



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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Author : Rabindranath Tagore

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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 gilded dream, before he slides into an eternal slumber and the play is curtailed. There is an Amal in all of us - there is an innate innocence that knows only truth, and that longs for peace. Tagore mersmerises me and draws me deep into his works.

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Vandana says

Yassmeen Altaif says

Sabbir Karim says

[illegible]

[illegible]

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.
