will get for our classes the next week!

Anand : (Gets his pocket diary out and scrutinizes) we have bandhs every day except on Saturday the next week my brother!

Raju : Hai... Hai...! At least we have college one day of the week! Hippiie Hurrah!

Suresh : You fool - Saturday of the next week is also a declared holiday by the Government.

Anand : Yes, true! I have forgotten it completely. It means all days are holidays the next week too.

Raju : But... don't you remember we asked our Principal to conduct classes on Saturday to complete our syllabus?

Anand : Yes, Yes...! Then why did they cancel class on Saturday?

Ravi Kiran : All the lecturers expressed their anger for asking them to teach classes on Saturday which is a holiday for them. The matter went all the way to the Director of Higher Education who in turn summoned our Principal and issued a memo for running the college on a holiday!

Anand : Disgusting! In our country, those who escape from work are not punished but those who wish to work are being

embarrassed in such a way!

(At this time Subba Rao opens his tea shop beside the road, which is visible to the audience)

Raju : Hey guys! Look... the tea shop Subba Rao has opened the shop! Shall we go and sit in the shop to kill some time?

Suresh : How are you Subba Rao?

Subba Rao : Everything is okay... wish your kind cooperation! Come... come... Sit!

Raju : (Dragging the stool and sitting) Subba Rao, you are very brave. You opened the shop today, on the day of bandh! We are very much surprised.

Subba Rao : What can I do? We cannot survive without work. If people like you come to our shop we can have two meals a day!

Anand : There is every possibility of damage to your shop on the pretext that you are not observing bandh call given by them.

Subba Rao : What you said is right! They are mad people! They may bite anybody anytime! Five to six bandhs a month is so painful. If one gives a call for bandh on one side, other one also gives a call from the other side. It became a competition of bandhs.



This is not the country of Bharath... but the country of bandhs! Unless one strongly abolishes the bandhs, the country will not prosper.

Anand : Yes... Subba Rao! If you don't like bandhs it's okay! But if we don't observe bandhs who will listen to our grievances? How will the Government respond to us?

Ravi Kiran : You think about one thing Anand. Giving bandh calls in our country has become a contagious disease! Many people have given many calls for bandh. Can you give me an example of any good that came from a bandh!

Raju : I agree! Bandh is observed for a single day! The next day... everything will be as usual! Everyone is busy in his routine work! Just to trouble the people they are giving these bandh calls I think.

Anand : Sh...! Don't say it loudly. If the people who give call for bandhs listen to your words, this time they will give bandh call for ten days at a stretch instead of one day.

Ravi Kiran : Ten days bandh! Never! If it is given... the people will oppose and revolt! That's why nobody, no party... is brave enough to cooperate such extended bandhs.

- Anand : It is not so simple Kiran! If you say 'no' to bandhs, how can one express their resentment?
- Ravi Kiran : Are bandhs the only means to express resentment? They may stage dharnas and gherous! May convene public meetings and conferences! May criticize through press!
- Raju : What you say is right! There are so many methods to address it without inconveniencing the public. If bandhs continue, many working hours are wasted and a lot of labour is wasted! Why doesn't anyone think about the inaction of the youth?
- Suresh : All party people are involved with bandhs. Every party makes use of bandhs except when they are in power.
- Anand : Not only that! Opposition parties enjoy an evil happiness by harassing the ruling party in the name of bandh.
- Rajesh : It seems that the target of bandh organizers is not the Government but the public!
- Anand : You are correct Raju! If it is not true... they will not light buses on fire, trains, telephone exchanges and banks that are essential to people! I don't understand what they want to achieve by such acts.

- Suresh : (Ironically) it's clear! They want to turn the wheel of time back and help us experience the life our ancestors lived in BC time devoid of any facilities.
- Ravi Kiran : It takes years of hard work, years of labor for growth in the right direction But dismantling can be done in no time. Anything can be turned into ashes in a minute! Just lighting a match... is not a great work... sheer... sadism... isn't it?
- Raju : But I don't understand... why don't these people revolt? Why do they endure such inconvenience?
- Anand : Perhaps... 'Who bells the cat'...might be their notion!
- Ravi Kiran : Why others? Aren't we enough! We are college students! We should make bandhs fail, whenever a bandh call is given. We should see that the shops are open and buses run!
- Raju : But... among ourselves... so many groups like... GDSU... Doodicals... Telugu youth... JBVP... JSUI...! Our students also give bandh calls sometimes! What should we do if they don't cooperate with us...?
- Anand : No... I don't think so! We are not supporting anybody! We are asking all to put off bandhs! Then where is the problem?

