



# MINDSCAPES

**A Women's College, Calcutta initiative  
Department of English  
Edited by Debanjana Mukherjee, Gargi Daw  
& Sanchita Bag**

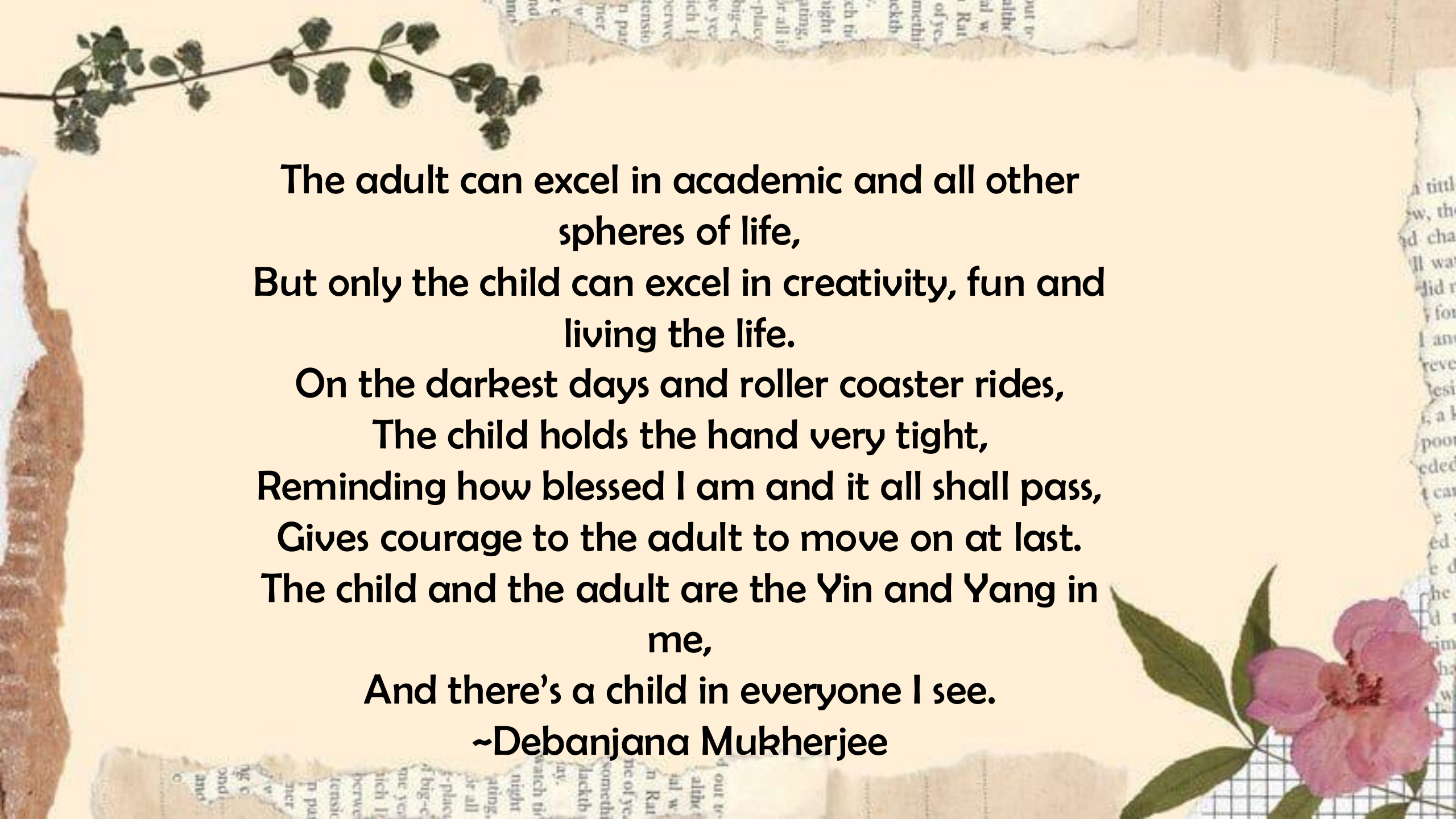
**2<sup>nd</sup> Edition**



# Prelude

## *The Child & The Adult*

There is a child in everyone I see,  
There is a child also in me.  
A child that loves to play,  
To read story books,  
To listen to music and dance all day.  
But that child is suppressed by the adult in me,  
That is mature , independent and shows strength to  
everybody.  
Although stressed, messed and depressed with life,  
The child in me gives hope to strive .



The adult can excel in academic and all other  
spheres of life,  
But only the child can excel in creativity, fun and  
living the life.

On the darkest days and roller coaster rides,  
The child holds the hand very tight,  
Reminding how blessed I am and it all shall pass,  
Gives courage to the adult to move on at last.  
The child and the adult are the Yin and Yang in  
me,  
And there's a child in everyone I see.

~Debanjana Mukherjee



# INTRODUCTION

Children are the soul of civilization; be it children of any creature on earth; and grown ups, especially their parents are meant to protect them. But contrarily, even in this modern and postmodern milieu which is the peak of “scientific evolution”, children are often maltreated or abandoned by their own people which shows the peak of “moral degradation” at this stage of human civilization. Though the opposite picture is also there where children get both material and psychological support from their guardians, the negative side must not be ignored.

The second edition of ‘Mindscapes’ attempts to talk about this issue through referring to various works of art. Our aim, as students of literature, is to try to upgrade our society, although not so scientifically, but morally and ethically by critiquing the evil aspects of it. It is our heartfelt request to excuse any kind of inaccuracy in our attempt. We thank our department and our dear teachers who moulded us to think critically and encouraged us to speak up fearlessly.

Thank you.





## Childhood

“A child is a beam of sunlight from the Infinite and Eternal, with possibilities of virtue and vice, but as yet unstained.” – Lyman Abbott

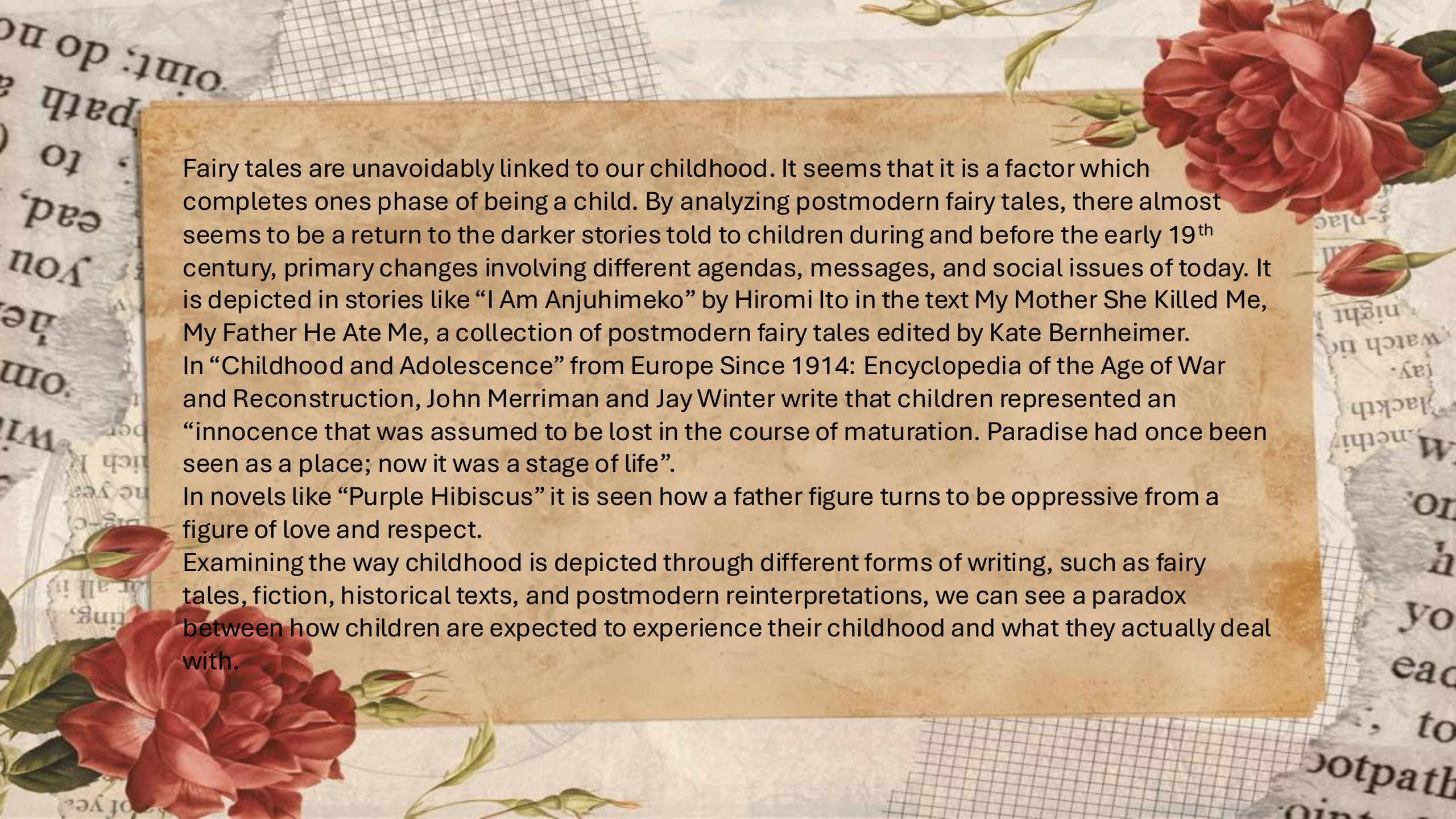
“CHILDHOOD”..the term seems to bring with itself an essence of purity, nostalgic emotions and flashback to the phase of one’s life when days were bright with colours, dreams were getting their wings to be free to excel.

