



पुर्णा International School
Shree Swaminarayan Gurukul, Zundal

ON THE FACE OF
IT





CHARACTERS IN THE STORY





mr.lamb



...waiting so long...



Mr.derry



LIGHT
YAGAMI



Once upon
a time

THE PLAY BEGINS...



You could lock yourself up in a room and never leave it. There was a man who did that. He was afraid of everything. Everything in this world. A bus might run him over, or a man might breathe deadly germs onto him, or a donkey might kick him to death, or So he went into this room, and locked the door.





For ever?



*For a
while.*





*Then
what?*

*A picture fell off
the wall on to his
head and killed
him.*





You see?

*But....you still say
peculiar things.*





*Peculiar
to some.*

*What do you
do all day?*





Sit in the sun. Read books. Ah, you thought it was an empty house, but inside, it's full. Books and other things. Full.

But there aren't any curtains at the windows.





*I'm not fond of curtains.
Shutting things out, shutting
things in. I like the light and
the darkness, and the
windows open, to hear the
wind.*



*Yes. I like that.
When it's raining, I
like to hear it on
the roof*





So you're not lost, are you? Not altogether? You do hear things. You listen.





They talk about me. Downstairs, When I'm not there. 'What'll he ever do? What's going to happen to him when we've gone? How ever will he get on in this world? Looking like that? With that on his face?' That's what they say.





Lord, boy, you've got two arms, two legs and eyes ears, you've got a tongue and a brain. You'll get on the way you want, like all the rest. And if you chose, and set your mind to it, you could get on better than all the rest.





How?

*Same way
as I do.*



*Do you have
any friends?*



Hundreds.



But you live by yourself in that house. It's a big house, too.

Friends everywhere. People come in.... Everybody knows me. The gate's always open. They come and sit here. And in front of the fire in winter. Kids come for the apples and pears. And for toffee. I make toffee with honey. Anybody comes. So have you.



*But I'm not
a friend.*

*Certainly you are. So
far as I'm concerned.
What have you done to
make me think you're
not?*



*You don't know me.
You don't know
where I come from or
even what my name is.*



*Why should that signify?
Do I have to write all
your particulars down and
put them in a filing
box, before you can be a
friend?*



*I suppose...not.
No.*



*You could tell me
your name. If you
chose. And not, if
you didn't.*



*Derry. Only it's
Derek...but I hate that.
Derry. If I'm your friend,
you don't have to be mine.
I choose that.*

Certainly.



I might never come here again, you might never see me again and then I couldn't still be a friend.

Why not?



How could I? You pass people in the street and you might even speak to them, but you never see them again. It doesn't mean they're friends.





RAJNI AGARWAL

PGT ENGLISH

THANK YOU!!!

