



Gurdial Singh's *The Last Flicker*: The Tragedy of a Dalit



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Abstract :

*This paper analyzes Gurdial Singh's *The Last Flicker*, it is a Punjabi novel under the English title *The Last Flicker*. *The Last Flicker* is a tragic story of a dalit, Jagseer is a protagonist, who meets a tragic death. It is also a tragedy of unfulfilled for Bhani, who is Nikka's wife. Dharama Singh's father looked Jagsir's father as a brother. Dharama Singh is belonging to a Jat and Jagsir is a dalit, when Dharama Singh's father was in death bed, he told his son to take care of Jagsir and his father Thola. Dharama Singh does it sincerely and unquestioningly but his son leads to a rift within the family, his mother siding against her husband with her son. The problem was an half an acre of land which had been gifted to Jagsir's father by Dharam Singh's father. It could not be transferred legally but merely there was no question about it, this single incident triggers off so many other developments. This conflict over a small piece of land provides the structure of the novel and Jagsir's unexpressed love for Nikkar's wife, who comes as a bride to the village. The tragic end of Jagseer, a dalit poor farmer, his lips was dried, his eyes could not move away from the ceiling. He kept lying*

rigidly on his back. His eyes stayed open and then on the fifth day their glow dimmed disappeared. His eye balls turned into stone, his ash was remaining in the holy water. Raunaki had constructed Jagseer's tomb as he had wished, but he did not dare to ask Bhoni to paint the tomb after she returned from her brother's marriage.

Keywords : Gurdial, Dalit, Flicker, Tragedy, Caste

Research Paper :

The Last Flicker is a Punjabi novel; written by Gurdial Singh, Ajmer Rode has translated it in English. Gurdial Singh is a Professor; he has published nine novels, four collections of short stories, more than fifteen translations and half-a-dozen for children. He has a received several literary awards, including the Sahitya Akademi Award, and the Soviet Land Nehru Award. He was influenced strongly by the Russian Masters precisely by Tolstoy, Turgenev and Chekhov, Amrik Singh said, "He belongs to the dalit segment of society" (Singh 7-8). Gurdial Singh has the inwardness of the feelings for the village life which comes from a deep and intimate contact with rural reality and a strong and creative imagination; it makes his writing so authentic. Authenticity comes from intense experience, commitment to life and a sense of rootedness. *The Last Flicker* is a tragic story of a dalit, Jagseer is a protagonist, who meets a tragic death. It is also a tragedy of unfulfilled for Bhani, who is a Nikka's wife. Dharama Singh's father looked Jagsir's father as a brother. Dharama Singh is belonging to a Jat and Jagsir is a dalit, when Dharama Singh's father was in death bed, he told his son to take care of Jagsir and his father Thola. Dharama Singh does it sincerely and unquestioningly but his son leads to a rift within the family, his mother siding against her husband with her son. The problem was an half an acre of land which had been gifted to Jagsir's father by Dharam Singh's father. It could not be transferred legally but merely there was no question about it, this single incident triggers off so many other developments. This conflict over a small piece of land provides the structure of the novel and Jagsir's unexpressed love for Nikkar's wife, who comes as a bride to the village.

The novel begins with, "Man, you were destined for ten turns of fate in your life time. The first one come and consumed you, what happened to the other nine" (Singh 11). Nandi is mother of Jagsir, she is an aged, her vision was foggy and she could not see clearly and she was sitting in courtyard. She asked to Sooti, she is a relative of Nandi. Jagsir is a brother-in-law to Sooti and she was younger than her husband. Jagsir is really an old enough to be a father-in-law to Sooti and the most other women of her age in the *Wehra*, the ghetto of the village outcastes. There was a practice of child marriage in the outcaste in Punjab state.

Nandi is a chatter box after her husband's death, she talked very loudly. She is always thinking about her son Jagsir, he is still unmarried. There was a dowry system in Punjab state in the outcaste, she was searching a bride to her son, she expresses, "Oh God; I didn't ask for jewels and horses as a part of the dowry! Only a single bride" (Singh 13). Jagsir was close to forty-two, she could not fix a suitable bride to him. Jagsir's father had died about fifteen years ago, he was principled. The society was caste based; it was more obstacles to his marriage. Sometimes an agreement for Jagsir's marriage was over almost finalized but it was broken off because of the drawback. Nandi was born of Gypsy parents; no one knew where her parents had disappeared. Nandi and Jagsir's father Thola had a love affair; her parents would not permit her. She rebelled against her parents and ran away with him. Her parents confronted the clan like a lioness and said helplessly in a choking voice, "Okay Nandi, from now on, you are dead for us and we are dead for you; got lost wherever you wish to, we'll never come back to see your face again" (Singh 14). Her parents never looked for her; they did not come to her to see.