There are days were I get thoughts about how my childhood used to be. If given a chance to time travel I would ask the time to halt and let me indulge myself into the sweet essence of those days.

But do the current generation really have the same essence of their childhood? The little ones are indeed way more advanced then we used to be during the phase they are going through. But it seems that parenthood takes over the innocence of theirs in such a way that they are forced to become adults despite being little innocent petals who are born to bloom.

Many writers in many postmodern texts have also worked upon the matter of the children being imposed with adult emotions and understandings. In the story “Zami: A New Spelling of My Name,” found in the text Postmodern American Fiction: A Norton Anthology, Audre Lorde writes of her memory of herself as a four year-old child, and her longing for a companion in the form of another little girl.





Fairy tales are unavoidably linked to our childhood. It seems that it is a factor which completes one's phase of being a child. By analyzing postmodern fairy tales, there almost seems to be a return to the darker stories told to children during and before the early 19<sup>th</sup> century, primary changes involving different agendas, messages, and social issues of today. It is depicted in stories like "I Am Anjuhimeko" by Hiromi Ito in the text *My Mother She Killed Me, My Father He Ate Me*, a collection of postmodern fairy tales edited by Kate Bernheimer. In "Childhood and Adolescence" from *Europe Since 1914: Encyclopedia of the Age of War and Reconstruction*, John Merriman and Jay Winter write that children represented an "innocence that was assumed to be lost in the course of maturation. Paradise had once been seen as a place; now it was a stage of life". In novels like "Purple Hibiscus" it is seen how a father figure turns to be oppressive from a figure of love and respect. Examining the way childhood is depicted through different forms of writing, such as fairy tales, fiction, historical texts, and postmodern reinterpretations, we can see a paradox between how children are expected to experience their childhood and what they actually deal with.



This is an age of competition, comparison, cyber-bullying, societal pressure. Such elements are indulging the children more into depression and they inspite of blooming with flying colours in their respective spheres are being the angles kept into cages.

It's high time that the society as well as the parents must understand their ward's need and the way they are trying to see their life unfold. Guide them through their thicks and thins only to be the next generation of successful parents who would cite an example of their magical childhood to their upcoming generations.

SUBHASREE DEY, SEMESTER 4,2025







## Silence and Unrest

My mind lies in the backpack,  
Tucked in the weight of unrest—  
In the hassle of every quest  
That I am bound to make.

My heart lies in the silence,  
Breaking the modern maze,  
Drenched in the fauna of my place,  
Bound to the earth in untamed grace.  
The surroundings rise and rumble—  
They break the little heart,  
While the mind remains disarranged  
As I stumble through this lonely cage.

Name: Sayantani Chatterjee.

Semester: IV





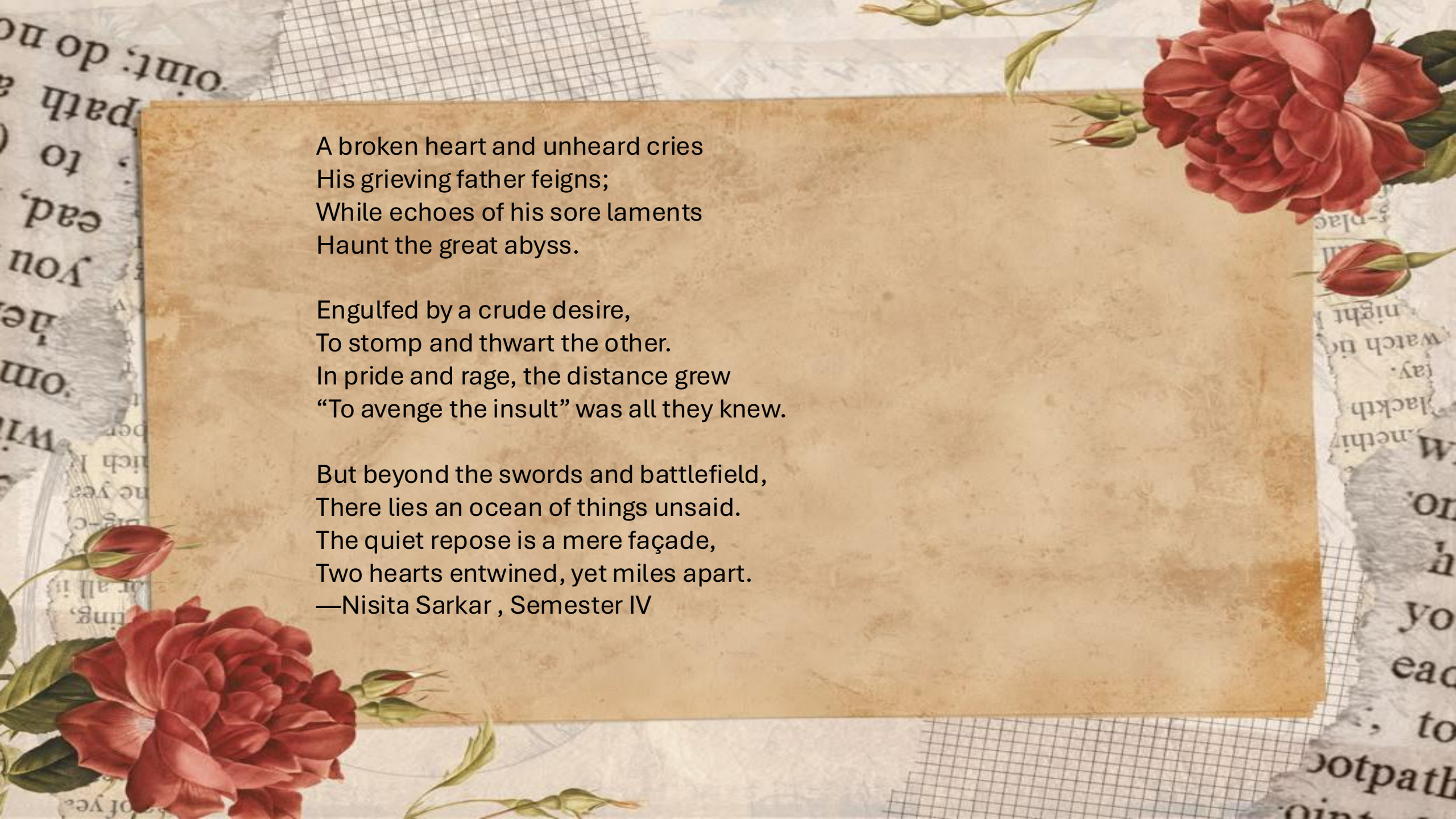
## The Sire and The Banished

This poem delves into the fractured relationship between a celestial father (God) and his fallen son (Lucifer), once a radiant prince now lost to pride and rebellion.

Prince of Darkness, King of Vice  
Lost his glory in a game of dice.  
Once reigned in mighty heaven,  
Banished by his sire, unforgiven.

Blinding brightness, herald of truth  
Born of flame, a glorious youth,  
Bearer of his father's throne,  
Was poisoned by his thoughts alone.





A broken heart and unheard cries  
His grieving father feigns;  
While echoes of his sore laments  
Haunt the great abyss.

Engulfed by a crude desire,  
To stomp and thwart the other.  
In pride and rage, the distance grew  
“To avenge the insult” was all they knew.