- Ravi Kiran : Humanists in all groups... should meet and think seriously... establish a new youth force in all villages to save the people from the clutches of bandhs irrespective of groups.
- Anand : If it also emerges as a student group in addition to the present groups, it will become another group to worry about ... won't it?
- Ravi Kiran : No... No... young people should check it and work with only one aim! It's none other than stopping bandhs! That's all! It should not interfere in any matter especially politics! When these bandhs completely disappear, the youth force should automatically be dissolved on its own! It will... of course!
- Raju : Your idea is fine! Bravo! We will inaugurate the new youth force from today itself. You will be the leader...
- Ravi Kiran : Sorry Raju! In the name of leadership elections begin and politics enter! Then our aim is lost. No leader is needed for our youth force! Ours is united leadership!
- Raju : We should guard individuals and protect public property under any circumstances. We should face and warn the callers of bandh. We should see that the public live happily and enjoy the liberty.

Chanti : (Enters) Brother! You are here... I looked for you in many places... Mom asked you to come home with your friends for breakfast!

Ravi Kiran : Come on guys! Let's go home for breakfast!

(As the group of friends leaves the place, another group of bandh callers rushe into Subba Rao's tea stall, drags him out and get into an argument. In the dispute, all the characters on stage play their roles giving lip movement to the background song)

Note:

With the intent of sustaining the essence of dialect of the following Telugu song, the gist is furnished at the end of the song.

Stripes

Lungi Rowdy: Eerojubanduntadane -  
seppinamninna || eeroju||

Fur Cap

Rowdy : Bandhupettudukaanam -  
unnaphalangaa !

Talwar

Rowdy : Laareeloo, Autoloo, Rikshaalaina  
|| Laareeloo ||

Muffler

Rowdy : Roddumeedakanpadithe -  
aggipedathaam, arey

|| Roddu ||

Subba Rao : ninnamonnaaamonnaa -  
thindiledannaa || ninna ||  
bandhuvuntenaakedaapanee -  
dorakadu || bandh ||

Subba Rao's

Wife : okkatokkatokkatokka -  
tokkatokkatee || okka ||  
nelakiayidubandhul -  
maausuruthagalanee  
|| nelaki ||

Subba Rao's

Daughter : Anna nee kaalmoktaa -  
bandhupettakoo || anna ||  
ayya nee baanchen  
maakadupugottakoo  
|| ayya ||

Stripes

Lungi Rowdy : Ehe! polla nee lolliendi...  
addamraakoo... || polla ||  
soothavera, aaporini -  
pakkakuthosey || soothavera ||

( Music is played in the middle of  
song. The horn of a bus is heard.  
Callers of bandh happily jump, go  
behind the curtain and drag the bus  
driver on to the stage)

Fur cap Rowdy : (He pulls on the driver's collar)  
Bandhvunnarajunuvvu  
gammunundakaa  
|| bandhvunna ||

bassunadipedamma -  
needummuluputhaam !

|| bassu ||

TalwarRowdy : Soothaveraaggipette  
andhukobey - arey || soothavera ||  
gaanchunooneposi -  
antinchiraabey, arey

|| gaanchu ||

(An old woman who gets off the bus,  
follows the driver and pleads the  
callers of bandh)

Old Woman : Bidda nee baanchenayya -  
bassutholanee || bidda ||  
bassulanaabiddundee -  
saavubathukullo || bassu ||

(Meanwhile from the corner of the  
stage, the milk vendor enters on a  
cycle.... the callers of bandh stop him,  
snatch away the milk can and throw  
the milk into the empty space before  
the stage)

Muffler  
Rowdy : Paaladabbatheesukelli -  
morilapoyyi, arey || paala ||

(A vegetable vendor enters from the  
other side with a basket of  
vegetables on his head. The bandh  
organizers throw the basket on the  
ground and kick the vegetables.  
One picks up the tomatoes and  
devours them all)

Stripes Lungi

Rowdy : Vonkaayal... Sorakaayal...  
pentalapoyyi! || vonkaayal ||  
(The daughter of old woman  
strangles and dies)

Old Woman: (Emotionally)  
Meeintlapeenugella -  
eebandhulendukoo  
|| meeintla ||  
pacchibaalinthasacche -  
bassunaduvaka || pacchi ||