Gurdial Singh narrates the outcaste position in India; the outcast people are basically poor and landless. Jagsir has a half acre of land; it was gifted by Dharama Singh's father. But Dharama Singh's son Bhanta, an elder son of Dharama Singh, is an ill-tempered. He refused to lend Jagsir bullocks, he straight away rejects and he was getting more and more out of control every day. There was a big history of Jagseer's family since his birth; he had special attachment with the piece of a land. He had seen his father was ploughing it as if it was his own land and Jagsir was ploughing it as his own. There was a slavery system in India, he narrates the slavery system, "Dharam Singh's father had brought Jagseer's father from his ancestral village to work on the land of Dharam Singh's family. Besides wages, he gave Jagseer's father half an acre of land to keep the two of them developed good relations to the extent that Dharam Singh's father wanted transfer to the ownership of that half-acre land to Jagseer's father, but legal difficulties prevented him from doing so" (Singh 19). They were like a born by of a mother, they were living like a Sangya and Balya. Sangya and Balya are good friends in Rayappa Patter's *Sangya Balya*, a Kannad famous folk play. Sangya is a rich landlord whereas Balya is a poor fellow but they are living like brothers. Gurdial Singh narrates the friendship of Jagseer's father Thola and Dharama Singh's father, Jagseer remembered, "the time when his father and Dharam Singh's father and to go to the *selwara* festival, they wore the same type of turbans, shirts with the same colour and similar shoes

embroider with golden silk. The village folk called them a pair of swan” (Singh 18). But things have changed.

There was a caste system in Punjab state in India, Dharam Singh’s father bud by tradition; they could not share food with Jagseer’s father openly because Thola is a dalit. But some time they shared drinks in the same pot. Basically the dalits were hard worker, Dharam Singh father did not inherit much land but Jagseer’s father Thola worked hard to triple land. Dharam Singh did not forget his father’s words, his father said to Dharam Singh, “See there’s no difference between Thola and me. If you discriminate against in him, I will not be able rest in peace. My soul would suffer in hell. All this property you inherit was made by Thola, walking as snakes; where would I have been otherwise? True, we were not born of the some mother in this life but we were real brothers in our previous birth” (Singh 20). Dharam Singh faithfully follows his father’s advice after his death; he had done his best to honour his words. He never considers him as a seerie or a bonded worker but his elder son Bhanta did not like him. Bhanta had tried to persuade him to get back half-acre of land from Jagseer but Dharam Singh calmed Bhanta every time. Bhanta did not believe in any philosophy but he believed in modern philosophy that people in these days’ people murdered for cash even for a few paisas. Nandi was worried about her son’s marriage. She expresses her inner feelings, “I am no longer feed your son, Oh, My King..., you, cruel one.. left me alone. Who will light your tomb?”(Singh 24) Jagseer convinced to her.

The traditional work was assigned to the low caste in India. Nikka is a barber in the village; he was off to another village as a mission to deliver some one’s marriage invitation. People of his caste had been doing this kind of errand for the village folk for centurion. Jagseer is a dalit, he is looking himself, “Jagseer first looked at his own hands, more bones, like vultures claws. Then he thought of his legs and arms; the muscles had sagged and particularly disappeared. With the fingers of his right hand he felt his boney cheeks and to pits around the eyes, his face seemed very strange to him. The rough, dry hair of his beard pricked his palms. He felt as if he had never been young” (Singh 27). Jagseer was handsome in his youth, he was unbeaten in the boxing and Kabaddi. Only two can young men matched to Jagseer in the village; Gaiba, Shamal’s son and Gheela, Bhola’s son. The trio, Jagseer, Daiba and Gheela were massaged each other’s bodies with mustard oil. They talked about girls, they ear sour and spicy stuff. Jagseer’s body is muscular in the young age, Gheela had once remarked with envy, “Bastard! I don’t know God carved him; look at his calves. Just like the round columns of a spinning wheel” (Singh 28). Nikka, the barber to get married he invited the Trio; Jagseer