But beyond the swords and battlefield,  
There lies an ocean of things unsaid.  
The quiet repose is a mere façade,  
Two hearts entwined, yet miles apart.  
—Nisita Sarkar , Semester IV





## Un- bloomed

Caught up in the storm of mismatched  
beings,  
Only a prize of their long failed marriage.  
Children, the youth of the nation,  
Stuck with children in adult attire.  
Born into a tug of war,  
Left to fend for itself.  
No one bats an eyelash,  
All ears around, all are deaf  
All are paralyzed in the wake of the  
saplings  
Can a bud take the weight of a tree?

ANUSREETA AICH : SEM 2





# Failure

Did they fail?  
When they scored the least in science,  
And the most in arts?  
Did they fail?  
When they were wronged,  
And were blamed all the same?  
Did they fail?  
When for a trifle accident,  
They were punished for a sin?  
Did they fail?  
When their safest place  
Turned into the scariest hell?  
Is it their failure?

ANUSREETA AICH; SEM-II








**Ankita Das, Semester II**





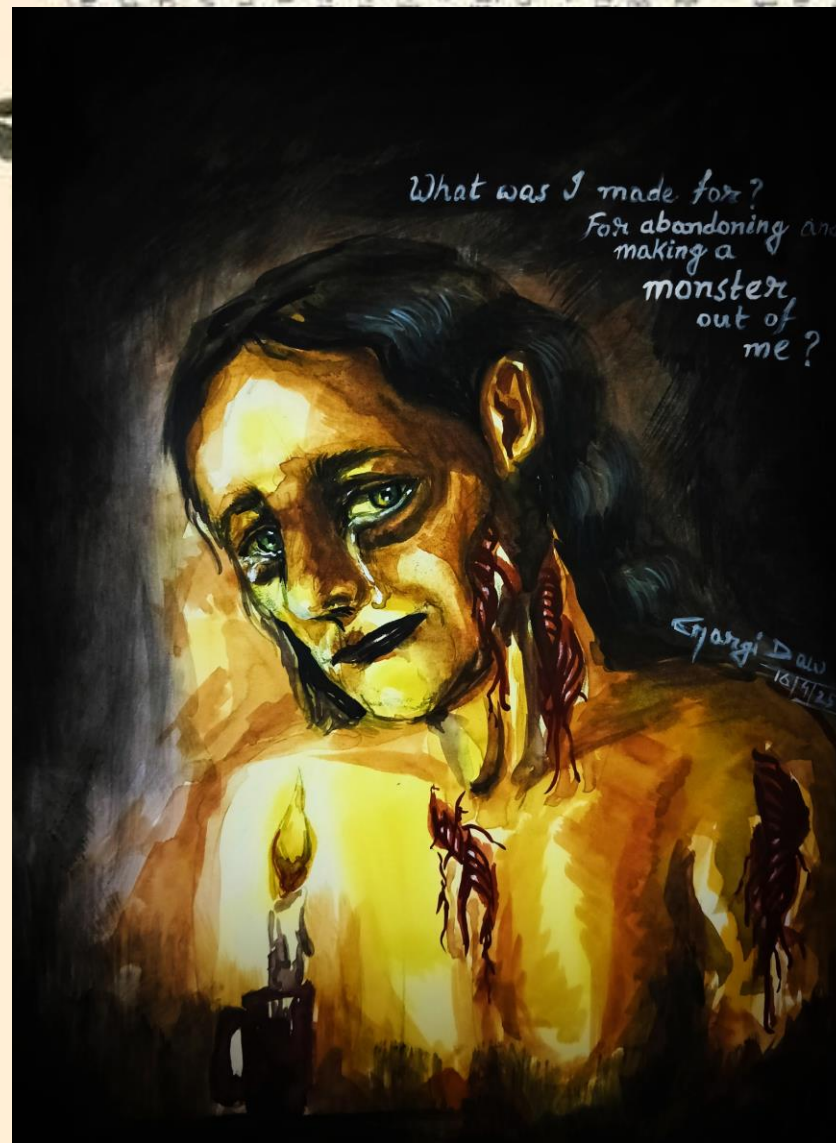
## ***Finding wholeness: healing of inner child***

In order to be mature one,  
I look for validation from outer world.  
I forget to see,  
That I once love to be.  
Those repressed self urge,  
Had made myself scourged.  
Constantly draining in unconscious,  
Intently need of awakening self-conscious.  
Peace restore in a moment,  
Taking mental realm in own encroachment.  
My soul never cherished by outside,  
What is seen by my eyesight.  
In search of seeking the Truth,  
All my senses get emerged in Ruth.  
I AM existing in oneness of infinity,  
Which I know from the time I was born , is a  
Gift of divinity.



~Ankita Das , Semester II






## THE AGONY OF THE FIEND








‘The Agony of The Fiend’. This watercolor painting shows the quenching agony of the monster in Mary Shelley’s famous novel Frankenstein , who was abandoned by its own creator. But to this creation, Victor was a parent. In this context, we would face some cases where children with disabilities are abandoned by their own people and the possible psychological impact on those children as a result of this.

A Study on Abandonment of Disabled Children with reference to Frankenstein (novel) and Big World (film)

Although the monster in the novel Frankenstein has been shown as a horrible being, it has the heart of a child. Children should never be determined by their appearance or by their age, but by their innocence and purity of soul. From this point of view, the monster should be considered a child. Now coming to the relevance of bringing this monster into our topic. It is clear that this creature was thrown only because of its appearance. In the modern and postmodern period, a disabled child is more likely to be abandoned by its family than a physically fit child. These physically challenged children are treated exactly like Victor treated his invention; with utter disgust. The aim of my study is to critique modern behavior of treating an innocent being in accordance with its appearance or physical ability.





### **Some case studies:**


In a world led only by economic and political agendas, humanity is left with a tiny space and so media is also ignorant in recording child-abandonment issues. But some orphanage homes come forward and share their stories and experiences. Let us take a look at them.

1. In Ukraine, children with severe disability are abandoned and left in institutions to look after them. These institutions are not actually capable enough to take as much care as these physically challenged children need. As a result, children are either tied to bed or forced to remain calm; not only that but also the number of children are over-running in these institutions. DRI ( Disability Rights International) carried out this investigation and the BBC got special access to showcase this issue. The particular institution is at Western Ukraine and children from the east are left by their own people who fled to neighbouring countries. There are so many such institutions with a similar story. [Source:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/aboutthebbc>

<https://www.bbc.com/news/av/world-europe-61325277>]





In Mexico, confinement of disabled children and adults had been a very common practice. Not only that but they were also separated from society and were often tortured, abused by the social evils. Surprisingly, the country had failed to provide these hapless children with social support so that they can lead a normal life.

This particular report is of Asociación Hogar Infantil San Luis Gonzaga, an institution located in Mexico City.

"There are 19 patients in total at Asociación Hogar Infantil San Luis Gonzaga, an institution located in Mexico City. They are aged between nine and 40, but the eldest look like teenagers – their bodies haven't fully grown and they seem absent from their surroundings. Most still wear diapers. All were brought here by their families, but just half of them have sporadic contact with their relatives. As long as the monthly fees are paid (from £29 to £185, depending on the family's financial situation) the child is allowed to remain there." ---- says the report.

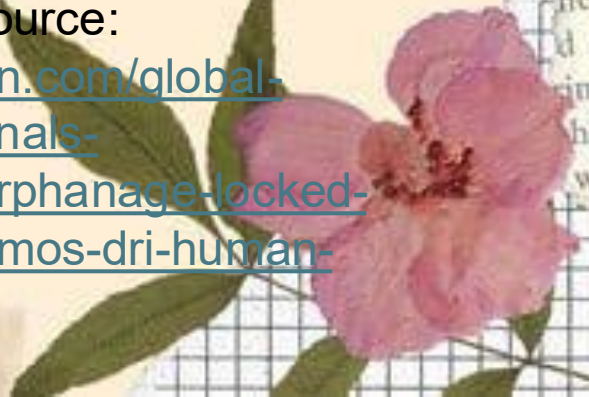
[*The Guardian*, Mon 26 Sep, 2016]



"A still from the DRI film in Mexico, showing Leonardo tied to his bed. Photograph: Disability Rights International." [*The Guardian*, Mon 26 Sep, 2016]

This case was also investigated by DRI who continuously work on these matters to prevent torture and abuse in these kinds of institutions. [Source:

<https://www.theguardian.com/global-development-professionals-network/2016/sep/26/orphanage-locked-up-disabled-children-lumos-dri-human-rights>]