Driver : Ededosaakuchepi -  
bandhupedtharaa || Ededo ||  
Bandhu petti janaannii  
bbandipedtharaa || bandh ||  
bassukaalabedthe -  
aanastamevarikee || bassu ||  
chaarjipenchuthaaru...  
thirigibassukonutakoo  
|| chaarji ||

Old Woman : (Cries) Intlaelukalunte -  
Illukaalabedatharaa || Intla ||  
meeyeelitho - meekanne  
podusukuntara  
|| Meeyeelitho ||  
(Ravi Kiran, Suresh, Raju, Anand  
enter after breakfast and resist the  
callers of bandh)

Ravi Kiran &  
Party : Bandhugindulantumeeru



mundukostee - orey || bandhu ||  
mundumundumaachetilo -  
meekumooduro...

### **GIST OF THE SONG**

(This song is about bandhs which are a necessary evil to the common man in India. Some protesters with malicious intentions come to Subba Rao, a common man and threaten him to close his shop. They stop trucks and autos rickshaws and paralyze even the public transport system.

The protesters even set the vehicles ablaze to make their bandh a grand success. Subba Rao has no food, no work for the past couple of days. His wife asks the protesters how they could earn a living if bandh call is given for five days in a month. She curses the protesters silently. Her daughter is ready to touch the feet of the protesters if they withdraw the call for the bandh. But they do not listen to anyone.

They stop the bus, drag the driver from it and threaten him, 'How dare you drive the bus on the day of the bandh?' They are so angry with the driver, they are ready to set the bus on fire.

A woman passenger gets off the bus and requests the protesters not to

set the bus on fire because her sick daughter has to be taken to the hospital.

Meanwhile the milk vender appears on the road and he is stopped by the protesters. They take the milk can from him forcibly and pour the milk on the road. The same type of treatment is given to the vegetable vendor.

In the meantime the sick daughter of the old woman dies. The old woman laments the death of her daughter and curses the protesters that someone in their family should also die.

The driver asks the protesters who will be the losers, if the bus is burnt? The government will raise the charges to meet the loss.

The old woman asks the protesters if they would set their house on fire, if a rat enters their house. She also asks them if they would poke their eyes with their own fingers.

At that crucial moment Ravi Kiran, Suresh, Raju and Anand, who do not like bandhs come on the spot, resist the protesters and give a serious warning not to repeat it. )

(Curtain)

# EVE TEASING



(Jagan is strolling in the college garden)

- Jagan : (Looking at his watch) It's 9 'o' clock! Lalitha who comes to college exactly at nine every day hasn't come yet. My legs are hurting... Damn it. There is not even a single cement bench to sit. I can't sit down as my pants are tight and they may split!
- Anand : (Enters) Jagan!
- Prem : (Enters) Jagan!
- Anand : (Loudly in the ear) Hey, Jagan!
- Jagan : (Shouts) You! Rascal! Why do you bay like an ass! Don't you know how to call softly? If this is my Lally... she will call me 'Jagan... Jagan...'so sweetly.

Prem : (Surprisingly) Hey! Lalitha is calling  
(Shaking Jagan) Are you dreaming  
my brother?

Jagan : (Delightfully) Hey Prem! Hey Anand!  
(Lifting collar) today I wrote letter to  
my beauty queen... dream girl... life  
candle! I have written her a letter that  
I have been trying to write since a long  
time!

Anand : Bluff... bluff!

Jagan : I know you won't believe me, that's why  
I have kept a carbon copy of the letter  
with me. Do you want me to read it?

Prem : Why not... sure!  
(Jagan reads out)

Jagan : My beauty queen Lalitha!

That day - while riding the bicycle, I  
smelled the rose that was in your  
beautiful plait, you got angry and spat  
on me saying 'thoo'!

But, wow! You are beautiful when you  
are angry!

Do you remember - one day while  
passing through your street... when I  
peeked into your room through the  
window, you got angry and sprinkled  
chili powder in my eyes?

That was an everlasting, unforgettable  
incident for me!

Another day when I turned back to look at you behind me and I embraced a donkey which went by... you laughed at me...!

Wow... while laughing... in that pose... you were so cute and very beautiful!

Note:

This is my ninety ninth' letter to you!  
Reply at least this time -be aware that if you don't reply I'll go on a hunger strike in front of your house.

This is ...

