



2

KABULIWALLAH

—R.N. Tagore (1861–1941)



About the Author : Rabindranath Tagore was a great poet, playwright, painter, novelistic musician and a short story writer. He wrote in Bengali and in English. He created a rich literature. His famous works are the Gitanjali, The Crescent Moon, The Home and the World, The Gardeners etc. He won Nobel Prize for his famous book Gitanjali. He also wrote 'Gora' a novel. He was born in Calcutta (Kolkata) in 1861 and died in 1941.

About the Lesson : The story is of a Pashtun merchant from Kabul, who comes to Calcutta, India each year for selling dry-fruits and while living in India he becomes friend with a five-year-old girl Mini from a middle-class aristocratic family as she reminds him of his daughter who lives in Kabul. The main theme of this story is filial love—the deep love that father have for their children.

Nouns	:	silence	turban	gag	terror
		belief	bag	fear	raisin
		dignity			
Verbs	:	believe	call	accept	slip
		reply			
Adjectives	:	quiet	lively	little	sudden
		false			
Adverbs	:	really	always	slowly	immediately

[1] My five years old daughter Mini cannot live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence. Her mother is often vexed at this, and would stop her prattle, but I would not. To see Mini quiet is unnatural, and I cannot bear it long. So my own talk with her is always lively.

One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine, said, "Father! Ramdayal, the doorkeeper, calls a crow a krow! He doesn't know anything, does he?"

Before I could explain to her the differences of language in this world, she was embarked on the full tide of another subject. "What do you think, Father? Bhola says there is an elephant in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains!"



And then, darting off anew, while I sat still making ready some reply to this last saying, "Father! what relation is Mother to you?"

"My dear little sister in law!" I murmured involuntarily to myself, but with a grave face contrived to answer, "Go and play with Bhola, Mini! I am busy!"

[2] The window of my room overlooks the road. The child had seated herself at my feet near my table, and was playing softly, drumming on her knees. I was hard at work on my seventeenth chapter, where Protap Singh, the hero, had just caught Kanchanlata, the heroine, in his arms, and was about to escape with her by the third storey window of the castle, when all of a sudden Mini left her play, and ran to the window, crying, "A Kabuliwallah! a Kabuliwallah!" Sure enough in the street below was a Kabuliwallah, passing slowly along. He wore the loose soiled clothing of his people, with a tall turban; there was a bag on his back, and he carried boxes of grapes in his hand.

I cannot tell what were my daughter's feelings at the sight of this man, but she began to call him loudly. "Ah!" I thought, "he will come in, and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!" At which exact moment the Kabuliwallah turned, and looked up at the child. When she saw this, overcome by terror, she fled to her mother's protection, and disappeared. She had a blind belief that inside the bag, which the big man carried, there were perhaps two or three other children like herself. The pedlar meanwhile entered my doorway, and greeted me with a smiling face.

So precarious was the position of my hero and my heroine, that my first impulse was to stop and buy something, since the man had been called. I made some small purchases, and a conversation began about Abdurrahman, the Russians, the English, and the Frontier Policy.

As he was about to leave, he asked, "And where is the little girl, Sir?"

And I, thinking that Mini must get rid of her false fear, had her brought out.

She stood by my chair, and looked at the Kabuliwallah and his bag. He offered her nuts and raisins, but she would not be tempted, and only clung the closer to me, with all her doubts increased.

This was their first meeting.

[3] One morning, however, not many days later, as I was leaving the house, I was startled to find Mini, seated on a bench near the door, laughing and talking, with the great Kabuliwallah at her feet. In all her life, it appeared; my small daughter had never found so patient a listener, save her father. And already the corner of her little sari was stuffed with almonds and raisins, the gift of her



visitor, "Why did you give her those?", I said, and taking out an eight-anna bit, I handed it to him. The Man accepted the money without demur, and slipped it into his pocket.

Alas, on my return an hour later, I found the unfortunate coin had made twice its own worth of trouble! For the Kabuliwallah had given it to Mini, and her mother catching sight of the bright round object, had pounced on the child with, "Where did you get that eight-anna bit?"

"The Kabuliwallah gave to," said Mini cheerfully.

"The Kabuliwallah gave it to me!" cried her mother much shocked. "Oh, Mini! how could you take it from him?"

