

CLASS – 10

ENGLISH

First Flight

CH-9 : The Proposal

Part – 6

Teasing and Mockery

Komal Jetwani

OVERVIEW



1. A Farce

2. Lomov Arrives at Chubukov's House

3. Argument Over Oxen Meadows

4. Continuation of the Conflict

5. Natalya Learns About the Proposal

6. The New Argument

7. Teasing and Mockery

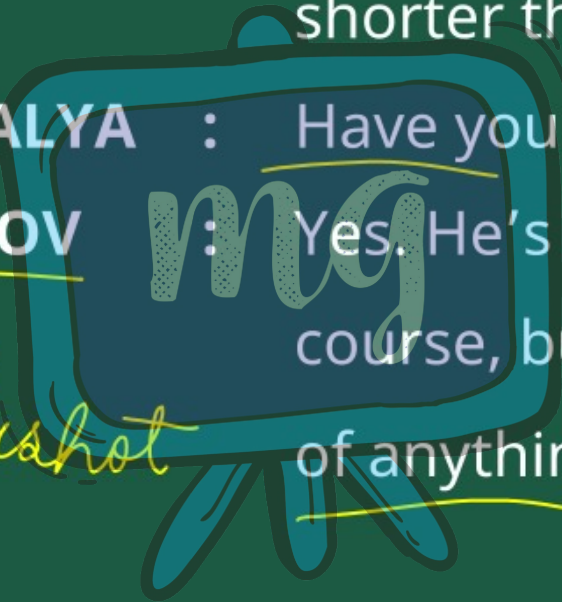
8. The Sudden Proposal

LOMOV : I assure you that his lower jaw is shorter than the upper.

NATALYA : Have you measured?

LOMOV : Yes. He's all right at following, of course, but if you want to get hold of anything...

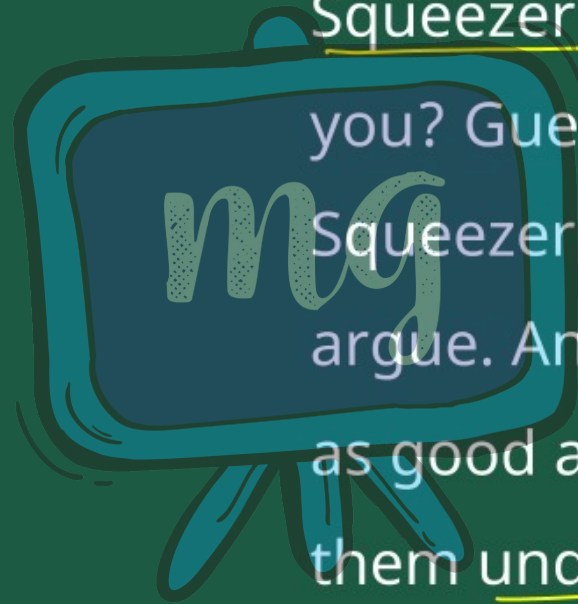
↓
overshot



NATALYA : In the first place, our Squeezer is a 1 thoroughbred animal, the son of Harness and Chisels while there's no getting at the pedigree of your dog at all. ^{Guess} He's old and as ugly as a worn-out cab-horse.

thoroughbred	:	pure breed
cab-horse	:	horse which pulls a cart

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. Twenty-five roubles would be a handsome price to pay for him.



NATALYA : There's some demon of contradiction 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,

demon	:	evil monster
contradiction	:	opposition

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?

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.

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.

rot : rubbish

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...

acknowledge : rubbish

NATALYA : There's no need to hang your silly

Guess; he's half-dead already!

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

NATALYA : I shan't shut up.

[Enter Chubukov.]

CHUBUKOV : What's the matter now?

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?



implore : to beg

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?

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

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.

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.

muzzle : the projecting part of the face,
including the nose and mouth, of
an animal such as a dog or horse;

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

Count 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.

verst : a russian measure of length

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!

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.

liable	:	chances
jealous	:	envy

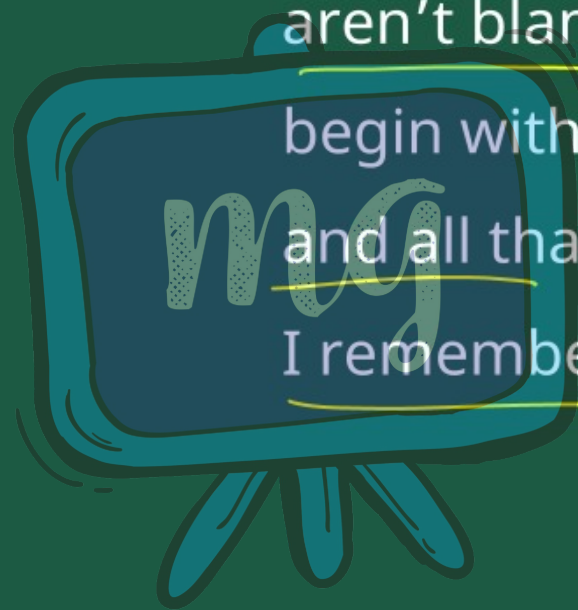
Yes, we're all like that! You too, sir,

aren't blameless! You no sooner

begin with this, that and the other,

and all that...

