

THE THIEF'S STORY

By – Ruskin Bond

RUSKIN BOND

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*A young boy makes friends with Anil.
Anil trusts him completely and employs
him. Does the boy betray his trust?*

READ AND FIND OUT

- Who does 'I' refer to in this story?
- What is he "a fairly successful hand" at?
- What does he get from Anil in return for his work?

I WAS still a thief when I met Anil. And though only 15, I was an experienced and fairly successful hand.

Anil was watching a wrestling match when I approached him. He was about 25 — a tall, lean fellow — and he looked easy-going, kind and simple enough for my purpose. I hadn't had much luck of late and thought I might be able to get into the young man's confidence.

"You look a bit of a wrestler yourself," I said. A little flattery helps in making friends.

"So do you," he replied, which put me off for a moment because at that time I was rather thin.

"Well," I said modestly, "I do wrestle a bit."

"What's your name?"

"Hari Singh," I lied. I took a new name every month. That kept me ahead of the police and my former employers.

After this introduction, Anil talked about the well-oiled wrestlers who were grunting, lifting and throwing each other about. I didn't have much to say. Anil walked away. I followed casually.

"Hello again," he said.

I gave him my most appealing smile. "I want to work for you," I said.

"But I can't pay you."

I thought that over for a minute. Perhaps I had misjudged my man. I asked, "Can you feed me?"

"Can you cook?"

"I can cook," I lied again.

"If you can cook, then may be I can feed you."

He took me to his room over the Jumna Sweet Shop and told me I could sleep on the balcony. But the meal I cooked that night must have been terrible because Anil gave it to a stray dog and told me to be off. But I just hung around, smiling in my most appealing way, and he couldn't help laughing.

Later, he patted me on the head and said never mind, he'd teach me to cook. He also taught me to write my name and said he would soon teach me to write whole sentences and to add numbers. I was grateful. I knew that once I could write like an educated man there would be no limit to what I could achieve.

It was quite pleasant working for Anil. I made the tea in the morning and then would take my time buying the day's supplies, usually making a profit of about a rupee a day. I think he knew I made a little money this way but he did not seem to mind.



Anil made money by fits and starts. He would borrow one week, lend the next. He kept worrying about his next cheque, but as soon as it arrived he would go out and celebrate. It seems he wrote for magazines — a queer way to make a living!

One evening he came home with a small bundle of notes, saying he had just sold a book to a publisher. At night, I saw him tuck the money under the mattress.

I had been working for Anil for almost a month and, apart from cheating on the shopping, had not done anything in my line of work. I had every opportunity for doing so. Anil had given me a key to the door, and I could come and go as I pleased. He was the most trusting person I had ever met.

And that is why it was so difficult to rob him. It's easy to rob a greedy man, because he can afford to be robbed; but it's difficult to rob a careless man — sometimes he doesn't even notice he's been robbed and that takes all the pleasure out of the work.

Well, it's time I did some real work, I told myself; I'm out of practice. And if I don't take the money, he'll only waste it on his friends. After all, he doesn't even pay me.

READ AND FIND OUT

- How does the thief think Anil will react to the theft?
- What does he say about the different reactions of people when they are robbed?
- Does Anil realise that he has been robbed?

Anil was asleep. A beam of moonlight stepped over the balcony and fell on the bed. I sat up on the floor, considering the situation. If I took the money, I could catch the 10.30 Express to Lucknow. Slipping out of the blanket, I crept up to the bed. Anil was sleeping peacefully. His face was clear and unlined; even I had more marks on my face, though mine were mostly scars.

My hand slid under the mattress, searching for the notes. When I found them, I drew them out without a sound. Anil sighed in his sleep and turned on his side, towards me. I was startled and quickly crawled out of the room.

When I was on the road, I began to run. I had the notes at my waist, held there by the string of my pyjamas. I slowed down to a walk and counted the notes: 600 rupees in fifties! I could live like an oil-rich Arab for a week or two.



When I reached the station I did not stop at the ticket office (I had never bought a ticket in my life) but dashed straight to the platform. The Lucknow Express was just moving out. The train had still to pick up speed and I should have been able to jump into one of the carriages, but I hesitated — for some reason I can't explain — and I lost the chance to get away.

When the train had gone, I found myself standing alone on the deserted platform. I had no idea where to spend the night. I had no friends, believing that friends were more trouble than help. And I did not want to make anyone curious by staying at one of the small hotels near the station. The only person I knew really well was the man I had robbed. Leaving the station, I walked slowly through the bazaar.

