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Ruskin Bond as a writer of short stories

Dr Kiritsinh P. Thakor

Assistant Professor

Department of English,

Mother Teresa Science College,

Gothava -Visnagar.

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Abstract

This paper focuses on the view of 'Ruskin Bond as writer of short stories'. In the modern age, the short stories highly impressed to the whole world. It is a highly complex form of literature and it has considered technically today, has been a very challenging form of literature. A short story is a type of prose fiction, which has grown up beside the fiction, and it has its own value and recognized place in literature today. Ruskin Bond is known internationally as one of India's most prolific writers in English for children, adults and young adults. His short stories are well-finished and integrated works of art in literature. His plots are not well constructed but his characters are appearing to be the living women and men to the nature. Most of his stories depend upon the characters and His work provides an insight or outside into universal themes such as the tension between present and past, culture elements, city life versus rural values, the dignity of ordinary folk song, preservation of the environment, and the living in harmony with nature.

Keywords- Theme, Cultural Element, Environment, Nature, Art, Adventure

Introduction

Generally, short story is a type of prose fiction, which has grown up beside the novel or fiction too, and it has its own value and recognized place in literature deeply today. It may be also defined as a prose descriptive, requiring from half an hour to one hour for its perusal. Walter Allen defines short story in these words; "*A short story is the fruit of a single moment of time of a single incident, a single perception*". (Allen, Walter. *The Short Story in English*, 1981)

Tutun Mukherjee defines it thus; "*The short story, offering varieties contingencies of Situations, zeroes in on the moment of crises, which never fail to convey a degree of mystery elision or the uncertainty of the unexpected*". (Ruskin, Bond. *Friends in Small places*, 2000)

Ruskin Bond (Rusty) was born on Nineteenth May 1934 in Kashauli, a military hospital, and his father name was Edith Clerke and mother name was Aubrey Bond. And he is the eldest son of Aubrey Alexander Bond family, and he was also the British officer in the Royal Air Force in India. His little sister Ellen was a little handicapped child with defective vision and

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initial signs of epilepsy. His sister Ellen lived with Granny and Brother William at Calcutta, but Bond grew-up in Jamnagar in Gujarat, Dehradun and Simla.

The central heart of short stories:-

‘Granny’s Fabulous Kitchen’ is the amazing story of the section ‘Uncle Ken’. In this story, granny has described the best cook in the world. Her kitchen wasn’t as big as the bedroom or the living room, but it has big enough. Granny had a house, a large rambling bungalow, on the outskirts of town called Dehradun. Rusty remembered those words of granny’s that, “*Blessed is the house upon whose walls, The shade of an old tree softly falls...*” (Granny’s Fabulos Kitchen- The Adventure of Rusty, 1994)

Whenever Granny tried out a new recipe on Rusty, she would wait for his comments and reaction and make an exercise book. The notes were useful when she tried with others. In cooking, ‘Roast Duke’ was one of Granny’s specialties. When Uncle Ken loss a job a railway guard, he had come to stay with Granny until he could another job. When Granny offered to get him a job an assistant master in Padre Das’s Academy for small boys, Uncle Ken could not stand small boys because they made him nervous. Uncle Ken a person of eccentric and also a little crazy man. One day, Mohan and Rusty were playing marbles at that time Uncle Ken had been smoking cigar under the simual tree and the fumes had disturbed to wild bees in directly above to him. At last, it is a wonderful said that at least Uncle Ken known’s that he can run.

‘Uncle Ken does nothing’ is a story of the book The Adventures of Rusty a collection of short stories. Here, Uncle Ken got a part time job as a guide, showing tourists the ‘sight’ around Dehra. Uncle Ken was taking a party of six American tourist, husband and wives, to the sulphur spring. Granny was pleased. She gave him a hamper filled with ham sandwiches, homemade biscuits and a dozen oranges. Rusty helped Granny put Uncle Ken to bed, and then he helped her make him a strengthening onion soup. Uncle Ken was in bed for two days while Ayah and Rusty took turns talking him his meals. Granny had made list of kitchen proverbs and pinned it to the pantry door and not so high that Rusty couldn’t read it, and not so low that Uncle Ken couldn’t read it. These were some of the proverbs.

Light suppers make long lives.

Better a small fish than an empty dish.

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad. (Uncle Ken Does Nothing- The Adventure of Rusty, 1994)

‘Uncle Ken at the wicket’ is the last story of section one. It was very interesting story about Uncle Ken. Here, Uncle Ken was a cricketer. Bruce Hallam, the famous English cricketer, was touring India and had agreed to play in a charity match at Lacknow. But in previous evening in Delhi, Mr. Hallam had gone to bed with an upset stomach and hadn’t been able to get up in time to catch the train. And by a strange coincidence, Uncle Ken bore a startling resemblance to Bruch Hallam, even to the bald patch on the crown of his head.

