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Class-X

English

First Flight

Chapter-9

The Proposal



Anton Chekov

Part - 5

Neha Rajvanshi

LOMOV : He is old, but I wouldn't take five Squeezers for him. Why, how can you? Guess is a dog; as for Squeezer, well, it's too funny to argue. Anybody you like has a dog as good as Squeezer... you may find them under every bush almost.

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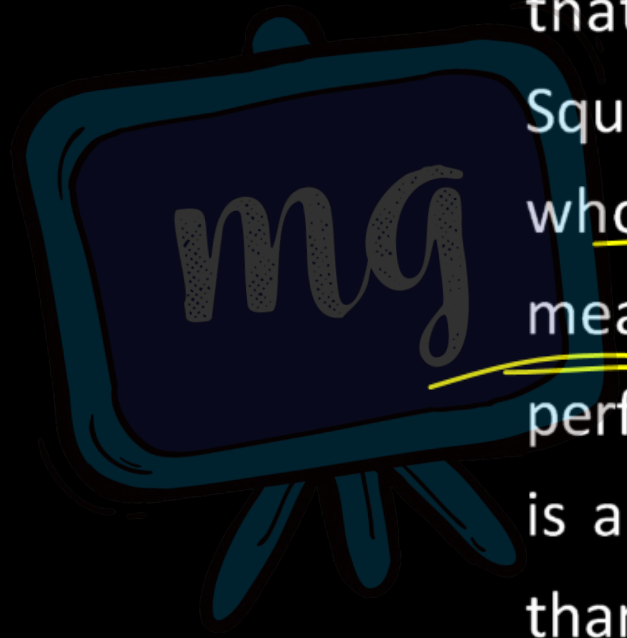
Demon : दुष्ट आत्मा

Contradition : प्रतिवाद

NATALYA : Twenty-five roubles would be a handsome price to pay for him. There's some demon of contradition in you today, Ivan Vassilevitch. First you pretend that the Meadows are yours; now,



that Guess is better than Squeezer. I don't like people who don't say what they mean, because you know perfectly well that Squeezer is a hundred times better than your silly Guess. Why do you want to say he isn't?

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LOMOV : I see, Natalya Stepanovna, that you consider me either blind or a fool. You must realise that Squeezer is overshot!

NATALYA : It's not true.

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LOMOV : He is!

NATALYA : It's not true!

LOMOV : Why shout madam?

NATALYA : Why talk rot? It's awful! It's time your Guess was shot, and you compare him with Squeezer!



LOMOV : Excuse me, I cannot continue this discussion, my heart is palpitating.

NATALYA : I've noticed that those hunters argue most who know least.

Acknowledge : स्वीकार करना

LOMOV : Madam, please be silent. My heart is going to pieces. [shouts] Shut up!

NATALYA : I shan't shut up until you acknowledge that Squeezer is a hundred times better than your Guess!



LOMOV : A hundred times worse! Be hanged to your Squeezer! His head... eyes... shoulder...

NATALYA : There's no need to hang your silly Guess; he's half-dead already!

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LOMOV : [weeps] Shut up! My heart's bursting!

NATALYA : I shan't shut up.

[Enter Chubukov.]

CHUBUKOV : What's the matter now?

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Implore : निवेदन करना

NATALYA : Papa, tell us truly, which is the better dog, our Squeezer or his Guess.

LOMOV : Stepan Stepanovitch, I implore you to tell me just one thing: is your Squeezer overshot or not? Yes or no?

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CHUBUKOV : And suppose he is? What does it matter? He's the best dog in the district for all that, and so on.

LOMOV : But isn't my Guess better? Really, now?

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CHUBUKOV : Don't excite yourself, my precious one. Allow me. Your Guess certainly has his good points. He's purebred, firm on his feet, has well-sprung ribs, and all that.

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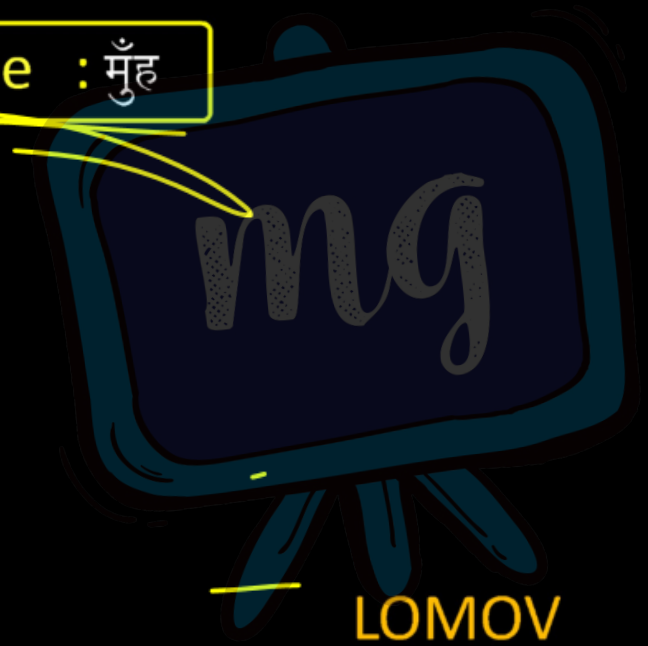
Muzzle : मुँह



But, my dear man, if you want to know the truth, that dog has two defects: he's old and he's short in the muzzle.