I, entering at the moment, saved her from impending disaster, and proceeded to make my own inquiries.

It was not the first or second time, I found, that the two had met. The Kabuliwallah had overcome the child's first terror by a judicious bribery of nuts and almonds, and the two were now great friends.

[4] They had many quaint jokes, which afforded them much amusement. Seated in front of him, looking down on his gigantic frame in all her tiny dignity, Mini could ripple her face with laughter, and begin, "O Kabuliwallah, Kabuliwallah, what have you got in your bag?"

And he would reply, in the nasal accents of the mountaineer, "An elephant!" Not much cause for merriment, perhaps; but how they both enjoyed the witticism! And for me, this child's talk with a grown-up man had always in it something strangely fascinating.

Then the Kabuliwallah, not to be behindhand, would take his turn, "Well, little one, and when are you going to the father-in-law's house?"

Now most small Bengali maidens have heard long ago about the father-in-law's house; but we, being a little new-fangled, had kept these things from our child, and Mini at this question must have been a trifle bewildered. But she would not show it, and with ready tact replied, "Are you going there?"

Amongst men of the Kabuliwallah's class, however, it is well known that the words father-in-law's house have a double meaning. It is a euphemism for jail, the place where we are well cared for, at no expense to ourselves. In this sense would the sturdy pedlar take my daughter's question. "Ah," he would say, shaking his fist at an invisible policeman, "I will trash my father-in-law!" Hearing this, and picturing the poor discomfited relative, Mini would go off into peals of laughter, in which her formidable friend would join.



These were autumn mornings, the very time of year when kings of old went forth to conquest; and I, never stirring from my little corner in Calcutta, would let my mind wander over the whole world. At the very name of another country, my heart would go out to it, and at the sight of a foreigner in the streets, I would fall to weaving a network of dreams, —the mountains, the glens, and the forests of his distant home, with his cottage in its setting, and the free and independent life of far-away wilds.

Perhaps the scenes of travel conjure themselves up before me, and pass and repass in my imagination all the more vividly, because I lead such a vegetable existence, that a call to travel would fall upon me like a thunderbolt.

[5] In the presence of this Kabuliwallah, I was immediately transported to the foot of arid mountain peaks, with narrow little defiles twisting in and out amongst their towering heights. I could see the string of camels bearing the merchandise, and the company of turbaned merchants, carrying some of their queer old firearms, and some of their spears, journeying downward towards the plains. I could see-but at some such point Mini's mother would intervene, imploring me to "beware of that man."

Mini's mother is unfortunately a very timid lady. Whenever she hears a noise in the street, or sees people coming towards the house, she always jumps to the conclusion that they are either thieves, or drunkards, or snakes, or tigers, or malaria or cockroaches, or caterpillars, or an English sailor. Even after all these years of experience, she is not able to overcome her terror. So she was full of doubts about the Kabuliwallah, and used to beg me to keep a watchful eye on him.

I tried to laugh her fear gently away, but then she would turn round on me seriously, and ask me solemn questions.

Were children never kidnapped?

Was it, then, not true that there was slavery in Kabul?

Was it so very absurd that this big man should be able to carry off a tiny child?

I urged that, though not impossible, it was highly improbable. But this was not enough, and her dread persisted. As it was indefinite, however, it did not seem right to forbid the man in the house, and the intimacy went on unchecked.

Once a year in the middle of January Rahmat, the Kabuliwallah, was in the habit of returning to his country, and as the time approached he would be very busy, going from house to house collecting his debts. This year, however, he



could always find time to come and see Mini. It would have seemed to an outsider that there was some conspiracy between the two, for when he could not come in the morning, he would appear in the evening.

Even to me it was a little startling now and then, in the corner of a dark room, suddenly to surprise this tall, loose-garmented, much be-bagged man; but when Mini would run in smiling, with her, "O! Kabuliwallah! Kabuliwallah!" and the two friends, so far apart in age, would subside into their old laughter and their old jokes, I felt reassured.

[6] One morning, a few days before he had made up his mind to go, I was correcting my proof sheets in my study. It was chilly weather. Through the window the rays of the sun touched my feet, and the slight warmth was very welcome. It was almost eight o'clock, and the early pedestrians were returning home, with their heads covered. All at once, I heard an uproar in the street, and, looking out, saw Rahmat being led away bound between two policemen, and behind them a crowd of curious boys. There were blood-stains on the clothes of the Kabuliwallah, and one of the policemen carried a knife.