The one who wholeheartedly likes you

-Jagan

(After finishing the letter, he kisses it)

- Prem : Wonderful!
- Anand : Marvelous!!
- Prem : Excellent!!!
- Anand : Tremendous!!!!
- Anand : How could you write such a beautiful love letter?
- Jagan : It's a secret! I am not that intelligent! I had it written by Kavishree who writes stories in our college!
- Prem : (Disappointed) Oh, I see! I thought you wrote it! I am planning to get one such letter written for me aswell!

- Anand : By the way, what is that bandage on your left hand?
- Jagan : (Carelessly) Oh, this one! You know the long braid Vijaya... as I crashed into her from behind on my cycle, her brother thrashed me! It's so painful!
- Anand : Poor fellow! I pity you my dear! Loved Indira in Inter and got foot wear, loved Padma in first year and got slaps and loved Shailaja in Second year and got death blows! Now this Lalitha! Okay past is past! At least you win in this trial now!
- Prem : (To Anand) He is bluffing... don't worry about his letter. I don't believe that Lalitha will see his even his toe nail!
- Jagan : I found an auspicious day to write the letter and hear you are blabbering. You are jealous of me!
- Anand : Sh! Forget Lalitha... Look, Geetha is coming towards us.
- Jagan : Is it so? What a chance... If not Lalitha, it's Geetha? If I get this Geetha in my life, Oh God, lord Venkateshwara! I will tonsure my head (bites his tongue)... Oh My God! If I lose my beautiful hair... no girl will look at me... (Thinks for a moment) Sorry Swamy, I will just donate a hundred rupees note in your hundi...

(Geetha enters)

- Jagan : Hello! How do you do my darling?  
(Geetha continues to walk angrily)
- Jagan : Oh Madam! I am here! Look at me!  
If you look at me once, you won't lose  
nothing madam!
- Anand : Let her go brother, your pride is in  
danger! Sub-Inspector is coming, this  
way.
- Prem, Jagan: We are dead!  
(The three run away, Sub-Inspector  
enters)
- Inspector : Idiots! They escaped! Next time I'll  
catch them red-handed (exits)
- Anand : Hey Jagan! Sub-Inspector has gone  
now! Come out, the coast is clear!  
(Jagan doesn't come out because of  
fear)
- Anand : Hey! Jagan... Good news for you!  
Lalitha is coming!
- Jagan : (Happily comes out) really? Prem,  
Anand... stay close!
- Prem : Are you scared?
- Jagan : What are you saying? Fear? Being,  
would be President of College  
Students Union, I know no fear! You  
coward, have you ever written a love  
letter to any girl... you are scared...  
your father is scared... your father's  
father is scared...!

- Prem : Great Jagan Sir! I agree... we will hide... First look into the matter of Lalitha!  
(Anand, Prem leave... Lalitha enters)
- Jagan : Hello Lalitha, have you received my love letter?
- Lalitha : Mister...! There are so many mistakes in the letter you copied. If a letter that you copied has mistakes, I can only imagine how an original letter from you would be!
- Jagan : Lally...
- Lalitha : Don't be silly! Sixteen mistakes in one sentence! How dare you write a love letter!
- Jagan : Lalitha...
- Geetha : (Enters) Poor fellow! Who ever is the girl, be it the maid servant Lachchi... or the next door aunty or the neighbor Bujji... He behaves similarly with every girl he lays his eyes on
- Jagan : Geetha... I am not so cheap to look at (to Lalitha) I can't imagine my life without you Lally! I can't live Lally, I can't live!
- Lalitha : Eh... very old dialogues! So tasteless! Mr. Jagan, this is not a drama stage... not a cinema set either!



(Saying so she moves away hurriedly!  
Geetha follows her)

Jagan : (Reconciling) How proud she is!  
Thinks of as herself the most beautiful  
woman! This Jagan is not an ordinary  
man! I'll show her what I am!

Prem : (Enters) Hey Jagan! How far have you  
got in your love story!

Jagan : (Angrily) up to your head... you bloody  
rascal!

Prem : (Palely) What have I done?

Jagan : You have done nothing! That pains  
me! Lalitha scolded me repeatedly!  
You are listening like bandicoots from  
the hide out. Not one..., not anyone  
has any one come to my rescue! If I  
invite you all to go to a restaurant, you  
will be ready you dirty fellows!

Ravi : (Enters) what a wonder! By this time  
all of you will be on a watch at cinema  
hall, bus stand or women's college  
gate! Why are you sitting here  
desperately? Don't you have money  
for cigarettes?

Anand : Don't worry about cigarettes... first  
get a cool drink for Jagan... he is  
exploding!