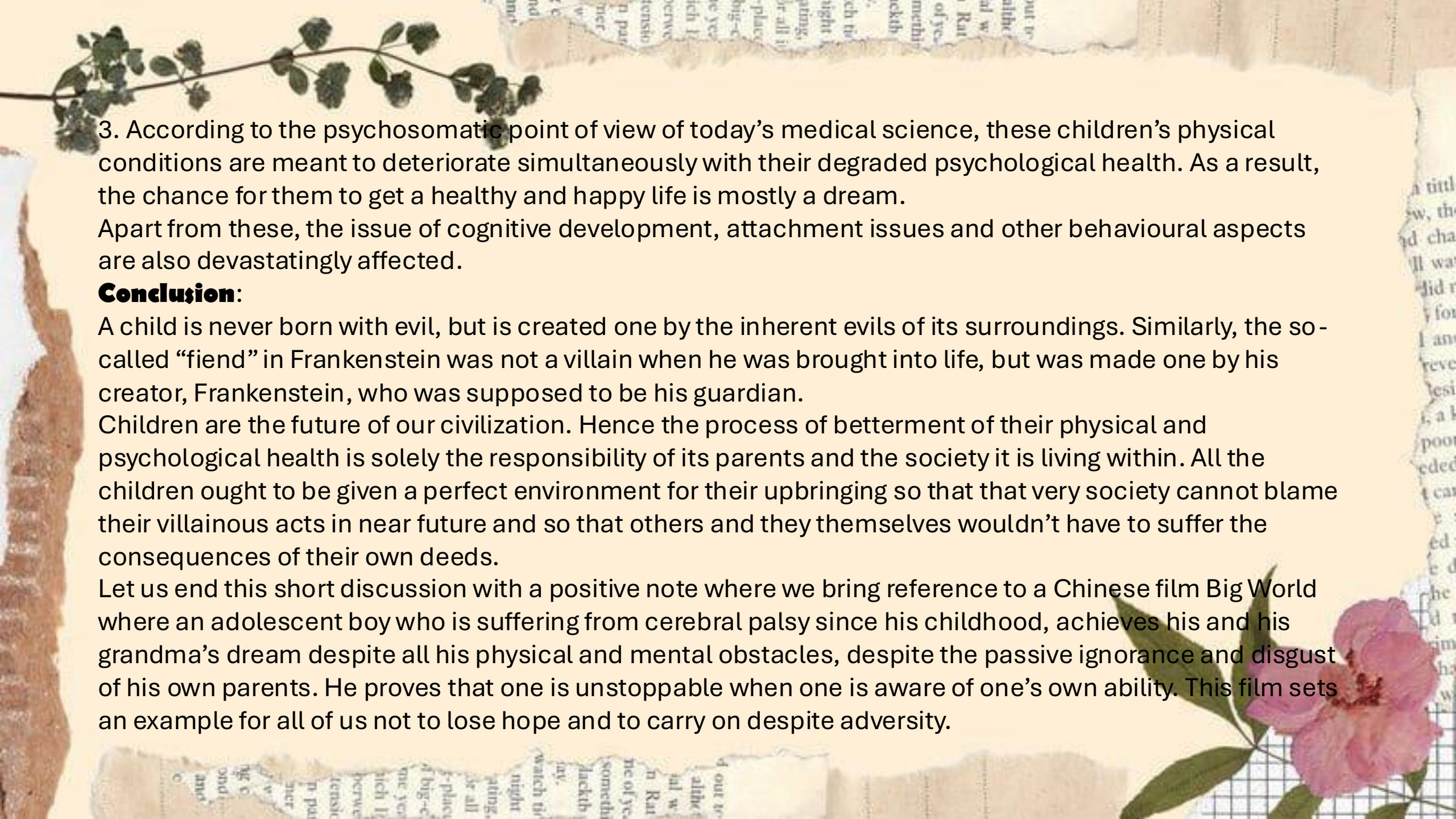
## **Psychological Impact of Abandonment on a Child :**

If a child is abandoned at an early stage of life, it would have a negative impact on the child's psychological health, be it a physically fit child or a physically challenged child. Some are likely to recover from that trauma and lead a good life in future, but in most cases this is not what happens. Children either end up suffering for the whole lifetime or they turn into a "monster".

1. According to Sigmund Freud, a child's first trauma is the fear of being separated from its mother. When this fear comes true when the parents abandon them, it becomes a trauma for lifetime. Their natural development is hampered as their psychosexual needs are not fulfilled as a result of their separation from the parents. Since their childhood experience and the unconscious desires are not fulfilled, they often suffer from mental illness.

2. The experience in those institutions that the children face after abandonment, bitter their experiences of life more drastically leading to further mental breakdown.





3. According to the psychosomatic point of view of today's medical science, these children's physical conditions are meant to deteriorate simultaneously with their degraded psychological health. As a result, the chance for them to get a healthy and happy life is mostly a dream.

Apart from these, the issue of cognitive development, attachment issues and other behavioural aspects are also devastatingly affected.

### **Conclusion:**

A child is never born with evil, but is created one by the inherent evils of its surroundings. Similarly, the so-called "fiend" in Frankenstein was not a villain when he was brought into life, but was made one by his creator, Frankenstein, who was supposed to be his guardian.

Children are the future of our civilization. Hence the process of betterment of their physical and psychological health is solely the responsibility of its parents and the society it is living within. All the children ought to be given a perfect environment for their upbringing so that that very society cannot blame their villainous acts in near future and so that others and they themselves wouldn't have to suffer the consequences of their own deeds.

Let us end this short discussion with a positive note where we bring reference to a Chinese film Big World where an adolescent boy who is suffering from cerebral palsy since his childhood, achieves his and his grandma's dream despite all his physical and mental obstacles, despite the passive ignorance and disgust of his own parents. He proves that one is unstoppable when one is aware of one's own ability. This film sets an example for all of us not to lose hope and to carry on despite adversity.





***Big World***  
( movie poster)

**~Gargi Daw,  
Semester IV**

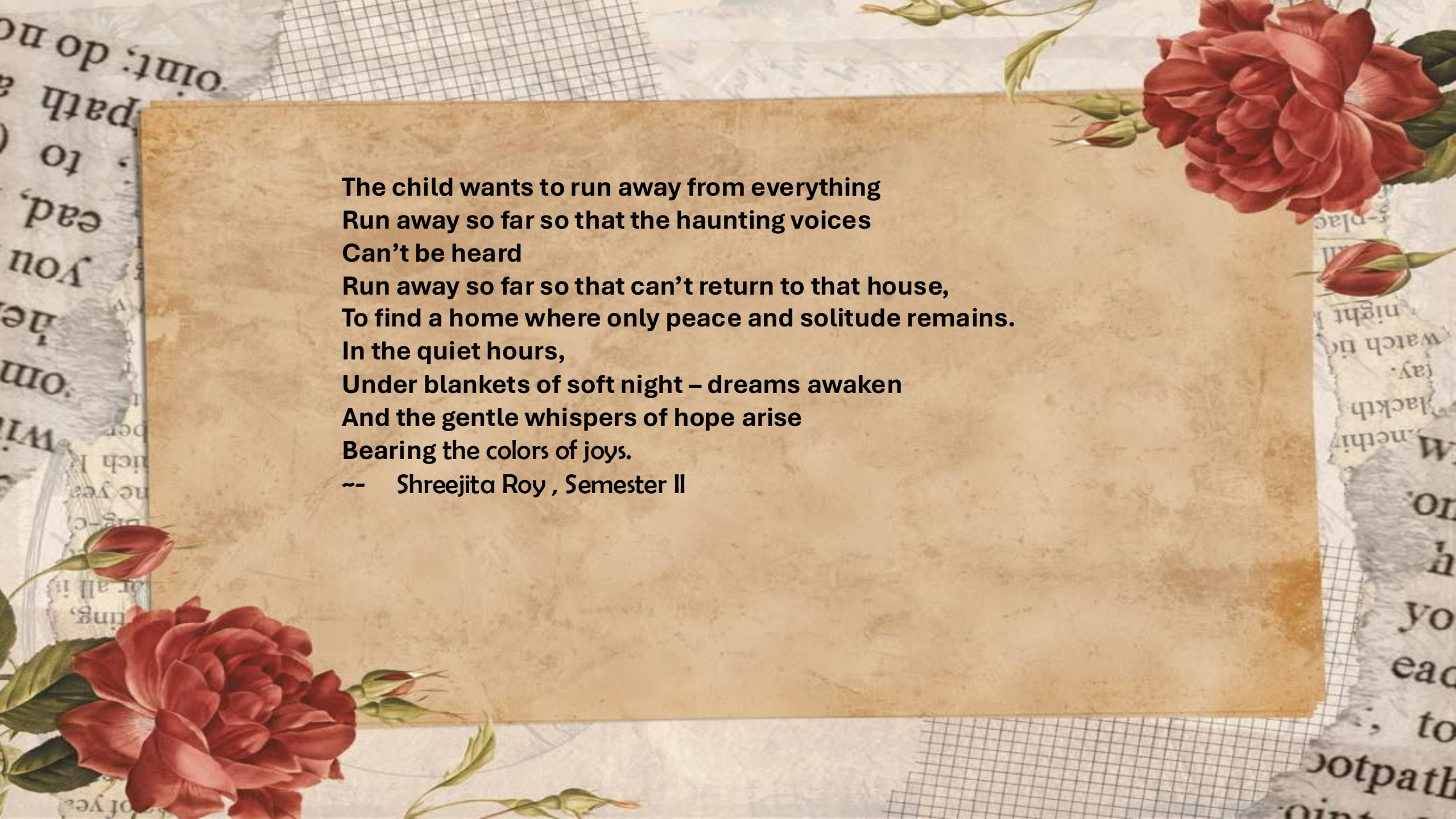


# **A Child**

**A child, surviving rather than living  
In the house  
Unloved, unheard, opinions dismissed,  
Burdened with expectations.  
Dreams of spreading wings  
To go to a place  
Where 'home' is.**