In my short career as a thief, I had made a study of men's faces when they had lost their goods. The greedy man showed fear; the rich man showed anger; the poor man showed acceptance. But I knew that Anil's face, when he discovered the theft, would show only a touch of sadness. Not for the loss of money, but for the loss of trust.

I found myself in the *maidan* and sat down on a bench. The night was chilly — it was early November — and a light drizzle added to my discomfort. Soon it was raining quite heavily. My shirt and pyjamas stuck to my skin, and a cold wind blew the rain across my face.



I went back to the bazaar and sat down in the shelter of the clock tower. The clock showed midnight. I felt for the notes. They were damp from the rain.

Anil's money. In the morning he would probably have given me two or three rupees to go to the cinema, but now I had it all. I couldn't cook his meals, run to the bazaar or learn to write whole sentences any more.

I had forgotten about them in the excitement of the theft. Whole sentences, I knew, could one day bring me more than a few hundred rupees. It was a simple matter to steal — and sometimes just as simple to be caught. But to be a really big man, a clever and respected man, was something else. I should go back to Anil, I told myself, if only to learn to read and write.

I hurried back to the room feeling very nervous, for it is much easier to steal something than to return it undetected. I opened the door quietly, then stood in the doorway, in clouded moonlight. Anil was still asleep. I crept to the head of the bed, and my hand came up with the notes. I felt his breath on my hand. I remained still for a minute. Then my hand found the edge of the mattress, and slipped under it with the notes.

I awoke late next morning to find that Anil had already made the tea. He stretched out his hand towards me. There was a fifty-rupee note between his fingers. My heart sank. I thought I had been discovered.

"I made some money yesterday," he explained. "Now you'll be paid regularly."

My spirits rose. But when I took the note, I saw it was still wet from the night's rain.

"Today we'll start writing sentences," he said.

He knew. But neither his lips nor his eyes showed anything. I smiled at Anil in my most appealing way. And the smile came by itself, without any effort.

WORD MEANINGS:-

Lean- thin

Flattery- excessive and insincere praise

Modestly- in an unassuming manner; without vanity or arrogance.

Employers- a person or organization that employs people.

Grunting- make a low, short guttural sound.

Appealing- attractive or interesting

Misjudged- form a wrong opinion or conclusion about.

Balcony- a platform enclosed by a wall or balustrade on the outside of a building, with access from an upper-floor window or door.

Terrible- extremely bad or serious.

Patted- touch quickly and gently with the flat of the hand.

Pleasant- giving a sense of happy satisfaction or enjoyment.

Supplies- a stock or amount of something supplied or available for use.

Fits and Starts- not working on something consistently

Borrow- take and use (something belonging to someone else) with the intention of returning it.

Lend- grant to (someone) the use of (something) on the understanding that it will be returned.

Queer- strange; odd.

Bundle- a collection of things or quantity of material tied or wrapped up together.

Tuck- push, fold, or turn (the edges or ends of something, especially a garment or bedclothes) so as to hide or secure them.

Line of work- the principal activity in your life that you do to earn money

Beam- a ray or shaft of light.

Crept- move slowly and carefully in order to avoid being heard or noticed.

Drew- pull or drag

Sighed- emit a long, deep audible breath expressing sadness, relief, tiredness.

Startled- feeling or showing sudden shock or alarm.

Dashed- Quickly ran towards something

Carriages- any of the separate sections of a train that carry passengers.

Hesitated- pause in indecision before saying or doing something.

Deserted- (of a place) empty of people.

Curious- eager to know or learn something.

Robbed- take property unlawfully from (a person or place) by force or threat of force.

Bazaar- market **Maidan -** a park **Drizzle-** light rain falling in very fine drops.

Shelter- a place giving temporary protection from bad weather or danger.

Clock Tower- a tower, typically forming part of a church or civic building, with a large clock at the top.

Midnight- twelve o'clock at night.

Damp- slightly wet.

Cinema- a theatre where films are shown for public entertainment.

Hurried- done in a hurry; rushed.

Undetected- not detected or discovered.

Clouded- make or become less clear or transparent.

