



The Post office

Rabindranath Tagore

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This anthology is a thorough introduction to classic literature for those who have not yet experienced these literary masterworks. For those who have known and loved these works in the past, this is an invitation to reunite with old friends in a fresh new format. From Shakespeare's finesse to Oscar Wilde's wit, this unique collection brings together works as diverse and influential as *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Othello*. As an anthology that invites readers to immerse themselves in the masterpieces of the literary giants, it is must-have addition to any library.

The Post office Details

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From Reader Review The Post office for online ebook

Zarin Haider says

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Melinda says

The Post Office is a play about Amal, an eight year old boy who is terminally ill confined indoors by the family physician. His only contact with the outside world is through his window. Amal notices the village post office. He hopes the King sends him a letter. The town headman mocks and plays a practical joke on the ill Amal. Amal dreams of a future free of confinement.

Tagore's *The Post Office* is a play depicting free spirit, the joy of the open road free of bondage. *The Post Office* is poignant explaining hope exists even when hope seems to be nonexistent. A person's yearning and imagination cannot be trapped by a failing body. A sad but beautiful story with messages of depth as only Tagore elegantly crafts.

Tisha says

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Aamil Syed says

This is a nice story about a curious little boy in a state of delirium due to disease and of adults who indulge him. I don't know why people are saying that it is about someone finally accepting death and all that, because for me, the boy never gave up on living and kept making plans for himself right till the end. I found that weird that people think it is about accepting death, when it seems to be the opposite. Or maybe I'm wrong. Hard to guess with metaphorical stories; every interpretation is correct.

Also, this was a gift by Utkarsha, so thanks Utkarsha! :P

Adam says

This is a very brief Bengali play in 2 acts, first published in 1912. A young boy is dying, and out the window of his house he can see a new post office that has just opened in the town. The boy talks to anyone who passes his window, and he quickly becomes convinced that the king has sent a letter to him that will arrive soon at the new post office. Essentially a story about living in the moment and transforming the ordeal of suffering through imagination and the art of storytelling, this play embraces honest sentiment without straying into *sentimentality*.

Note: Rabindranath Tagore was the first Asian to win the Nobel prize--in 1913 for *Gitanjali*, a collection of psalm-like religious poems. In the West, Tagore's work was championed enthusiastically by W. B. Yeats.

ArZo says

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Vineet says

The abrupt ending of the play, though surprising, is similar to the unwarranted arrival of death. The innocence of children, and how the same innocence is kindled in grown-ups when in company of children are beautifully portrayed in words. The play picks up pace towards the end, and ironically, only the herald of the anticipated arrives in time to show Amal a glimpse of a gilted dream, before he slides into an eternal slumber and the play is curtained. There is an Amal in all of us - there is an innate innocence that knows only truth, and that longs for peace. Tagore mesmerises me and draws me deep into his works.

Shuhan Rizwan says

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Vandana says

simple, innocent and a beautiful little play by RabindraJi. Amal is a lovely little child, dying or rather living against his looming death. His vivaciousness and love for life is infectious but that is how a kid is supposed to be. his zest for life affects all and how he rejoices in every man passing by his window makes the book a funny read. The book is small but refreshing. A child's innocence teaches you how you should value life in all its hues and at all junctures. Amal has no reason to b angry with God and he teaches us that through his innocent questions and cries!

Yassmeen Altaif says

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Sabbir Karim says

Renuka says

Masterpiece!

Daniel L. says

After Death, There's Life

This play by the Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore is one of those pieces of literature that truly deserves to be remembered and admired as it was in London in 1914, when William Butler Yeats remarked that this little play "...is very perfectly constructed and conveys to the right audience an emotion of gentleness and peace." To Western eyes, at first glance, a play about a dying child may seem morbid. The reader and theatregoer quickly realize, however, that Amal, the moribund boy, simply wants to experience the world through the eyes of a common dairyman and receive a letter from the king. He appreciates the small things in life and wants to live his life to the fullest, without pity or decadence. The thought of death barely enters his mind. It is, then, without coincidence, that the play was aired over the radio during Europe's darkest hours under Nazi occupation in World War II. The most poignant performance of the play was in July 1942, in the Warsaw Ghetto, when the Polish doctor, educator, writer, and children's rights activist Janusz Korczak had the children in his orphanage stage this play. As with the central character, Amal, the children were better able to accept death as part of life, preparing for certain death that awaited them. For in accepting death one can affirm life.

Nabila Tabassum Chowdhury says

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Ben says

So Bob Dylan won the Nobel Prize in Literature, and a number of publications (including the *New York Times*) made a big hubbub about him being the first musician to win the prestigious literary prize. But then I read an article that called out a resounding "Bullshit!" And the article explained that Dylan was not the first musician to win the Nobel in Literature, and it went on to tell the story of Rabindranath Tagore, a Bengali polymath who is sometimes referred to as "The Bard of Bengal," and one who is often compared to Shakespeare. Tagore, who wrote poetry and plays and also over two thousand songs, won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1913, the first Asian to win the prize. And yet, many Westerners have never heard of him. I had never heard of Tagore prior to reading this article, and I soon found that I was not alone in my ignorance. It took a little while to track down some of his books, and after calling several local bookstores I found that no one I spoke with had heard of him. I often received replies from book store owners such as, "No, it doesn't look like we have any. What has he written?" And then after searching who he was I heard things like, "It definitely looks like something we *would* carry. It sounds very interesting."