**Mother remains a stranger  
Busy in trying to question everything.  
With late-night works and talking trash  
Father remains as a person whom the child does not even know  
anymore.  
Parents and society grabs the child  
And holds tight until their dreams faded.  
Innocence slips away like sand  
Through small fingers,  
Each grain a moment lost.**





**The child wants to run away from everything  
Run away so far so that the haunting voices  
Can't be heard  
Run away so far so that can't return to that house,  
To find a home where only peace and solitude remains.  
In the quiet hours,  
Under blankets of soft night – dreams awaken  
And the gentle whispers of hope arise  
Bearing the colors of joys.**

**-- Shreejita Roy , Semester II**



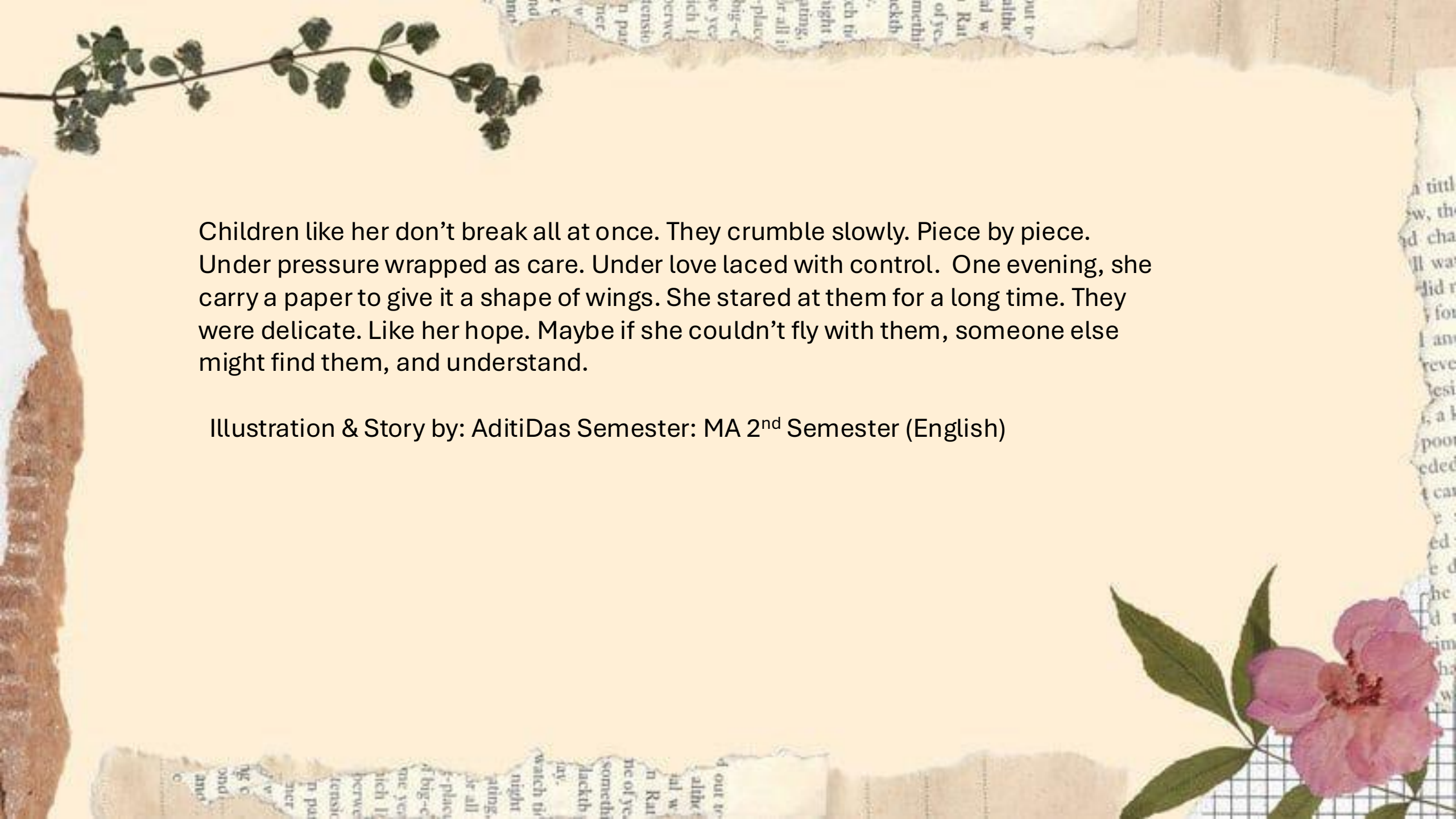
# Paper Wings in a Golden Cage

In a world that celebrated progress and individuality, her life was mapped out before she could write her own name. The cage she lived in wasn't made of iron—but of glittering gold, camouflaged in love, duty, and silent expectations. It looked beautiful from the outside. Inside, it was suffocating. She was told to study hard, but not dream too much. To follow her passion, but only the ones approved. “We know what’s best,” they said. “You’re not capable of knowing your own future.” Her desires were dismissed as distractions, her ambitions mocked gently but persistently.

She sat in the golden cage with textbooks on her lap, staring at a future she never chose. Onlookers stood around—some with pride, some with concern, most with judgment. Her cries were silent, her protests folded into smiles. The noise of others drowned out the whispers of her own heart. Beneath the surface, she fought daily battles—with herself, with society, with the mirror. And still, they asked why her eyes seemed tired, why her voice trembled, why she walked like she was dragging invisible weights.







Children like her don't break all at once. They crumble slowly. Piece by piece.  
Under pressure wrapped as care. Under love laced with control. One evening, she  
carry a paper to give it a shape of wings. She stared at them for a long time. They  
were delicate. Like her hope. Maybe if she couldn't fly with them, someone else  
might find them, and understand.


Illustration & Story by: AditiDas Semester: MA 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester (English)



# Echoes in a Closed Room

In every home, there's a child who asks a question. And a silence that answers it. "What do you want to become?" "Maybe... something with artist, actress, studying, science... I don't know yet." The room tightens. "No. That's not for you. Choose something else." The child lowers her gaze. Not because she agrees. But because she knows better than to fight. The world doesn't like children who ask for too much. She sees rewards arrive for others—cycles, gadgets, applause. She asks for something small. A laptop. A chance. The answer: "Let's see your results first." She does well. First division. Star marks. But the numbers are lower than expected. She expected a hug. She got comparison charts. "I told you. You're not meant for this." A school is chosen for her. Not with her. She doesn't want to go. They say she's lucky to have anything at all. She stops arguing. She learns to walk on a path that wasn't hers. The teachers lecture. The students laugh. The child folds herself smaller to fit in the desk. She prays. Cries. Waits. No god arrives. The years pass. And something inside quietly dies. A pandemic comes and steals what little she had left—Her dreams. Her stage. Her voice. From chatterbox to mute. From sunrise to sleep. No one notices. Except maybe the notebook under her pillow. She changes subjects. Fields. Cities. Tries to breathe again. Still, comparisons arrive in the mail. She watches others live the life she once imagined. She shrinks again.





No abuse to photograph. No bruises to post. Only a soft, constant erosion. They say she's lazy. She sleeps too much. She dreams too little. She didn't get proper marks . She immature. They say she's cold. But they never asked why she built the walls. They never asked why she became like this... They say she's lost. But she never had a map. In the end, all she wanted was to be asked: "Are you happy?" But no one asked. Not until it was quiet. Too quiet. --- "Some children don't run away. They just disappear while standing still."