I remember everything!



LOMOV : I remember too!

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

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

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!

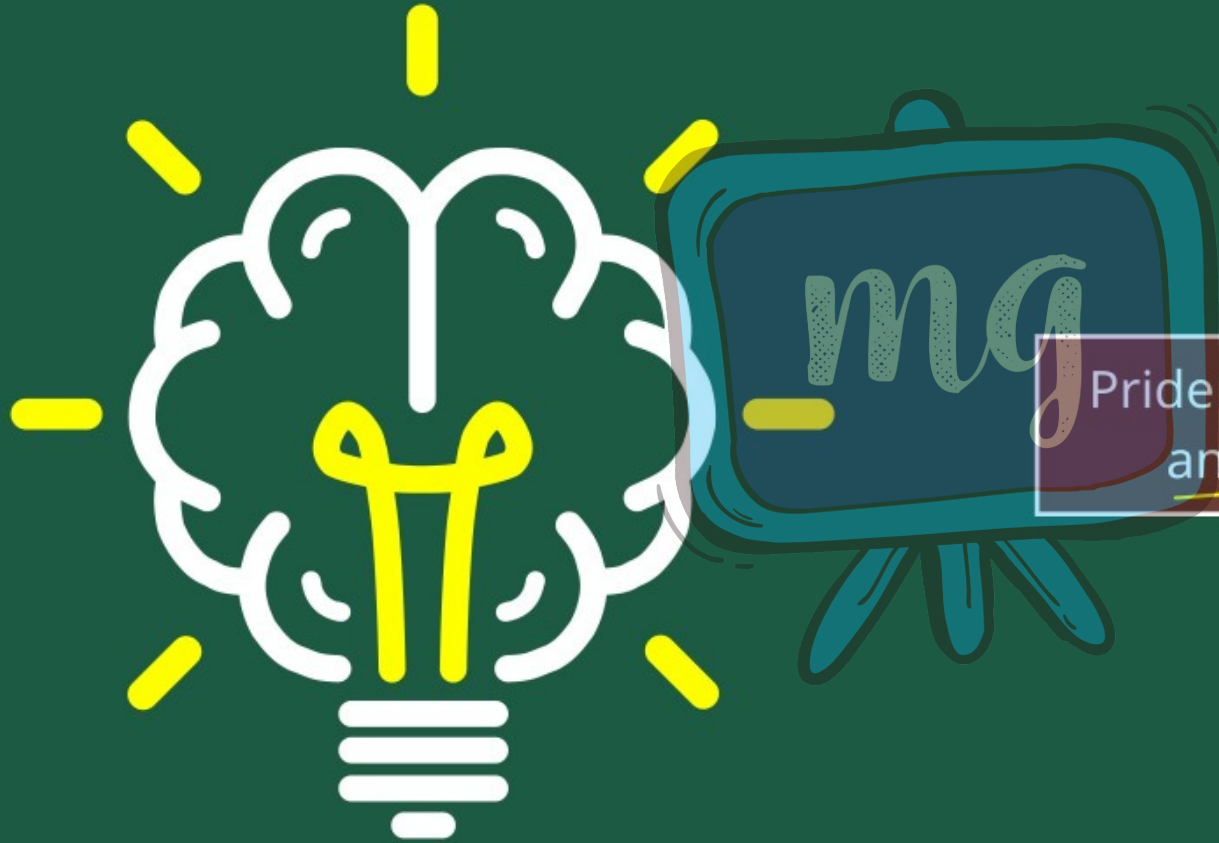
teasing : make fun of

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 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!

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!



intrigue : to conspire



Pride can Lead to Humorous
and Trivial Arguments

1 | What health issue does Lomov repeatedly mention during the argument?

- A A headache
- B A cold
- C Palpitations
- D Nausea

2 | What does Chubukov imply about people's behavior regarding their dogs?

- A. Everyone is generous.
- B. Everyone is jealous of each other's dogs.
- C. Everyone loves their dogs equally.
- D. Everyone trains their dogs well.



3 | What is the overall tone of the discussion about the dogs?

- A. Serious and respectful.
- B. Light-hearted and teasing.
- C. Calm and collected.
- D. Disinterested and dull.