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It was still too hot to play outdoors. They drank tea, washed them and cleaned their hair, and after a long day of confinement in a house that was not cool but at least sun-free, the children strained to get out. Their faces were red and bloated with effort, but their mother would not open the door, everything was still curtained and shuttered in such a way that strangled the children, made them feel that their lungs were stuffed with cotton wool and noses with dust, and if they did not burst into the light and see the sun and feel the air, they would choke. Please, Mum, please, they pleaded. We're going to play on the porch and porch - we're not going to come out of the porch. You will, I know you will, and then-No-we won't, we won't, they cried so horribly that she actually let down the bolt of the front door, so they broke loose like a seed of crackling, a mature pod in the veranda, with such wild, manic cries that she retreated into the bath and showered with talcum powder and fresh sarl that were supposed to help her in the summer evening. They collided this afternoon. It was too hot. It's too bright. The white walls of the veranda stared sharply at the sun. Bougainville hung about it, purple and magenta, in furious balloons. The garden outside was like a tray of beaten brass, flattened on red gravel and sunken soils in all shades of metal - aluminum, tin, copper and brass. No life is mixed at this and time of day - the birds were still dropping like dead fruit in the paper tents of the trees; some squirrels lay limping on the wet ground under the garden tap. The outdoor dog lay stretched as if dead on the veranda mat, his paws and ears and tail all reaching out as dying travelers in search of water. He rolled his eyes at the children - two white balloons rolled in purple rosettes, begging for sympathy - and tried to raise his tail to wag, but could not. He just twitched and lay still. Then, perhaps awakened by the screams of the children, a group of parrots suddenly fell out of a eucalyptus tree, fell frantically into another, hissing air, and then sorted out the fighting formation and strips away across the white sky. The children also felt liberated. They too began to tumble, push, push against each other, frantic to start. Start what? Start your business. The cause of children's day, which is-play. Let's play hide-and-seek. Who's it going to be? You are. Why should I? You'll -- You're the eldest -- that doesn't mean -- Pushes have become harder. Some of them got kicked out. Mother Mira intervened. She pulled the boys apart. There was a tearing sound of cloth, but he was lost in heavy gasping and angry grumbling, and no one paid attention to the little sleeve free from the shoulder. Make a circle, make a circle! She screamed, pulling and shoving hard until a sort of vague circle was formed. Now clap! She roared, and, clapping, they all chanted in melancholy unison: Dip, fall, fall-my blue ship, and every now and then one or the other saw that he was safe, by the way, his hands fell at a crucial moment - the palm of his hand, or the back of his hand in the palm of his hand, and fell out of the circle with a cry and a leap of relief and jubilation. Ragu was him. There was no one to hear when he shouted: Only in the veranda, the porch, said Ma-Ma to stay in the porch! No one stopped to listen, all he saw were their brown feet flashing through dusty shrubs, clambering brick walls, jumping over compost heaps and hedges, and then the porch stood empty in the purple hue of bougainvillea, and the garden was as empty as ever; even the sluggish squirrels whipped away, leaving all the shiny, brassy, and naked. Only little Manu suddenly appeared as if he had fallen out of an invisible cloud or from bird's claws, and stood for a moment in the center of the yellow lawn, chewing his finger and almost to tears as he heard Raghu's Creek, with his head pressed against the wall of the veranda, Eighty-three, eighty-five, eighty-nine, ninety . . . and then left in a panic, half of it. Ragu turned just in time to see the flash of his white shorts and the vague skittering of his red sandals, and charged behind him with such a bloodied scream that Manu came across a hose, fell into a rubber coil, and lay there crying. I won't-you have to find them all-all! I know I have to, idiot, Raghu said, kicking him with his foot. You are dead, he said with satisfaction, licking the sweat beads from his upper lip, and then the stem in search of a drier prey, whistling vigorously, so that the hiding must hear and tremble. Ravi heard a whistle and in a panic took his nose, trying to find solace, burrowing his finger deep into this soft tunnel. He felt too open, sitting on an upturned flower pot behind the garage. Where could he have burrowed? He could have run around the garage if he had heard Raga come-around and around and around, but he doesn't really believe in his short legs when matched against Raghu by the footballer's long, hefty, hairy legs. Ravi had a frightening glimpse of them as Raghu combed the hedge of crotonas and hibiscus, trampling delicate ferns under his feet as he did so. Ravi looked at him frantically, swallowing a small ball of snot in fear. The garage was locked with a large heavy lock to The driver had a key in his room, hanging