Aditi Das MA 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester (English)



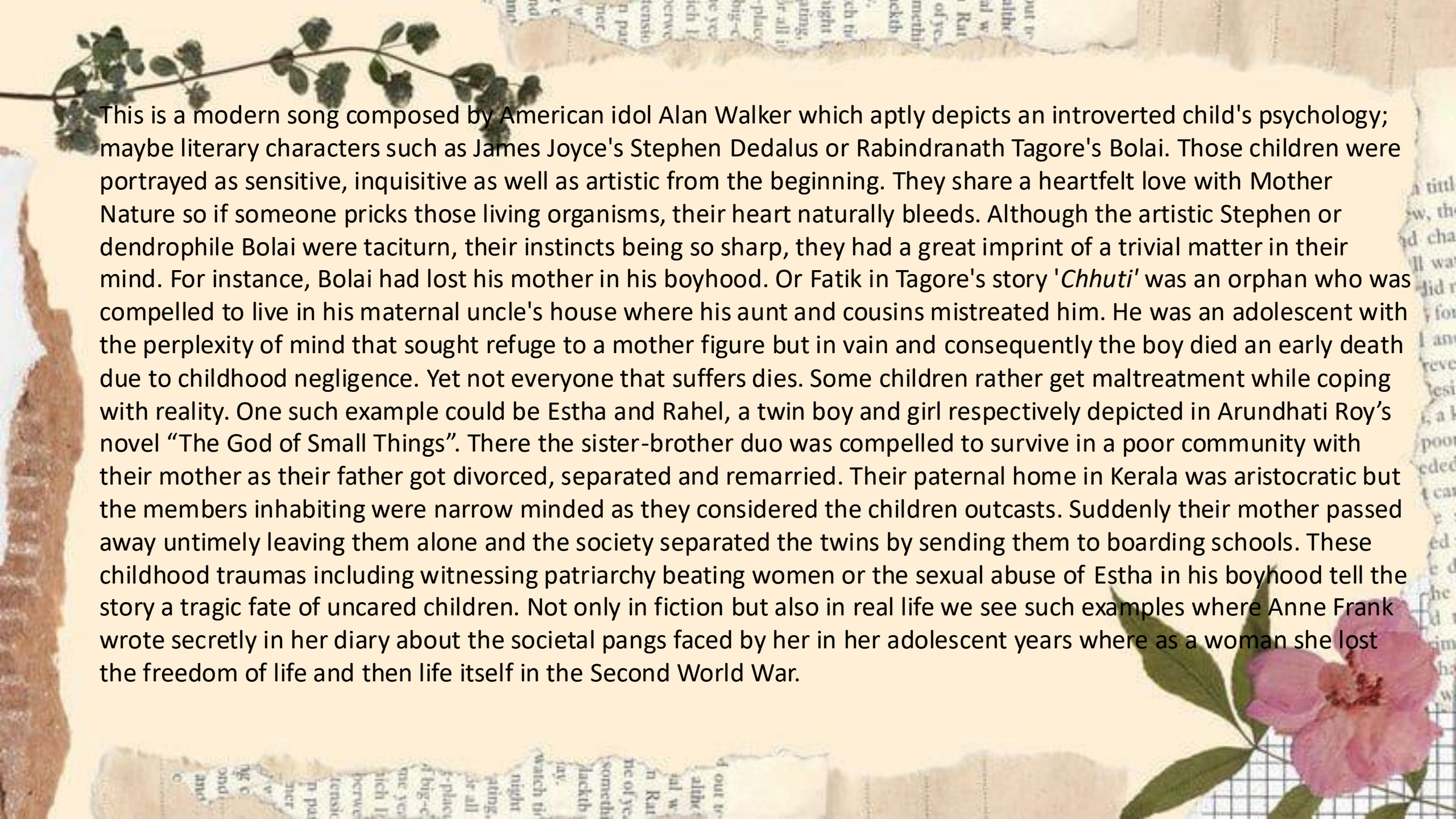




## HOW PARENTS AND SOCIETY SHAPES CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

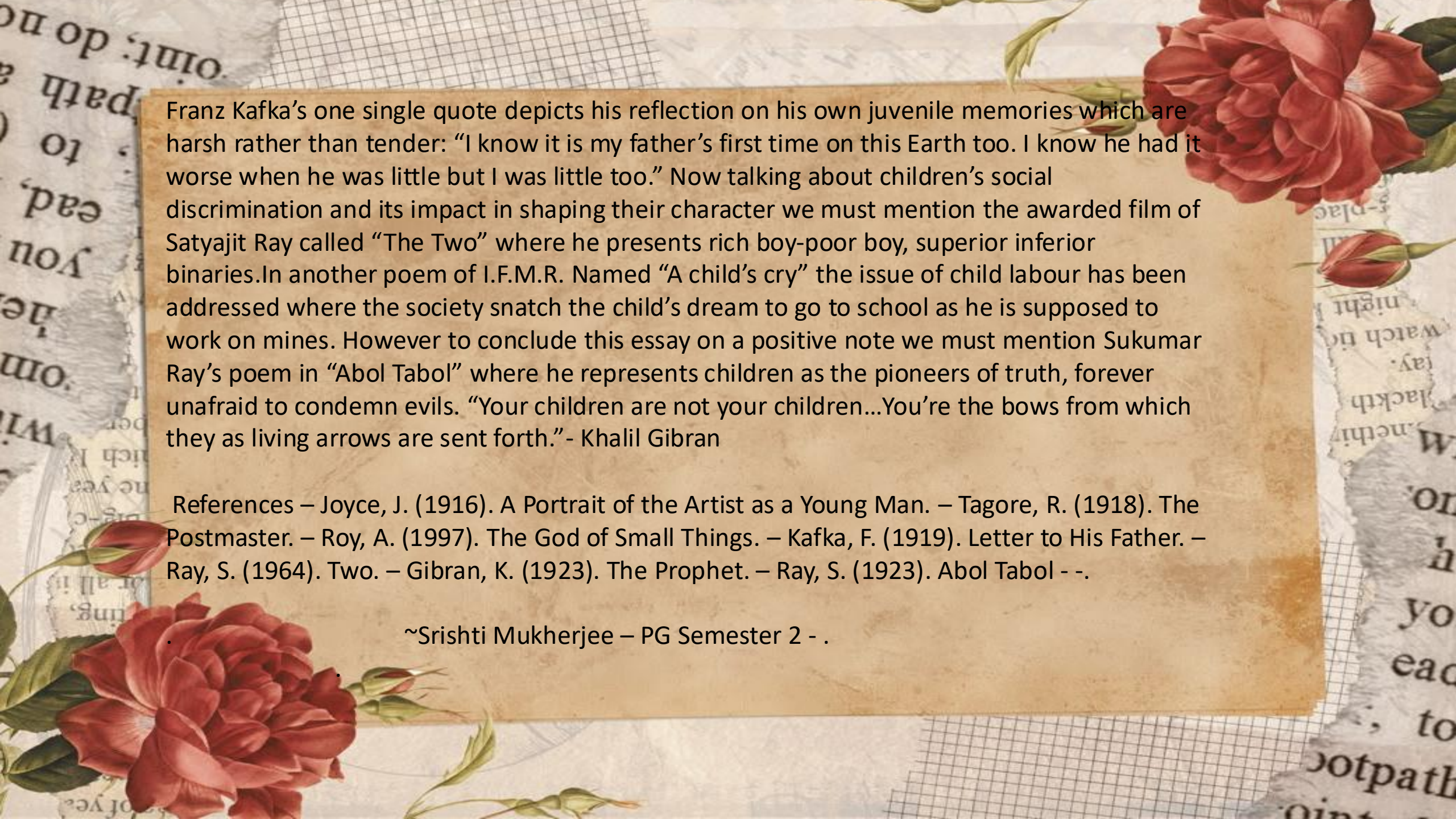
*"And all the cool kids did their own thing.  
I was on the outside always looking in.  
I was there but I wasn't.  
They never really cared if I wasn't./We all need that someone  
who gets us like no one else right when we need it the most.  
We all need a soul to rely on, a shoulder to cry on, a friend  
through the highs and the lows."*





This is a modern song composed by American idol Alan Walker which aptly depicts an introverted child's psychology; maybe literary characters such as James Joyce's Stephen Dedalus or Rabindranath Tagore's Bolai. Those children were portrayed as sensitive, inquisitive as well as artistic from the beginning. They share a heartfelt love with Mother Nature so if someone pricks those living organisms, their heart naturally bleeds. Although the artistic Stephen or dendrophile Bolai were taciturn, their instincts being so sharp, they had a great imprint of a trivial matter in their mind. For instance, Bolai had lost his mother in his boyhood. Or Fatik in Tagore's story '*Chhuti*' was an orphan who was compelled to live in his maternal uncle's house where his aunt and cousins mistreated him. He was an adolescent with the perplexity of mind that sought refuge to a mother figure but in vain and consequently the boy died an early death due to childhood negligence. Yet not everyone that suffers dies. Some children rather get maltreatment while coping with reality. One such example could be Estha and Rahel, a twin boy and girl respectively depicted in Arundhati Roy's novel "The God of Small Things". There the sister-brother duo was compelled to survive in a poor community with their mother as their father got divorced, separated and remarried. Their paternal home in Kerala was aristocratic but the members inhabiting were narrow minded as they considered the children outcasts. Suddenly their mother passed away untimely leaving them alone and the society separated the twins by sending them to boarding schools. These childhood traumas including witnessing patriarchy beating women or the sexual abuse of Estha in his boyhood tell the story a tragic fate of uncared children. Not only in fiction but also in real life we see such examples where Anne Frank wrote secretly in her diary about the societal pangs faced by her in her adolescent years where as a woman she lost the freedom of life and then life itself in the Second World War.