Ravi : I'll get that but did you hear this!  
Women's college magazine released  
today! That fair, lean and delicate girl

Lalitha wrote a story in the magazine.

Anand : Nonsense every damn fool is posing as a story writer now - a - days. Bloody story... Let her write!

Ravi : (Angrily) it is not a worthless story as you said. But... she blamed the men who tease girls in every line.

Prem : (Coldly) Country dogs bark at elephant... Let her write... what do we have to lose?

Ravi : (Emotionally) we the men with moustaches have a right to be irritated. After all a woman, she throws mud at us every chance she gets!

Anand : I have an idea! Shall we make our 'Kavishree' write a story on the women...

Jagan : Oops! All such are feminine activities! We... we should show our bravery not in writing but in deeds.

Ravi : Right... I agree! What shall we do?

Jagan : What is to be done is already done by me! I got wedding cards printed with my name and Lalitha's name! In a few hours they will reach my house! I'll distribute them to all! That will cure her of her madness! Having no other alternative she will come to us! How is my idea?

Anand : Oh! Excellent! For such a nice plan, I would have awarded you 'Burra Shree' title if I were the president!

(At this time Geetha is seen coming)

Prem : Hey, Jagan! Look... Geetha is coming... Hey... hey... Jagan... one small request... I never interfere in Lalitha's matter... but... you should leave Geetha to me!

Jagan : Okay... agreed!

Ravi : Hey guys! In the mean time we will go to college canteen! Be careful... best of luck!

(Anand, Ravi and Jagan exit - Geeta enters. She observes Prem following her)

Geetha : (Sweetly) Prem!

Prem : (Exalted) Yes, Miss!

Geetha : What was Jagan saying just now?

Prem : Oh... that one! That fellow is an idiot! Always blabbers something!

(Geeta's father RangaRao enters)

RangaRao : What Geetha? You are still here! It is time for the train to arrive, your mother is nervous.

(Removes spectacles and squints) who is this girl, Geetha?

Geetha : Not a girl dad... a boy! He is Prem

Kumar, a popular singer in our college! Mr. Prem Kumar, meet my father Mr. RangaRao!

Prem : Glad to meet you Sir!

RangaRao : Very well! Our Geetha always speaks about you! You are a good guy, never tease girls and only one gentleman in your college, she says...

Prem : (Feels shy) it's true Sir! Our college students are useless fellows. They have no work except to tease girls. They are idiots. May I leave now Sir?

RangaRao : No... No... that's not fair! Let us go to college canteen and have coffee... come on!

Prem : No, Sir no! I don't have such bad habits!

RangaRao : That's why Geetha speaks highly of you. You are a good man but why do you move with such men like Jagan?

Prem : Yes Sir! I am also thinking about that!

RangaRao : Poor Lalitha! Very innocent, intelligent girl! Just now Jagan was talking about some printing! Which press is it?

Prem : Samatha Printing Press!  
(says and then bites his tongue)

RangaRao : What! So - Samatha Printing Press!  
Thank God... got the address!  
Geetha! Come on!

(While Prem is stunned,-Geetha and RangaRao leave, Jagan enters with his friends Ravi and Anand)

Jagan : (To Prem) these are the wedding cards! Go and distribute in your street!

Ravi : Let me see the cards...

Anand : Let me see first!

(At this time Lalitha enters with inspector, Geetha and RangaRao)

Inspector : Mr. Jagan, what is it?

Jagan : (Frightened) No... Nothing... nothing sir!

(Throws down the cards in fear)

Inspector : (Mockingly) Then why... why... why... why are you scared!? Open and read!

Jagan : Tight pants Sir. I can't bend down!

Inspector : (Rebuking) shut up! Pick it up... read!

Jagan : (Picks the card and reads while shivering)

On the occasion of the Marriage of Chi. Jagan with Chi.SowLalitha

Inspector : Stop! Who is Lalitha... is she?

Jagan : No... No...! Not this Lalitha. She is different... my uncle's daughter!

Inspector : Mister! Answer to the point!

Jagan : Yes Sir! Out of stupidity, I made a

mistake! Please pardon me Sir!

Inspector : Mister! Is that enough? This girl did not agree to marry you, so you got the cards printed with your name and her name to insult her. You should be punished for this crime! Jagan, you are under arrest!

(Jagan follows the inspector while other friends escape one by one. But Prem remains there)

Prem : He deserves it... idiot! He always teases girls. You've done a good job Geetha!