from a nail on the wall under his workhirt. Ravi peeked in and saw him still sprawling on his string crib in his vest and striped shorts, chest hair and nose hair shaking with the vibrations of his sputum obstructing snoring. Ravi wanted it to be tall enough, big enough to reach the key on the nail, but it was impossible, out of his reach for years to come. He sidled away and sat dejectedly on the flower pot. This, at least, has been reduced to its own size. But next to the garage was another shed with a big green door. Also blocked. No one even knew who had the key to the lock. This shed was not opened more than once a year when Ma turned out all the old broken pieces of furniture and rolls of matting and leaking buckets, and the white anthills were broken and swept away and Fleet sprayed into cobwebs and rat holes so that the whole operation was like looting the poor, ruined and conquered the city. The green leaves of the door sagged. They were almost off their rusty loops. The loops were large and made a small gap between the door and the walls- only big enough for rats, dogs, and perhaps Ravi to slip through. Ravi never cared to enter such a dark and depressing morgue of defunct household produce stealing from such unspeakable and disturbing animal life, but as Ragu's whistling grew angrier and sharper, and his rumbling and storming into the hedges wild, Ravi suddenly slipped off with a flower pot and through a crack and went away. He chuckled aloud with astonishment at his own recklessness, so that Ragu came out of the hedge, fell silent with his hands on his hips, listening, and finally shouted, I heard you! I'm on my way! Got you - and came charging around the garage only to find an inverted flower pot, yellow dust, crawling white ants in the mud hill against the closed barn door-nothing. Snarling, he bent down to pick up the stick and went, hitting it against the garage and spilling the walls, as if to dislodge his prey. Ravi shook, and then trembled with delight, with self-congratulation. Also with fear. It was dark, creepy in the barn. It had a muffled smell like a grave. Ravi once locked himself in a linen closet and sat and cried for half an hour before being rescued. But at least it was a familiar place, and even smelled nice of starch, laundry and, reassuringly, his mother. But the barn smelled of rats, anthills, dust and cobwebs. It is also less defined, less recognizable horrors. And it was dark. With the exception of the white-hot cracks along the door, there was no light. The roof was very low. Although Ravi was small, he felt as if he could reach out and touch her with his fingertips. But he didn't stretch. He hunched over the ball so as not to crash into anything, touch or feel anything. What may not be touch him and feel him as he stood there, trying to see in the dark? Something cold, or slimy, like a snake. Snakes! He sprang up as Raghu hit the wall with a stick, then, quickly realizing what it was, felt almost relieved to hear Raghu, hear his stick. It made him feel protected. But Raghu soon departed. There was no sound as soon as his steps went around the garage and disappeared. Ravi stood frozen inside the barn. Then he trembled all over. Something tickled the back of the head. It took him a while to pick up the courage to raise his hand and explore. It was an insect, possibly a spider, exploring it. He crushed him and wondered how many more creatures were watching him, waiting to reach out and touch him, the stranger. Now there was nothing. Standing in this position - his hand is still around his neck, feeling the wet weave of the crushed spider, gradually drying up - within a few minutes, hours, his legs began to tremble with effort, inactivity. By now he could see enough in the dark to develop large solid-shaped old cupboards, broken buckets, and beds piled on top of each other around him. He recognized the old bath-stains of the enamel flickering on him, and finally he sank to his edge. He was thinking of slipping out of the barn and into battle. He wondered whether it was not better to be captured by Raga and be returned to the crowd while he could be in the sun, the light, the free spaces of the garden, and the acquaintance of his brothers, sisters and cousins. It's going to be evening. Their games will become legal. Parents will sit on the lawn on basket chairs and watch them as they are ripped around the garden or gathered in knots to share a looted mulberry or black, teeth splitting jamun from garden trees. The gardener will fix the hose for the plumbing, and the water will fall generously through the air on the ground, soaking dry yellow grass and red gravel and causing the sweet, intoxicating smell of water on dry land that is the wonderful smell in the world. Ravi sniffed a whiff of it. He half-rose out of the bathtub, and then heard a desperate cry from one of the girls as Ragu gave birth to her. There was the sound of an accident, and rolling in the bushes, shrubs, and then screaming and blaming sobs I touched the lair-- you didn't -- I did -- I did -- you're a liar, you didn't, and then disappears and silence again. Ravi sat on the harsh edge of the bath, deciding to hold out a little longer. What fun if they were all found and caught-he one left invincible! He never knew that feeling. Nothing more remarkable ever happened to him than