Franz Kafka's one single quote depicts his reflection on his own juvenile memories which are harsh rather than tender: "I know it is my father's first time on this Earth too. I know he had it worse when he was little but I was little too." Now talking about children's social discrimination and its impact in shaping their character we must mention the awarded film of Satyajit Ray called "The Two" where he presents rich boy-poor boy, superior inferior binaries. In another poem of I.F.M.R. Named "A child's cry" the issue of child labour has been addressed where the society snatch the child's dream to go to school as he is supposed to work on mines. However to conclude this essay on a positive note we must mention Sukumar Ray's poem in "Abol Tabol" where he represents children as the pioneers of truth, forever unafraid to condemn evils. "Your children are not your children...You're the bows from which they as living arrows are sent forth." - Khalil Gibran

References – Joyce, J. (1916). A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. – Tagore, R. (1918). The Postmaster. – Roy, A. (1997). The God of Small Things. – Kafka, F. (1919). Letter to His Father. – Ray, S. (1964). Two. – Gibran, K. (1923). The Prophet. – Ray, S. (1923). Abol Tabol - -.

~Srishti Mukherjee – PG Semester 2 - .



# *An Unnamed Monologue*

Lymphocytopenia...

Doctor uttered this to me on my eighteenth birthday!

I knew my 22 would be an end to this effusion. What would you call it? An abandonment? A relief? An isolation, yet strangely peaceful? Let us call it by any name 'we' people desire.

Hiii to everyone who would at least be going to browse off the pages that I had consciously wasted. This is a broken tale of a twenty-two year old youth who's a successfully modernist dust.

A coin drops, Ting!

A yellow leaf turns gray,

Goes to the sunless Sea--

And says:

"Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's awful."

Tick tock, Tick tock. I heard him for the first time. I smelt it and felt it. It whispers into my ears, at the time of seeing funeral pyre, with granddad.

Oh hear, death murmurs!

I heard him for the first time. Death comes around me many-a-times. At Midnights. At the time of unconsciousness. At the time of going over through cross-roads; Railroads.





A coin drops, Ting!

A yellow leaf turns gray,

Goes to the sunless Sea--

And says:

Daddy wanted me to become an IAS officer.

The next of kin in the cue

Desired me to see as a doctor.

Has anybody ever asked Robert—

What he desires to be?

Right from the very boyhood trudging back and forth,

Herbert's best performance in Maths.

Shortly after school finals

No one has ever let him say,

Robert wished to study Literature.

Robert fishes for art.

Neither for the degree of MBBS, nor Engineering.

Robert wanted to be a poet.

Robert wanted to be an artist.

He wanted to sketch chauvinism

Through the brushstroke on the canvas of imagination.

Robert, the student of mathematics

Wanted to be an artist.

Dragged and Dragged!

Never attached to Science.

Robert wanted to touch the hearts of its every inch.

Believe me, please

The Road not taken.

Robert wanted to be an artist.

He failed.

Trust me, he did his best.

To melt with the endless stream of waters like

chemistry, physics,

biology.

Yet, he's done.

He's never meant for science.

Robert wanted to be an artist.

Five months passed.


Consciously unconscious.

Circumstance never permits to get rid of marijuana.

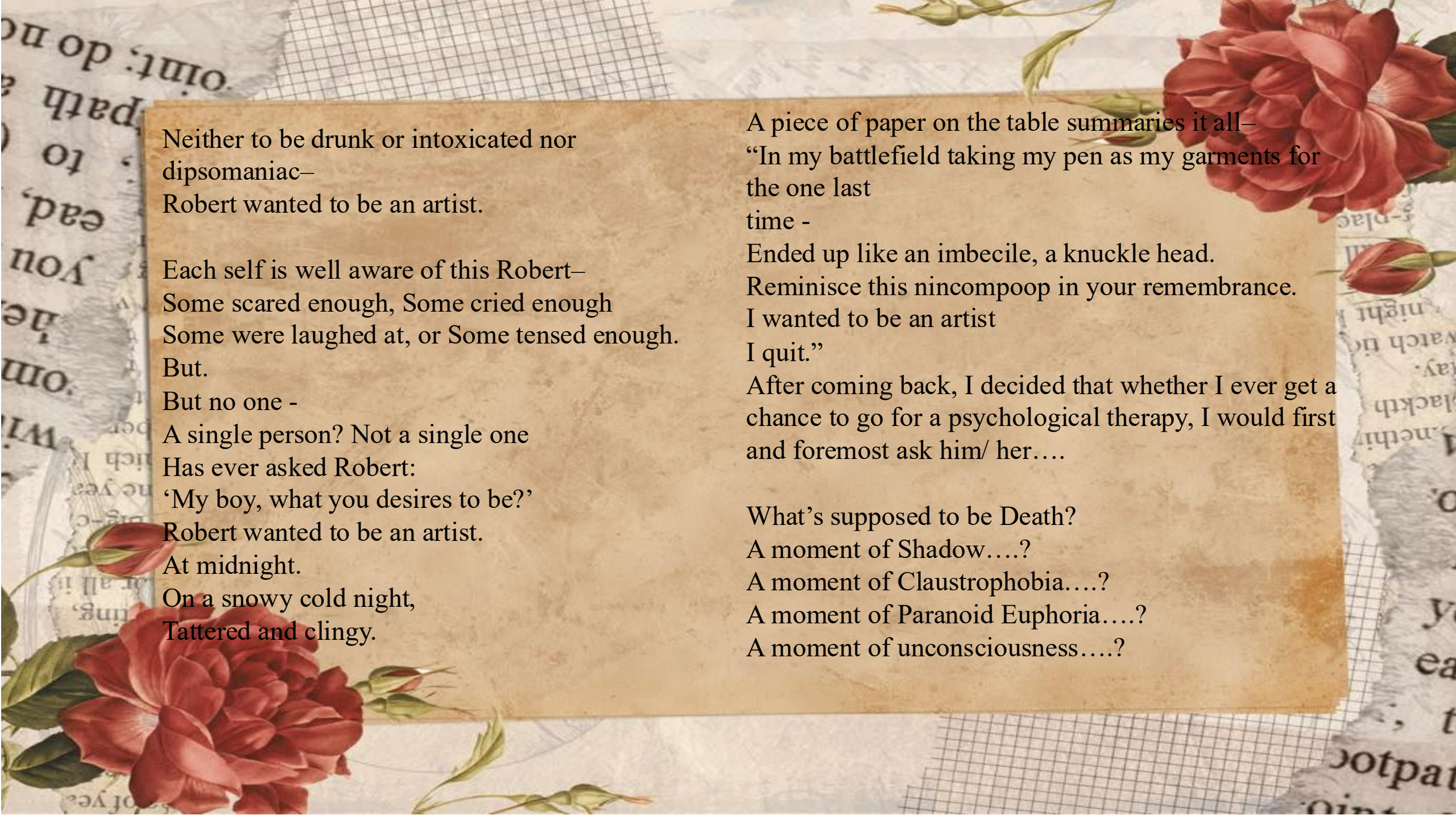
Twice in a day.

In the world of weeds.

He's calm and healed.







Neither to be drunk or intoxicated nor  
dipsomaniac—  
Robert wanted to be an artist.

Each self is well aware of this Robert—  
Some scared enough, Some cried enough  
Some were laughed at, or Some tensed enough.  
But.

But no one -  
A single person? Not a single one  
Has ever asked Robert:  
‘My boy, what you desires to be?’  
Robert wanted to be an artist.  
At midnight.  
On a snowy cold night,  
Tattered and clingy.