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The Gomti team won the toss and decided to bat. Uncle Ken was expected to go in at number three. The first ball he received was short-pitched, and the next ball took Uncle Ken on the pad. Hundreds of people had paid good money to see Bruce Hallam play and it would have been a shame to disappoint them. The third ball took the edge of Uncle Ken's bat and sped through the slips and it was lovely shot. The ball reached the boundary and Uncle Ken had four runs to his name. Then it was 'over', and the other batsman had to face the bowling. Uncle Ken was run out by Yards. There could be no doubt it this time. He returned to the pavilion to the sympathetic applause of the crowd. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had helped the great Bruce Hallam to add four runs to his grant total. The score-book of the Gomti Cricketing Association has record this feat for all time: 'B. Hallam run out 4' At last, Gomti team lost that match. But, as Uncle Ken would readily admit-where would we be without losers?

'A steal of clothes' is ninth story of section two, 'Running away' in The Adventures of Rusty a collection of short story. After free from dacoits with many adventures in Jaipur, Daljit and Rusty lay stretched out on the floor of a goods wagon, which was open to the sky. The train jogged solely through the desert, and hot winds blew the sand in upon them. They were making a fair noise as they romped about in the water like boys and did not see or hear them. Their clothes lay in an untidy heap a few yards away. Then Daljit dashed out from the bushes with great speed, swept up all the clothes in his arms and scrambled back to Rusty. They didn't wait for them to discover their loss but took to their heels and fled back through the mango grove. At last, they crossed the railway track and ran across open country until they got to an old wall; and there, in the generous shade of an ancient banyan tree, they got into their new clothes, which were several sizes too big for them.

'Jamnagar' is the last story of section two, 'Running away'. In the story, Rusty and Daljit reached the harbour in Jamnagar, with a view to meeting to Uncle Jim but they reached out their five minutes late so Uncle Jim was gone out with the ship. And so running away always remains dreams for them. In this way, the story is that Rusty and Daljit reached two hours later in Jamnagar. He pointed to a shabby pony-cart close by. The pony did not look as though it wanted to go anywhere. The young man's pony is fast. She may look tired but she runs like a champion. The man charged eight annas for go to harbour and then they climbed into the ghari, and the youth jumped up in front and cracked his whip. They pony lurched forward, the wheels ratted and they set off down the bazaar road at a tremendous trot.

'The Coral Tree' is a story of Ruskin Bond's friendship with a good girl and also feeling with her. When Ruskin Bond awoke on the verandah he saw a grey morning, smelt the rain on red earth, and remembered that he had to go away. A girl was standing in the verandah porch, looking at him very seriously. She was a small as well as dark girl, her eyes big and black, her pigtailed tied up in a bright red ribbon; and she was fresh and clean like the monsoon rain and the red earth. The girl and Ruskin Bond passed time with each other. In the girl hand's was a spring of coral blossom. As, she has waved the blossoms fell apart, and

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danced lightly in the breeze. Then, they both called to each other ‘Goodbye’. And she was freshness and cleans like the rain.

‘The Photograph’ is a story of Bond’s grandmother. Bond’s grandmother name was Granny and she is described a little girl’s photo that it was about sixty years ago, and the photo was granny herself. Grandmother and Ruskin laughed heartily. Bond knew girl in the photo was really his Grandmother, but he pretended he didn’t know very well. But grandmother shook her head and continues on with the knitting. And the lemon-colored butterfly settled on the end of Grandmother’s knitting needle and stayed there while the needles clicked complete.

‘The Man Who Was Kipling’ is a story of Ruskin Bond that the man who was Kipling. In this story, Bond was sitting on a bench in the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, when a tall, stooping, elderly gentleman sat down beside him. Bond gave him a quick glance, nothing his swarthy features, heavy moustache, and horn-rimmed spectacles. There was something familiar and disturbing about his face, and Ruskin Bond couldn’t resist seeing at him again. A mist seemed to have risen between them or had it come in from the streets and when it cleared, Kipling had gone away all time. Bond asked the gatekeeper if he had seen a tall man with a slight stoop, wearing spectacles at that time the gatekeeper replied; “Nobody been by for the last ten minutes”. So Bond left the museum, and wandered about the streets for a so long time, but he couldn’t find Kipling anywhere.

‘The Thief’ is story tells us how love and kindness can change a thief or a criminal at time. Arun a young boy of 15 who is kind, considerable and sympathetic person and the other fellow ‘The Thief’ who is thief by profession joins Arun in a view to rob people him. One day Arun came with a wad of lots of notes and kept it under his mattress the thief watches him clearly and is tempted to steal his money. He is successful in his plan and runs away but his conscience and his feeling of grief brings him back to Arun he feels ashamed of his act. Arun already knows about the whole act of the notes were still wet from last night’s heavy rain but he doesn’t give any impression that he knows about it. Arun knows that he has betrayed his master’s trust but Arun never made any issue out of it and give five rupees note. So, the thief changes into a good person.