[7] Hurrying out, I stopped them, and enquired what it all meant. Partly from one, partly from another, I gathered that a certain neighbour had owed the pedlar something for a Rampuri shawl, but had falsely denied having bought it, and that in the course of the quarrel, Rahmat had struck him. Now in the heat of his excitement, the prisoner began calling his enemy all sorts of names, when suddenly in the verandah of my house appeared my little Mini, with her usual exclamation, "O Kabuliwallah! Kabuliwallah!" Rahmat's face lighted up as he turned to her. He had no bag under his arm today, so she could not discuss the elephant with him. She at once therefore proceeded to the next question, "Are you going to the father-in-law's house?" Rahmat laughed and said, "Just there I am going, little one!" Then seeing that the reply did not amuse the child, he held up his fettered hands. "Ali," he said, "I would have thrashed that old father-in-law, but my hands are bound!"

On a charge of murderous assault, Rahmat was sentenced to some years imprisonment.

Time passed away, and he was not remembered. The accustomed work in the accustomed place was ours, and the thought of the once-free mountaineer spending his years in prison seldom or never occurred to us. Even my light-hearted Mini, I am ashamed to say, forgot her old friend. New companions



filled her life. As she grew older, she spent more of her time with girls. So much time indeed did she spend with them that she came no more, as she used to do, to her father's room. I was scarcely on speaking terms with her.

Years had passed away. It was once more autumn and we had made arrangements for our Mini's marriage. It was to take place during the Puja Holidays. With Durga returning to Kailas, the light of our home also was to depart to her husband's house, and leave her father's in the shadow.

The morning was bright. After the rains, there was a sense of ablution in the air, and the sun-rays looked like pure gold. So bright were they that they gave a beautiful radiance even to the sordid brick walls of our Calcutta lanes. Since early dawn today the wedding-pipes had been sounding, and at each beat my own heart throbbed. The wail of the tune, Bhairavi, seemed to intensify my pain at the approaching separation. My Mini was to be married tonight.

From early morning noise and bustle had pervaded the house. In the courtyard the canopy had to be slung on its bamboo poles; the chandeliers with their tinkling sound must be hung in each room and verandah. There was no end of hurry and excitement. I was sitting in my study, looking through the accounts, when someone entered, saluting respectfully, and stood before me. It was Rahmat the Kabuliwallah. At first I did not recognise him. He had no bag, nor the long hair, nor the same vigour that he used to have. But he smiled, and I knew him again.

"When did you come, Rahmat?" I asked him.

"Last evening," he said, "I was released from jail."

The words struck harsh upon my ears. I had never before talked with one who had wounded his fellow, and my heart shrank within itself, when I realised this, for I felt that the day would have been better-omened had he not turned up.

[8] "There are ceremonies going on," I said, "and I am busy. Could you perhaps come another day?"

At once he turned to go; but as he reached the door he hesitated, and said, "May I not see the little one, sir, for a moment?" It was his belief that Mini was still the same. He had pictured her running to him as she used to, calling "O Kabuliwallah! Kabuliwallah!" He had imagined too that they would laugh and talk together, just as of old. In fact, in memory of former days he had brought, carefully wrapped up in paper, a few almonds and raisins and grapes, obtained somehow from a countryman, for his own little fund was dispersed.



I said again, "There is a ceremony in the house, and you will not be able to see any one today."

The man's face fell. He looked wistfully at me for a moment, said "Good morning," and went out. I felt a little sorry and would have called him back, but I found he was returning of his own accord. He came close up to me holding out his offerings and said, "I brought these few things, sir, for the little one. Will you give them to her?"

I took them and was going to pay him, but he caught my hand and said, "You are very kind, sir! Keep me in your recollection. Do not offer me money! You have a little girl, I too have one like her in my own home. I think of her, and bring fruits to your child, not to make a profit for myself."

Saying this, he put his hand inside his big loose robe, and brought out a small and dirty piece of paper. With great care he unfolded this, and smoothed it out with both hands on my table. It bore the impression of a little hand. Not a photograph. Not a drawing. The impression of an ink-smeared hand laid flat on the paper. This touch of his own little daughter had been always on his heart, as he had come year after year to Calcutta, to sell his wares in the streets.