taken out uncle and bought a whole slab of chocolate all for himself, or threw a man's soda basket into a pony and drove it to the gate driver with a red beard and pointed ears. To defeat Raghu-that hirsute, the hoarse voice of a football champion, and be the winner in a circle of older, more, luckier children, that would be thrilling beyond imagination. He hugged his knees together and smiled almost shyly at the thought of such a victory, such laurels. There he sat smiling, knocking his heels in the bathtub, every now and then getting up and going to the door to put his ear wide crack and listening to the sounds of the game, stalking and chased, and then back to his seat with the stubborn determination of the true winner, the record breaker, the champion. The shed became darker when the light at the door became softer, puffy, turned into a kind of crumbling yellow pollen, which turned into yellow fur, blue fur, gray fur. Twilight. The sound of water gushing, falling. The smell of the earth, receiving water, quenches thirst with large sips and releases this green aroma of freshness, coolness. Through the crack Ravi saw the long purple shadows of the shed and garage lying still across the yard. In addition, the white walls of the house, bougainvillea lost its fury, hung in dark bundles that trembled and chirped and seethed with masses of self-incited sparrows. The lawn was cut off from his vision. Did he hear children's voices? He thought he could. It seemed to him that he could hear them chanting, singing, laughing. What about the game? What happened? Could this be over? How could it have been when he hasn't been found yet? Then it came to him to know that he could slip out a long time ago, rushed across the yard to the veranda and touched the den. It had to be done to win. He forgot. He only remembered part of the shelter and attempts to elude the seeker. He did it so successfully, his success took him so completely that he completely forgot that success was to clinch that final dash to victory and the ringing of The Scream Of Den! With a whimper he broke through the crack, fell to his knees, got up and came across the hard, benumbed feet across the dark yard, weeping from the heart by the time he reached the veranda so that when he rushed to the white pillar and yelled: Den! Den! Den! His voice broke with rage and pity for the shame of it all, and he felt awash with tears and suffering. When the children went to the lawn, they stopped chanting. They all turned to look at him in amazement. Their faces were pale and triangular at dusk. Trees and shrubs around them stood wine and strewn, shedding long shadows through them. They looked, wondering about his appearance, his passion, his wild animal howling. Their mother got up from the basket chair and came up to him, worried, annoyed, saying: Stop it, stop it, Ravi. Don't be a child. Did you hurt yourself? Seeing him The children returned to squeezing their hands and chanting: The grass is green, the rose is red. . . But Ravi did not allow them. I won, I won, I won, he yelled, shaking his head, so big tears flew. Ragu didn't find me. I won, I won - it took them a minute to figure out what he was saying, even who he was. They completely forgot him. Ragu found everyone else a long time ago. There has been a struggle about who was to be his next. It was so brutal that their mother came out of the bath and forced them to move to another game. Then they played more and more. Broken mulberries from the tree and ate them. Helped the driver wash the car when his father returned from work. Helped the gardener water the beds until he growled at them and swore he would complain to their parents. My parents came out and took their positions on the chairs from the buzzard. They started playing, singing and singing again. All this time, no one remembered Ravi. Disappeared from the crime scene, he disappeared from their consciousness. Clean. Don't be a fool, Ragu said rudely, pushing him aside, and even Mira said, Stop howling, Ravi. If you want to play, you can stand at the end of the line and she put it there very firmly. The game continued. Two pairs of hands reached out and met in an arc. The children trooped under him over and over in the lugubrious circle, diving head and innng grass green, rose red; Remember me when I am dead, dead, dead, dead... And the arc of thin hands trembled at dusk, and their heads trembled so sadly, and their feet wandered to this melancholy refrain so sadly, so helplessly, that Ravi could not bear it. He won't follow them, he won't be included in this fun game. He wanted victory and triumph, not a funeral. But he was forgotten, stayed away, and he wouldn't join them now. Shame on being forgotten - how could he have faced this? He felt that his heart was heavy and he was sore inside him unbearably. He lay down the entire length on the wet grass, crushing his face, no longer crying, drowning out the terrible feeling of his insignificance. Insignificance. anita desai games at twilight pdf. anita desai games at twilight summary. anita desai games at twilight analysis. anita desai games at twilight and other stories. in this excerpt from anita desai's short story games at twilight. games at twilight by anita desai in tamil. games at twilight anita desai questions

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