A piece of paper on the table summaries it all—  
“In my battlefield taking my pen as my garments for  
the one last  
time -

Ended up like an imbecile, a knuckle head.  
Reminisce this nincompoop in your remembrance.  
I wanted to be an artist  
I quit.”

After coming back, I decided that whether I ever get a  
chance to go for a psychological therapy, I would first  
and foremost ask him/ her....

What’s supposed to be Death?  
A moment of Shadow....?  
A moment of Claustrophobia....?  
A moment of Paranoid Euphoria....?  
A moment of unconsciousness....?





OR.

A period of Writer's Block...?

My pen stops too. And the ink dries down.

Nobody cared and nobody listened. It is a lullaby to the Writer's Block. How can a writer die if it is written within these pages?

I began my journey along with Sisyphus, Pound, Pinter, Elliot and with a Leafless tree...Later I found myself to be theft in the womb of time and I visited a psychiatric clinic. I have an extremely pathetic relationship with my mother and she did not come across a tinch of my disease. I had multiple insomniac attacks in recent years and now have been with multiple blames and postmodern allegations.

My psychologist: how's your writer's block now?

I said, It is fine then.

A coin drops, Ting!

A yellow leaf turns gray,

Goes to the sunless Sea--

And says:

“Let's go.

We can't.

Why not?

We're waiting for.....”

This tale ended abruptly,

Probably at a midnight....right at the corner of north Richmond street.

No audiences were present! No one mourned! No one lit up a single candle...

Two years passes in a minutes!


And hence proved Lymphocytopenia won!

“Cogito ergo sum.”

~ **Payel Dutta**, Sem: 2<sup>nd</sup>

Department: PG English dept.

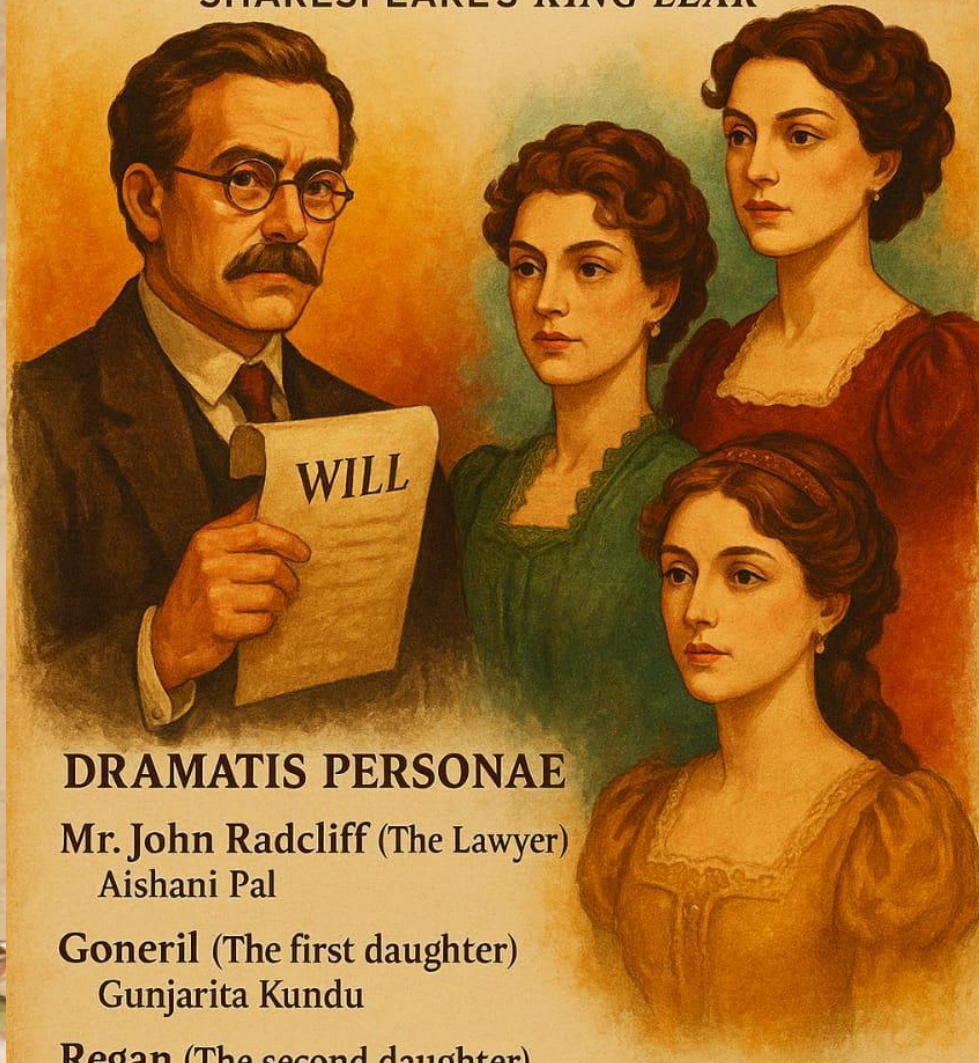
Authorization: “The Tapestry of Transience” (a collection of poems) is published from Palok Publishers (2024).





# THE WILL OF LEAR

A MODERN ADAPTATION INSPIRED BY  
SHAKESPEARE'S *KING LEAR*



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mr. John Radcliff (The Lawyer)  
Aishani Pal

Goneril (The first daughter)  
Gunjarita Kundu

Regan (The second daughter)  
Aishani Pal

Cordelia (Third daughter)  
Swarnali Mitra



On the auspicious occasion of such an extraordinary personality like William Shakespeare we are to present a performance evoking a burning issue like will and property division amongst the successors of a wealthy person named Mr. Lear inspired by his famous play King Lear.

## **THE WILL OF LEAR**

*A Modern Adaptation Inspired by Shakespeare's King Lear*

### **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

Mr. John Radcliff (The Lawyer) - Aishani Pal

Goneril (The first daughter) - Gunjarita Kundu

Regan (The second daughter) - Aishani Pal

Cordelia (The third daughter) - Swarnali Mitra

### **ACT-1**

(Mr. Lear has died two weeks ago. Now it is a question of great confusion that who would be the prime inheritor of his property. Mr. John Radcliff, the family lawyer has taken up the matter of such great deal to solve the inter-personal problem amongst the three daughters **Goneril, Regan and Cordelia.**)

[Enter Mr. John Radcliff]



Mr. Radcliff : Hey ladies, please be seated and have a settlement about the central inheritor of your father's property.

Cordelia : Father has gone, then what is to be left except his memories?

Goneril : Just stop it Delia, have you got any idea how much money can we acquire from our dearest father.





Regan : Yes yes!!!! You are absolutely right but I guess he has divided the property equally.

Goneril : No Regan it's not like that . I am the eldest, so it is justified that I should be the Highness of these huge wealth.

Cordelia : Sis! Do you remember what did father said at his last hours?

Goneril : Oh yes! He said to me that I should look after his great fund and distribute it to you two equally.

Regan : You are partially right sister but not fully.

Goneril : Whatttttt? Am I joking? Am I a fool?

Cordelia : Yes you are! Father asked "What do you want from me my princesses".

Regan : Nooo!!! He said what we would be doing and how we would be looking after his estate after his demise.

[ John interrupts]

John : Now I can understand why he didn't mention any name beside the largest sum of money.

Goneril : Whatttt!!!! Are you crazy? Father always used to treat us in the same way.

John : It might be but he had told me to handover the estate to someone who would be as kind and helpful as he used to be.

Regan : Who is she?

## **ACT-2**

John : She is none but Cordelia, his youngest daughter of pure heart and soul loved by all the fellow people of the estate.

Goneril : You are cheating! You like Cordelia so you are flattering her to be the inheritor of this enormous wealth.





John : No you are wrong, absolutely wrong. While passing away your father had asked me to take a test of his daughters to know who should be controlling the most of the property.  
Regan : Who is she according to you? Cordelia?

John : yes! Because none of you have reminiscenced your father but only his money which proves that you are nothing but materialistic girls.



Cordelia : I don't want anything Mr. Radcliff. Please shut the matter up.

John : For this reason you are the inheritor and your sisters are losers. Now it's your decision how you would distribute it to your elder ones.

[John leaves]  
[Curtain down]

## Synopsis

Parents devote everything in bringing up their children but whenever they become old and useless the children ignore them feeling them to be just like a burden. This is explicit in this play where Goneril is only interested in the property, Regan in the equal division and on the contrary Cordelia doesn't want anything but a peaceful relationship with her sisters. This indicates the social message This implies that true respect and adoration always win over materialistic physical world where most of the people are living.