Geetha : O, you are left... Mr. Prem Kumar I talked to you just to find out what Jagan's plan was. Otherwise I have no interest in you! You are no less of an idiot... All are the same!

Prem : (Frustrated) this is injustice Geetha!

Geetha : You shut up! Get out!

### **INTRODUCTION OF CHARACTERS**

Jagan : Ladies and Gentlemen! I think all of you are surprised to see me coming back from jail. It's very common! I bribed hundred rupees... the inspector struck the case off, saluted and sent me home! After all a small blow, it can't degrade me. If, not Lalitha... another Geetha... Sunitha... Anitha! If not, so many

beautiful girls are here! One of them will marry me! I will not be left a bachelor.

It's okay... girls... many boys like me never mend their ways. So don't believe men like me! Let me tell you... my name is not Jagan. My name is .....

Anand : My dear friends! (Slurred speech because of being drunk) Because Jagan was released today, Prem gave a party. Beer... brandy... Whisky... Chicken... everything...what a grand party! If Jagan goes to jail again and gets released parties will be given again and again on his name. What an enjoyment... what a thrill!

No problem girls! Don't be scared of me! I am not drunk! I am not a drunkard at all... My name is not Anand. My name is .....

Prem : (Comes smoking a cigarette) the main reason for giving a party is not to express my joy over his release! While I was copying in the last examination, our Chemistry Lecturer caught me along with four others and debarred us. If I make Jagan happy, he will clear our line for the exams by warning that lecturer. That's the reason behind the party.

My dear friends! My name is not Premkumar... My name is .....

Ravi : See my dear friends! I have come to college, not for studying! I have enough property - sufficient for the next seven generations. A degree is not my goal! My aim is to tease girls in my college. But along the same lines (looking at boys)... if anybody teases my sister, I will kill him!

By the by my name is not Ravi. My name is .....

RangaRao : The college boys where my daughter is studying are scared of me. (Twisting his moustache) It's perhaps the greatness of this moustache! I want to tell you a secret. It should be between you and me only! Can you guess where I saw and liked the mother of my daughter? It is only in the college where we studied!

Well... my name is neither RangaRao nor S.V. RangaRao. My name is .....

Inspector : I am tired of these cases! Boys tease girls and girls report us! My job became handling these cases! Nasty town... If all the cases are such cases, what is the use? Unless I get transferred, I can't escape them! Will the girls' complaints on boys solve this



problem? To be honest my son also belongs to this category!

By the way my name is .....

Lalitha : Girls are scared of walking on the road. Unless all our brothers resolve to teach a lesson to men like Jagan... such situations will not change!

My name is .....

Geetha : If one person like Jagan among the audience changes his mind set, we will be very happy.

My real name is .....

(Curtain)

**1970**

**Profile  
of  
Chintapatla Sudershan**



**Chintapatla Sudershan**

Short Story writer, reviewer, columnist and translator.

Literary journey began in 1970 with the editorship of Telugu monthly, Manuscript 'Ushassu'

Founder president Hyderabad old city writers' Association.

Specialised in writing satires.

As a columnist wrote more than 1000 satires in various papers and magazines.

Published 3 volumes (satires)

**1. Addam**

**2. Criticolumn**

**3. Sudershan satires@telangana.com**

Published 'Amrutham Kuravani Raatri', a collection of Short stories.

***Translated:***

**★ Telugu to English**

Poetry: The bouquet of verses

Tumult

A tale of the city

Short stories:

Ba Rahamatulla Khan's stories

Auto Biography: My daddy and me

One of the translators of

V. Prakash's 'History of Telangana Movements'

English Sub-titles: The last man (Documentary)

★ **English to Telugu**

\*The lost horizon of Himalayan Dawn

(Digdiganthala Madhya)

★ Sui follows you home like a puppy

(A Nigerian Novel)

★ A portrait of the artist as a young man

(James Joyce Novel)

(Yuva Kalakaruni Atma Geetham)

Serialized in Palapitta Monthly (under print)

★ R.K. Narayan, Tagore's short stories in Telugu

(Published in Magazines)

★ **Hindi to Telugu**

Madhu shala (Harivamsh Roy Bachchans poetry) published in Vaartha

★ **Awards :**

Received Telugu University Dharma Nidhi Puraskaram-2000

Received Telangana State Govt. Award for literature- 2014

(First Anniversary of Telangana formation)

Presently writing 'Chowrastha' column in Sunday Nava Telangana and Satire in Employees voice (Monthly)