The story ‘His Neighbour’s wife’ Bond presents his neighbour wife’s love for him. His neighbour’s wife name was Leela, who was a most attractive woman. She was not beautiful or pretty; but she was very handsome. Here was the firm, athletic body of a sixteen-year-old boy, free of any surplus. She bathed morning and evening, oiling herself very well, so that her skin glow a golden-brown in the winter sunshine focus. And so, for sometimes, there were no more attempts at getting Ruskin Bond married. Arun didn’t have any time to finish his story because, just as this interesting stage and the dinner arrived. But the dinner brought with it the end of the whole story. After few minutes later, Chandu and Arun’s stepson, charged into the house, complaining that he was famished. Arun wife asked to him that why his friend has not brought his family with him at that time Arun replied that his friend Bond was now bachelor.

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In the short story 'The Night Train at Deoli' Bond narrates his most valuable experience during one of his train journeys to Dehra as 18 year-old. He tells that he used to spend his holidays every summer in his grandmother's place in Dehra and had to pass a small lonely station, Deoli amidst the jungle on the way. A station appears strange to him as no one got on or off the train there and nothing seemed to happen everywhere. He wonders why the train stopped there for ten or more minutes regularly without reason and feels sorry for the lonely little platform at once. On one such journey, Bond happens to see a pale-looking girl selling baskets. She appears to be very poor, but with the lots of grace and dignity. Her shiny black hair and dark, troubled eyes attracts the narrator.

Bond woke every morning at five as soon as the first bus moved out of the one shed, situated only twenty or thirty yards down to the road. He dressed, went down to the tea-shop for a glass of hot tea and some buttered toast, and then visited Deep Chand the barber, in his shop. At the age of 18, he shaved about three a week. Sometimes he is shaved himself. But often, when he felt lazy, Deep Chand shaved him, at the special concessional rate of two annas. Bond was walking in the wheat fields beyond the railway part at that time noticed a boy lying across the footpath, his head and shoulders hidden by the wheat. The boy's face was white his legs kept moving and his hands fluttered restlessly among the wheat-stalks. He got to his feet dusting his clothes and smiling at Bond. He was a not only slim boy but also long-limbed and bony. There was a little fluff on own cheeks and the promise of a moustache.

'The Monkeys' is a story of a one poor lady, Miss Fairchild and her dogs that they had all died thought the monkeys. She was in her mid-forties, an athletic sort of woman and her fond of the outdoors. Here, Bond also introduced to the ghosts in the story monkeys. Colonel Fanshawe had retired from the Indian army, who was Bond immediate neighbor. The dogs were yelping and trying to drag the monkeys on day, hut they had harried from behind by others. But every one-dogs, monkeys, and shrieking woman had vanished, and Ruskin stood alone on the hillside in his pyjamas, clutching an axe and feeling very foolish to her. But of course bond remember about Miss. Fairchild, poor lady. The monkeys are killed her at the last.

In the story 'Time Stops at Shamli', Shamli' is a small station at the foot of the Siwalik Hills, and the Siwaliks lie at the foot of the Himalayas and which is turn lied at the feet of god. It is not a story but mini fiction. Sushila is wife of a hotel owner, Mr. Satish Dayal. He is an aged widower and always remains absorbed in his business every time. She is young, beautiful and gifted with a frolic spirit in her body. Another character Daya Ram who was works in Mr. Satish Dayal hotel. Mistaking her miseries as a result of this mismatch her former lover proposes her to run away with him. But at time, Sushila rejects the idea as solely foolish. She being as wife and daughter of respectable men can't stoop to any action, which will bring disgrace to the family. Now, Sushila gives a curious explanation, her marriage is successful though, she does not love her husband clearly. Here, Sushila voices the

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hypocrisy of most of such couples who live like strangers under one roof. In spite of the absence of matrimonial happiness, she doesn't wish to create miseries in husband's life. Her grace may raise moral issues such as – betrayal of matrimonial pledges, sanctity in her married life and so on. Shushila would always be more bewitching and the beautiful than if she were mine one. Shamli would always be there. And Bond could always come back looking for her.

'Masterji' is tells of Bond's teacher, whose name was Mr. Khushal. He was master of Hindi teacher. Ruskin saw him in the platform with handcuffed to a police man. It was over 20 years since he had last seen him. He had jointed the school in the year of 1948, not long after the partition. Until then there had been Hindi teacher; they had been taught Urdu and French also. When Mr. Khushal had joined to the staff, there was no one else in the school who Knew Hindi, or who could assess Mr. Khushal's abilities as a teacher at the time. As the policeman elbowed his way through the crowd, Ruskin kept close behind him and his charge, and as result he managed to get onto the same 3rd-class compartment and found a seat right opposite Mr. Khushal. The policeman had arrested to Mr. Khushal for trivial matter. Here, the matter is that the public school boys are always prone to jump to the false certificates. The boys said that Mr. Khushal certificate has wrong but he had them printed in Lahore, in 1946. That is right and if it hadn't been for so many printing mistakes that no one would have been any wiser too.

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