[9] Tears came to my eyes. I forgot that he was a poor Kabuli fruit-seller, while I was—but no, what was I more than he? He also was a father. That impression of the hand of his little daughter in her distant mountain home reminded me of my own little Mini.

I sent for Mini immediately from the inner apartment. Many difficulties were raised, but I would not listen. Clad in the red silk of her wedding-day, with the sandal paste on her forehead, and adorned as a young bride, Mini came, and stood bashfully before me.

The Kabuliwallah looked a little staggered at the apparition. He could not revive their old friendship. At last he smiled and said, "Little one, are you going to your father-in-law's house?"

But Mini now understood the meaning of the word "father-in-law," and she could not reply to him as of old. She flushed up at the question, and stood before him with her bride-like face turned down.

I remembered the day when the Kabuliwallah and my Mini had first met, and I felt sad. When she had gone, Rahmat heaved a deep sigh, and sat down on the floor. The idea had suddenly come to him that his daughter too must have grown in this long time, and that he would have to make friends with her anew.



Assuredly he would not find her, as he used to know her. And besides, what might not have happened to her in these eight years?

The marriage-pipes sounded, and the mild autumn sun streamed round us. But Rahmat sat in the little Calcutta lane, and saw before him the barren mountains of Afghanistan.

I took out a bank-note, and gave it to him, saying, "Go back to your own daughter, Rahmat, in your own country, and may the happiness of your meeting bring good fortune to my child!"

Having made this present, I had to curtail some of the festivities. I could not have the electric lights I had intended, nor the military band, and the ladies of the house were despondent at it. But to me the wedding feast was all the brighter for the thought that in a distant land a long-lost father met again with his only child.

Glossary

chattering	: chirping चहकने की आवाज
darting off	: snap तेजी के साथ बन्द होना
vexed	: sad दुःखी
prattle	: to talk in a child manner बच्चे की तरह बात करना
anew	: again once more एक बार फिर
murmured	: a low indistinct sound बुदबुदाना
involuntarily	: unwillingly अनिच्छापूर्वक
grave	: serious गम्भीर
contrived	: planned उपाय किया
embarked	: got on a ship पोत पर सवार होना
overlooks	: opens खुलती है
castle	: building किला
pedlar	: hawker फेरीवाला
precarious	: uncertain अनिश्चित
impulse	: a force suddenly communicated आवेग
frontier policy	: border policy सीमा-नीति
brought out	: introduced परिचय दिया
raisins	: dry fruits of grape किशमिश



tempted	: lured ललचा गई
clung	: to adhere चिपकना
startled	: surprised चौंक गया
demur	: to create doubts शंका उपजना
pounced	: made a sudden attack upon अचानक आक्रमण करना
impending	: threatening भयकारी
bribery	: giving illegal money रिश्वत
quaint	: peculiar विचित्र
ripple	: small waves छोटी लहरें
accents	: spelt out with force दबाव देकर उच्चारण करना
merriment	: joy खुशी
witticism	: laughter हँसी
fascinating	: charming मनोहारी
new-fangled	: novelty नवीनता
trifle	: less important thing हल्की बात
bewildered	: perplexed घबड़ाया हुआ
euphemism	: harsh words कठोर शब्द
sturdy	: strong मजबूत
invisible	: which is not visible अदृश्य
trash	: worthless निरर्थक
discomfited	: vanquished पराजित किया
formidable	: dreadful भयानक
glens	: narrow valleys दरें
conjure	: to act by magical influences/to appeal solemnly जादू-मन्त्र से वश में करना/निष्ठापूर्वक अनुरोध करना
vividly	: cleverly स्पष्ट रूप से
existence	: continued being अस्तित्व
thunderbolt	: sky light with thundering आकाशीय बिजली
arid	: perched with heat गरमी से झुलसा हुआ
defiles	: a narrow way संकीर्ण मार्ग
queer	: strange विचित्र