In the West, Tagore was championed by Yeats and, in France, translated by André Gide. But his literary repute may have offered little solace to one whose life was filled with tragedy (with Tagore finding many accolades unnecessary and creating, it seemed, more to fill his heart with purpose in the face of tragedy than in search of any acclaim) -- his mother died when he was only a boy and his father traveled often, so the young Tagore was raised by servants and spent most of his days sheltered indoors (though he longed to be outside, feeling that there were mysteries in the open world beckoning him); a close friend killed herself; and his wife and two of his children all died of illness not long before he wrote this play, *The Post Office (Dak Ghar)*. Many would have collapsed under the weight of such tragedy and retreated within themselves, but Tagore pressed on, creating art and, in terms of politics, helping (along with Mahatma Gandhi) to reshape India's future, though in a different way from Gandhi.

The Post Office is a short play in three acts (as presented in this translation) that rose up out of the ashes of despair. It is semi-autobiographical, one might say, in that the sheltered life of the young boy in the play (Amal) is very similar to the upbringing of Tagore and in that Tagore wrote it in response to the many untimely deaths that confronted him.

Amal does not realize that he is dying, but he does know that he is not well. And yet, he still lives life to the fullest, as far as he is able, and he makes friends through his window with passers by, teaching a curdseller the joys of his profession, conversing with a watchman on the relativity of Time, whose sweeping reach is unavoidable as it pushes us on toward the future, and making friends with young boys and a flower girl, enjoying their company rather than envying them.

Gide's translation of the play was read over the radio the night before Paris fell to the Nazis and in a Warsaw ghetto a Polish translation of the play was performed in the orphanage of Janusz Korczak (the last play performed there) just a month before he and the children of the orphanage were seized by the Nazis and gassed. Korczak explained that the play was chosen to teach the children that "eventually one had to learn to accept serenely the angel of death." Tagore learned this lesson through hard experience, and like Amal he

learned that it is better to make the best of life and keep going forward than to pity oneself (though the latter may often be easier). Life is difficult and unfair, and there are dark moments that will just not go away no matter how hard we resist. When hard times present themselves, if they cannot be overcome, then we just have to try to search for the light in the darkness, or else we suffer a sort of death of the spirit that is worse than any physical death.

Shubhra says

This is unlike any book that I have ever read. So simple, yet oceans of meaning deep within. I had to read this book twice over the next morning. This truly shows the genius that Rabindranath Tagore was. The child Amal is true representation of human mind which is always eager to travel far and wide, is dreamy and looking to escape from its current situation in the first available opportunity. Madhav represents the adult mindset which is always playing safe and averse to risk.

It's a must read for any literature lover.

Momina Masood says

I was about to rate this 4 stars but I couldn't resist. As I was reading, I couldn't help feeling how this play has clear mystical undertones to it. Little Amal could be Tagore himself, the Tagore of *Gitanjali*, anxious to leave the narrow, claustrophobic confinements of his "room", anxious for spiritual exaltation, anxious for "the King's letter". I can't help associating the King's letter to the postman metaphors of Ashfaq Ahmed in *Mann Chalay Ka Sauda*, as I can't help seeing this play as something spiritual and divine rather than something socio-political. Or even if not mystical, this play could pass off as a romantic piece: Amal, the little dreamer, who craves freedom from mundanity and monotony and wants a life full of beauty and adventure. Anything but Colonialism, really! I don't care even if that was Tagore's real intention with this piece, I'm still not buying it. And, oh, the language and the dialogue are simply beautiful and poetic, as always.

I can feel him coming nearer and nearer and my heart becomes glad.

His words brought a smile to my face; they are so beautifully simple and yet full of such maturity and profundity. Absolutely loved it!

Joselito Honestly and Brilliantly says

This play in three acts was written in Bengal in 1911, not long after Tagore lost his son, daughter and wife to disease. In 1940, the evening before Paris fell to the Nazis, Andre Gide's French translation of this play was read over the radio. Two years after, in a Warsaw ghetto, a Polish version was the last play performed in the orphanage of Janusz Korczak who, when asked why he chose the play, said: "eventually one had to learn to accept serenely the angel of death." Within a month, he and his children were taken away and gassed. Mahatma Gandhi liked this play a lot, saying it has a soothing effect upon his nerves. W.B. Yeats praised it as "perfectly constructed and conveys to the right audience an emotion of gentleness and peace."

This is a death play. Something you can read, or remember reading, when you've stopped raging against the dying of the light and have accepted the inevitable. The ending is abrupt like all lives, like most deaths, like a lost position in a chess game which comes suddenly after a long series of moves made with much lively vigor, hope and great expectations. Frankly, I do not know where the gentleness and peace come from (must be from the potent combination of youth, hope, innocence, death and what goes beyond it) and why this play is a much acclaimed one, for its spiritual punch. Just like I do not know how some chess players--what W.B. Yeats may consider as the "right audience"--can calmly gaze at a lost position after a most searing battle over the board, topple his King after a long sigh, peacefully shake his opponent's hand, sign the scoresheet and serenely walk away.

Daniel says

A very lovely play. It shows you how a child's positive outlook on life can change many things, including the disillusionment of a vendor and the misanthropy of a headman who takes pleasure in nothing but bullying people. Well, that's one thing it can show - I bet almost everybody sees something different in this play. I think this is the first time I read something of so obviously universal appeal, there's really something for everyone in every age group in it - that in itself is quite amazing.

ka?yap says

Dak Ghar. A simple and magical play with mystical undertones.