LOMOV : Excuse me, my heart... Let's take the facts.

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Verst : लम्बाई की रशियन इकाई

You will remember that on the Marusinsky hunt my Guess ran neck-and-neck with the Count's dog, while your Squeezer was left a whole verst behind.

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CHUBUKOV : He got left behind because the Count's whipper-in hit him with his whip.

LOMOV : And with good reason. The dogs are running after a fox, when Squeezer goes and starts worrying a sheep!



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Liable : संभावना

CHUBUKOV : It's not true! My dear fellow, I'm very liable to lose my temper, and so, just because of that, let's stop arguing. You started because everybody is always jealous of everybody else's dogs.



Yes, we're all like that! You too, sir, aren't blameless! You no sooner begin with this, that and the other, and all that... I remember everything!

LOMOV : I remember too!

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CHUBUKOV : [teasing him] I remember, too! What do you remember?

LOMOV : My heart... my foot's gone to sleep. I can't...

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NATALYA : [teasing] My heart! What sort of a hunter are you? You ought to go and lie on the kitchen oven and catch black beetles, not go after foxes! My heart!

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CHUBUKOV : Yes really, what sort of a hunter are you, anyway? You ought to sit at home with your palpitations, and not go tracking animals. You could go hunting, but you only go to argue

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with people and interfere with their dogs and so on. Let's change the subject in case I lose my temper. You're not a hunter at all, anyway!

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Intrigue : रूचि पैदा करना

LOMOV : And are you a hunter? You only go hunting to get in with the Count and to intrigue. Oh, my heart! You're an intriguer!

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CHUBUKOV : What? I am an intriguer? [shouts] Shut up!

LOMOV : Intriguer!

CHUBUKOV : Boy! Pup!

LOMOV : Old rat! Jesuit!

CHUBUKOV : Shut up or I'll shoot you like a partridge! You fool!

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LOMOV : Everybody knows that — oh, my heart! — your late wife used to beat you... My feet... temples... sparks... I fall, I fall!

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CHUBUKOV : And you're under the slipper of your house-keeper!

LOMOV : There, there, there... my heart's burst! My shoulders come off! Where is my shoulder? I die. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor!

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CHUBUKOV : Boy! Milksop! Fool! I'm sick! [Drinks water] Sick!

NATALYA : What sort of a hunter are you? You can't even sit on a horse! [To her father] Papa, what's the matter with him? Papa! Look,

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Papa! [screams]
Ivan Vassilevitch!
He's dead!

CHUBUKOV : I'm sick! I can't breathe! Air!

NATALYA : He's dead. [Pulls Lomov's sleeve]
Ivan Vassilevitch!
Ivan Vassilevitch!

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What have you done to me? He's dead. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor, a doctor!

[Hysterics.]

CHUBUKOV : Oh! What is it? What's the matter?

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NATALYA : [wails] He's dead... dead!

CHUBUKOV : Who's dead? [Looks at Lomov] So he is! My word! Water! A doctor! [Lifts a tumbler to Lomov's mouth] Drink this!



No, he doesn't drink. It means he's dead, and all that. I'm the most unhappy of men! Why don't I put a bullet into my brain? Why haven't I cut my throat yet? What am I waiting for? Give me a knife! Give me a

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pistol! [Lomov moves] He seems to be coming round. Drink some water! That's right.

LOMOV : I see stars... mist... where am I?

CHUBUKOV : Hurry up and get married and — well, to the devil with you!

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She's willing! [He puts Lomov's hand into his daughter's] She's willing and all that. I give you my blessing and so on. Only leave me in peace!

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LOMOV : [getting up] Eh? What? To whom?

CHUBUKOV : She's willing! Well? Kiss and be damned to you!

NATALYA : [wails] He's alive... Yes, yes, I'm willing.

CHUBUKOV : Kiss each other!

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LOMOV : Eh? Kiss whom? [They kiss] Very nice, too. Excuse me, what's it all about? Oh, now I understand ... my heart... stars... I'm happy. Natalya Stepanovna... [Kisses her hand] My foot's gone to sleep.

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NATALYA : I... I'm happy too...

CHUBUKOV : What a weight off my shoulders, ouf!

NATALYA : But, still you will admit now that Guess is worse than Squeezer.

LOMOV : Better!

NATALYA : Worse!

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CHUBUKOV : Well, that's a way to start your family bliss! Have some champagne!

LOMOV : He's better!

NATALYA : Worse! Worse! Worse!

CHUBUKOV : [trying to shout her down] Champagne! Champagne!