SUMMARY

The story is about two different people. One is a thief of 15 years of age and the other is a man of approximately 25 years, watching a wrestling match somewhere. The name of the person watching the match is Anil. The thief approaches Anil and starts talking to him because he feels that he had not robbed anyone in the past few days and thought that it would be easy to rob a simple person like Anil. They both start talking and Anil asks the thief his name. The thief introduces himself as Hari Singh. This is not his real name as he changes his name every month to escape his ex employers or police. Then they started talking about the wrestlers and Anil was leaving when Hari called him again and asked him if he could work for Anil. Anil said that he won't be able to pay him but could feed him if he knew how to cook. Hari lied that he knew how to cook. Anil took Hari to his room which was above a sweet shop. Hari cooked a meal which was really bad because Anil did not eat it. Anil asked Hari to leave but he tried to please Anil. Hari smiled in his most attractive way and Anil could not stop laughing looking at him. Anil agreed to teach Hari how to cook, write full sentences and add numbers. Hari was grateful as he knew that there would be no limit to robbing people once he learnt how to read and write.

The narrator used to like working for Anil as he used to make him tea in the morning and then go out to buy the groceries for the day. He also used to steal 1 rupee from the money that was given to him to buy the groceries everyday. Anil knew that he used to steal but did not mind. Anil used to make money by irregular works. Sometimes he used to borrow money and the other day, when he had money, he would be lending it to other people. Whenever he used to get money, he would go out with his friends to celebrate. One day, Anil came in with a bundle of notes and told Hari that he had sold a book to a publisher. At night he kept the money safely under the mattress of his bed. Hari realized that he had been working for Anil for more than a month and had not stolen anything apart from the 1 rupee that he kept everyday from the grocery money. Hari had many chances to steal as he had the key to the room as well. But he was surprised with the amount of trust Anil had on him as he had never seen such a trusting person in his life. This trust thing was preventing him from robbing Anil as Hari thought that robbing a careless person like Anil didn't make much difference because he might not even notice that he had been robbed and that took out all the fun from the work. Then he thought of stealing Anil's money and justified himself that if he didn't steal money from Anil then also he would waste it on his friends and also, Anil didn't pay him for the work that he did.

Hari then woke up at night and quietly crawled to Anil's bed. He steals the money and decides to leave the city by Lucknow Express that departed at 10:30. When he reached the station, the train had slowly started moving from the platform. He could have easily caught the train, but he hesitated and he himself did not know the reason for it.



Before he had reached the station he counted the money and it was 600 rupees in 50 rupee notes. He could live a lavish life for 2 - 3 weeks with so much money. After the train had left, Hari was all alone at the train station. He was left with no place to sleep at night. The only person he knew was Anil and he had looted him as well. He sat on a bench in a park and as it started to rain, he sat down under the clock tower. Then he realized that the notes had got wet. He realized that learning how to read and write would help him to get a much more respectable and honest job which would pay him much more than these few hundred rupees. Then he decided to go back to Anil's house.

He reached the room and placed the money back. Next morning, he woke up a bit late and Anil had already made his tea. Anil gave a 50 rupee note to Hari as he had got paid for some work and he would be paid regularly. Hari took the note in his hand and realized that the note was still wet from the rain last night. Hari realized that Anil had come to know about his misdeed but there was no sadness, anger or guilt in his mind. The narrator smiled in a beautiful way and it was genuine happiness as he knew that he had saved himself from the wrong road.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q1. What are Hari Singh's reactions to the prospect of receiving an education? Do they change over time? (Hint: Compare, for example, the thought: "I knew that once I could write like an educated man there would be no limit to what I could achieve" with these later thoughts: "Whole sentences, I knew, could one day bring me more than a few hundred rupees. It was a simple matter to steal - and sometimes just as simple to be caught. But to be a really big man, a clever and respected man, was something else.") What makes him return to Anil?

Ans. Hari Singh feels that education can make him earn a lot of money in an honest way. His prospect on receiving an education does not change over time. He feels that he can earn much more if he gets education. He returns to Anil because Anil trusts him, feeds him, treats him well and even teaches him.

Q2. Why does not Anil hand the thief over to the police? Do you think most people would have done so? In what ways is Anil different from such employers?

Ans. Anil did not hand over the thief to the police maybe because he knew that Hari Singh had realized his mistake. He was feeling guilty for what he had done and wanted to mend his ways. This was the reason why he had come back and put the money back to its place. Anil wanted to give him a chance to become a better person. No, I don't think that anybody in today's world would have done so because to do so, a person needs to have a lot of patience and compassion which is missing in most of the people today. In today's world a thief is considered a criminal even if he realizes his mistake. It takes a lot of courage to trust someone who has broken your trust once. Although i feel that if a person realizes his mistake he must be given another chance to win back your trust.



THANK YOU