had first time accompanied to them. Jagseer was the prime target of many young women; he was overwhelmed by their jokes and sat like a trapped animal. Many young girls were talking about him, the marriage was over. The three young boys wanted to see Nikka's wife, his mother said about Nikka's wife, "Go and see his wife a hundred times. She's no fairy from heaven, but don't buy my little mouse; he's just started maturing" (Singh 30). They went inside of the house to see Nikka's wife. She was covered her face with a double veil, she did not act, speak and move. Jagseer saw the left side of her face; he went numbed, "Such fair cheeks, such a broad forehead, such beautiful eyes with long eyelashes! He had never seen such beauty before" (Singh 32). Jagseer was disliking her beauty, his legs webbed as if he had been jolted by an earthquake. He falls in love with her secretly, he did not sleep well and he did not feel like working and all the day he would lie under his Sheesham. His mind was totally rebellious, he started finding excuses to visit Nikka's house. Nikka's wife Bhani was so beautiful, he went to Nikka's house several times but he could not see Bhani's beauty in full, some time he saw her bare arm, face etc. One day he was passing by Nikka's house, it was dark in the street. He looked around nervously and peeped into the house. Bhani was cooking; he was totally surrounded to her beauty. Jagseer got strength to meet her, he looked around searchingly. She was sitting on the left side of the verandah, her heart throbbed furiously. He looked back the street was empty, he asked her about Nikka, she preferred to cover her face but Jagseer saw her staring at him though the veil pulled down half way. Bhani was looking so beautiful, "Her white teeth shone like pomegranate seeds through the thin orange scarf. She was smiling" (Singh 37). She asked many things but his words were failed, Bhani also liked him and loved him when he could not dare to turn to look back into her eyes, she said, "If you've got the nerve, look straight into my eyes. Hiding like a rabbit won't do; the handsome body God has given you.. . Only if you the guts as well" (Singh 38). He could not share many things with her and he left. He was suffering, he cannot express to anybody because she is a married woman. There was a folk hero Ranjha, who had his ears pierced for his sweet heart Heer. Jagseer was suffering like Ranjha, his good friends were showing sympathy. He started drinking more to forget her, his friend Gheela thinks that he was in a big trouble. Their secret love spreads all over the village, Nikka was so angry with him. Nikka called village council, the village council warned Jagseer. Everyone directly or indirectly tried to make fun to him, taunting him about Bhani. Once he was very strong, his body was like as strong as a horse but now he emaciated with pain, sometimes he had to struggle even to get up.

Jagseer's father has passed away, whole responsibilities fell upon him. He did not have a family of his own but one of his four married sisters was always backing to the parental home to visit. His health was falling day by day, Bhoni went her parental home. He addicted to opium, he takes two, three or four pills of opium and he drinks tea ten or fifteen times cups of a day. Dharama Singh was worrying about his condition, Dharama Singh asked about his health; Jagseer replied negatively, "How many more years do I have to live, brother? Five or Seven years? If I don't pass these years in fun how can I far Dharmaraj up there in the heaven?" (Singh 47). Dharam Singh had tried to look for a girl to marry Jagseer but one thing or another would cancel. Indian society cannot tolerate the progress of a poor and a dalit person, some time marriage was almost finalized, someone from the village or outsider would poke their nose then his marriage would be cancelled. Two years late Bhoni returned to village, his inner pain grew acute. One day he had entered Nikka's street unwillingly, Bhoni saw him and spoke, "Won't you even look at me now?" Jagseer couldn't turn his head. His legs were shaking badly." I got my whole life stained for you and you've become so cold" (Singh 48). He heard some voice again; he lifted his head and saw Bhoni, she was wiping her tears in the soft darkness. He replied painfully, "Bhani, you don't know how I pass my days" (Singh 48). His life neither became like a cereal but neither sweet nor bitters no sour; he was feeling it had no taste. His life is like a bullock pulling an oil mill round and round, he walked endlessly to and fro as the dust path lying between his ghetto and the fields. Bhoni bore a son and daughter, he wanted to share his happiness with her, he does not have dared to go to her house. Nikka was not suspecting on Jagseer's part, he helped him plough, weed and water his fields. People could not tolerate their relation, they spread rumors again Jagseer and Bhoni but Nikka and Jagseer ignored them. Bhoni would like to talk about her past times but he did not allow talking about past, day by day he got weakened physically and mentally.

The dalit farmers always suffer in the Indian society under the caste system. Jagseer sowed his field after ploughing it a couple of times; there was no boulder, no stream of grass. The wheat plants grew the filled very well; it looked like a freshly dyed green scarf. The Jat farmer Bhanta was totally upset, when he saw Jagseer's wheat field. His jealousy got inflamed further when he looked at his own fields, uneven, with bare spots like body of leaper. Jagseer became the target of Bhanta's anger, Bhanta started quarrel with Jagseer, when Bhanta watered the field, it would not run the plot and he went right up to the mouth of the channel and checked it by trusting his head into the cemented opening in the canal,

Jagseer heard Bhanta's voice, "You dirty nigger! What do you think you're doing? Playing tricks on me?" Jagseer had addressed, "you think you are very smart? What do you think I've been doing all my life, grazing sheep" (Singh 56). The water was not properly running in his field, he sat under Sheesham tree and relayed. Jagseer's body was burning with fever when he reached home.