implore	: to request विनती करना
beware	: alert सावधान होना
timid	: coward डरपोक
overcome	: to win जीत हासिल करना
disaster	: an event that causes a lot of damage तबाही
solemn	: serious गम्भीर
carry off	: to remove हटाना
to urge	: to provoke उकसाना
improbable	: impossible असम्भव
subside	: to disappear गायब हो जाना
reassured	: made sure again फिर से आश्वासन देना
uproar	: big noise उपद्रव/हंगामा
bettered	: handcuffed हथकड़ी लगे हुए
murderous assault	: attack to kill हत्या करने के लिए किया गया हमला
sentenced	: punished सजा दी
ablution	: holy bath at the time of wroship पूजन के समय शुद्धि स्नान
radiance	: splendour चमक
sordid	: of low grade घटिया
throbbled	: the heart beated दिल धड़का
wail	: to weep रोना
bustle	: to hurry उतावलेपन में काम करना
pervaded	: spread फैल गया
canopy	: tent type structure of clothes शामियाना
slung	: hang लटकाया गया
chandelier	: a structure made of glass etc to hang from ceiling of a room झूमर
tinkling	: sound of bells टन-टन की आवाज
vigour	: excitement ताकत/जोश
turn up	: come back वापिस आना
hesitated	: was doubtful झिझकना
accord	: to agree एकमत से
recollection	: remembered याद किया



ink-smearred	: spoilt with ink स्याही से पुता हुआ
clad	: dressed बस्त्र पहने हुए
adorned	: was decorated सजाई गई
bashfully	: shammy शर्मिंदगी के साथ
staggered	: tottered चौंका दिया
apparition	: evil spirit भूत-प्रेत
heaved	: thrown बरसाये
barren	: deserted उजड़े/बंजर
curtail	: to make small छोटा करना
despondent	: disappointed निराश

EXERCISE

Comprehension

In the examination paper, there are asked only two questions from each paragraph. Given below are some more questions for extra practice.

Read the following passages and answer the questions given thereupon :

(1) *The window of* **in his hand.** (From Para 2)

1. What was the child doing?
2. Who is 'T' in the above passage?
3. Which chapter was the author reading?

(2) *One morning* **into his pocket.** (From Para 3)

1. Where was Kabuliwallah sitting?
2. How much money did the author give to Kabuliwallah?
3. What did the Kabuliwallah sell?

(3) *I, entering at* **in your bag?** (From Para 3)

1. What did kabuliwallah give to Mini?
2. How was the apperance of Kabuliwallah?

(4) *Now most small* **friend would join.** (From Para 4)

1. What have heard long ago about the father-in-law's house now?
2. What is a euphemism for jail?

(5) *Once a year* **in the evening.** (From Para 5)

1. What did Kabuliwallah use to do in the middle of January once a year?
2. What did the author see through the window?

(6) *One morning* **carried a knife.** (From Para 6)

1. How was the weather?
2. What were there on the clothes of Kabuliwallah?



(7) There are ceremonies was dispersed. (From Para 8)

1. To whom the speaker speaking to?
2. What was the picture of Mini in Kabuliwallah's mind?

Long Answer Type Questions

Read the following questions and answer them in about 60 words :

1. What type of a girl was Mini? Give few examples of her nature in support of your answer.
2. What fear did Mini have in her mind about this big man. What did she do to see him?
3. What doubts Mini's mother had in her mind about Kabuliwallah? What did she use to beg her husband?
4. What solemn questions were asked by the wife of the author from him?
5. What change do you notice in Mini's behaviour with the Kabuliwallah, when she used to meet him in her young age and when she met him on her wedding day?
6. What made the Kabuliwallah realise that he would have to make friendship with his own little daughter all over again?
7. Why did Mini's father have to cut short some of the entertainments at her marriage?
8. After coming back from the jail what talks took place between the author and the kabuliwallah?

Short Answer Type Questions

Read the following questions and answer them in about 25 words :

1. Who was Ramdayal and what does he call crow?
2. Who was Kabuliwallah? Describe his appearance in a few words.
3. Describe the first meeting of Mini and Kabuliwallah.
4. Why was Kabuliwallah taken to prison?
5. What was Mini's blind belief?
6. What was the piece of paper which the Kabuliwallah showed to Mini's father?
7. Who gave an eight anna bit to Kabuliwallah? Did he keep it with him? If not, to whom did he give it?
8. What was the Kabuliwallah's interpretation of the words 'father-in-law's house'?
9. What was the terror of Mini's mother?
10. In the beginning Mini feared Kabuliwallah. But afterwards both of them became friends. How did it happen?
11. Why did two policeman arrest Rahmat?
12. What did the author say to Kabuliwallah, giving him a back-note?



Vocabulary

(a) Match the words under 'A' with their meanings under 'B' :

'A'	'B'
(i) amused	sad
harshly	discussion
miserable	coward
argument	ran away
escaped	cruelly
timid	made happy
(ii) explain	long way away in space
sudden	right or true
accept	to get something
distant	to agree to take something
correct	happening quickly
obtain	to make clear or easy
(iii) vexed	strange
demur	holy bath at the time of worship
trash	to appeal solemnly
conjure	worthless
queer	to create doubts
ablution	sad

(b) Fill in the blanks with the words given below :

chattering, quaint, timid, blood-stains, harsh

1. Mini's mother is unfortunately a very lady.
2. The words struck upon my ears.
3. There were on the clothes of the Kabuliwallah.
4. They had many jokes, which afforded them much amusement.
5. My five years old son John cannot live without

(c) Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences so as to make their meaning clear :

arrangements, separation, hesitated, used to talk, intended

(d) Fill in the blanks with appropriate letter/letters :

ch_t_r, pr_t_le, g_av_, c_st_e, t_rr_r, d_m_r, qu__nt, tr_b_e, tr_s_,
c_nj_re, s_l_mn, dr__d, ab_ut_on, ca_o_y, a__ord, ba__en.

(e) Project Work :

1. Write your views in favor of 'Free Education in India'.
2. Make a speech on 'Environmental Pollution'.
3. Define predication and suffixation with examples.

(f) Write antonyms of the following words :

timid, distant, able, place, friend, female, pure.



APPRECIATING THE TEXT

Rabindranath Tagore's 'Kabuliwallah' is about a little girl Mini and a Kabuliwallah exploring the bond of friendship, affection and parting transcending the borders of race, religion and language.

LET'S PONDER OVER

Friendship is a boon. There are many friends in the world. Let's think over their lot. What is our duty towards our friends? Do we perform it correctly?

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Passive Voice (i)

- Mr. Roy** : Last night thieves broke into the house of Mr. Jain.
- Raju** : Who is Mr. Jain?
- Rani** : He's a rich gold merchant, isn't he, Father ?
- Mr. Roy** : (*glancing at the paper*) Yes. It is believed that the robbery was carefully planned.
- Mrs. Roy** : What was stolen ?
- Mr. Roy** : Not much as most of the jewellery had been put in a locker.
- Rani** : When did the thieves break into the house ?
- Mr. Roy** : Shortly after 9 o'clock while Mr. Jain was taking his dog out for a walk. Everyday he takes his dog out at the same time. It is believed that his movements were studied before the robbery was attempted.
- Raju** : Where were his wife and children ?
- Mr. Roy** : They were in Mumbai. The thieves, it is said, knew about it.
- Mrs. Roy** : When did Mr. Jain realize that the thieves had broken into his house ?
- Mr. Roy** : As soon as he returned from his walk, he noticed that a drawer of his table had been forced open and some money taken. Two of Mrs. Jain's rings which were kept in the drawer, were also stolen.
- Mrs. Roy** : I don't think the thieves will ever be caught !
- Mr. Roy** : They might be caught as a screw driver and a hammer have been found near the table. They may bear the fingerprints of the robbers.

CRICKET COMMENTARY AND MY TRANSISTOR

Passive Voice (ii)

- Amit** : I want to listen to the cricket commentary but my transistor won't work.
- Raj** : Have the batteries been tested ?
- Amit** : Yes, they have. New batteries were put only last week.
- Raj** : When was the transistor last checked ?
- Amit** : It has never been checked.
- Raj** : Has it been used a lot ?
- Amit** : Yes, it has been used a lot by me and my friends. Only last night we listened to a play broadcast by AIR Srinagar.
- Raj** : Someone must have dropped it. I'm afraid, it will have to be sent to a radio repair shop.
- Amit** : Will I be allowed to hire another transistor ?
- Raj** : *(smiling)* Oh, yes. You'll be allowed to hire a transistor and you'll be able to listen to the cricket commentary.