Gurdal Singh describes how the old man suffers in the Indian society. The Youths kicked the old aged out from the house. He describes the incident, "Jagseer had seen married youths quarrel with their parents. The newlywed often slept inside while, the elders were pushed outside" (Singh 60). Raunaki is a good friend of Jagseer, his wife Santo had run away with someone. No one could understand woman's mind, no one could understand Santo's runaway. There is a pathetic story about Santo and Raunaki, they had no children of their own, they prayed and visited several medicines but that could not workout. He was unhappy when his wife runaway with someone without any reason. Raunaki and Jagseer have discussion about Indian society. It is on caste based, he said himself, "Jagseer felt as if an etched deep inside him since ages had been erased, the line that divided people into 'high' and 'low' categories and castes" (Singh 65) Raunaki and Jagseer have been discussing many philosophies, the life is meaningless, everyone will die like a worm. Raunaki wanted to forget everything but he cannot forget anything, he is like a helpless child and he started sobbing again. There is a big Jogo culture in India, Bhoni, who carried the Jogo-Uru, the light from the lamps didn't directly on Bhoni. They saw Jago dancers and singers, they talked till late into the night about the Jogo women and their old buddies and other women. They talked about other men and women.

Indian society practicing a caste system, the upper caste people never allowed to the lower caste enters into their house. Jagseer is an outcaste fellow, he visits Nikka's house for field work, one of Nikka's close relative, a cousin was incidentally in the village, and he had come to Nikka's house when Jagseer was still there. His cousin said, "Nikka, an outcaste shouldn't be allowed to come to your house when you are away, doesn't look good. It'd alright if he were of our caste or if he was a neighbor. But I don't see how a camel and a bullock can be related?" (Singh 73). Jagseer had maintained a dignified relationship with her without carrying for what others thought of it. Jagseer's visits to his own field, the wheat plants looked like hungry and hurt children. He could not water to his field but neighbor field was watered well and the wheat grew very well. The upper caste people are dominant on low

caste, they never tolerate the low caste's progress. When Jagseer visits to his field, he saw two or three people were standing around the Sheesham tree. He saw the Sheesham fall with a land jerk, Dharam Singh's son had assigned to Thahli Shah to cut the Sheesham. He went near the tree; his eyes were all sports and he asked, "Who are you people?

Didn't you hear? I ask who the hell you are."

"We work for Thahli Shah from the market place?"

"Who asked you to cut this Sheesham"? Jagseer's anger had shot up. "Shahji sent us" "who the flack is shah to own this Sheesham?"

"Take it easy, brother" "I don't care who the hell has sent you here, but this sheesham belongs to me".

"If it's yours, go and settle it with Shah, we're just working for him. We're go nothing against you.

"I tell you until thing is settled don't you touch even a leaf of the tree or otherwise you'd be asking a hell of a trouble" (Singh 76-77). He was so angry, he could not tolerate the injustice then he walked back to village. The strong thoughts had come in his mind, everything has collapsed. He reached his house, it is like a dog den, his heart was heaven, and he could not speak anything.

Jagseer reached his house, he could not tolerate the injustice and he shared his views with his mother Nandi. The Sheesham tree has fallen, she cursed Dharam Singh. The dalits were very loyal to the Dharam Singh, his mother was so angry and she went to Dharam Singh's house and expressed her pain. Gurdial Singh portrays the realities of the Indian society, the Dalits (untouchables) worked through their life, they toiled for the upper caste. They toiled to the progress of the upper caste. In India untouchable toiled the progress of the upper caste, Nandi expressed the real history of the untouchables, "Look Dharam Singh, my son, my two generations served your family. My old man died walking on snakes in your fields. Now my son works for you like a dark bullock. I have wiped your floors, cleaned out muck all my life... and you! Curse on you! Is this how you pay us back? Is this..? You" (Singh 79-80). She cried like anything. Nobody cares untouchables in India; they are in a true sense as animals. Dharam Singh convinced to her, he was shocked even his angels could not have guessed that the Sheesham had not been felled. An innocent Nandi believed in Dharam Singh's words. Dharam Singh's son Dhano's words "Look at the puffed up nigger! Acting like a goddess. My Sheesham sold! Your old man owned it? Look at the way she's sitting around!" (Singh82- 83). They laughed like anything.

Jagseer could not tolerate the pain of his tree, it was symbolized the untouchables. He reached the field, the dense trees looked scary. He touched the trunk and for a while kept caressing it like the body of his golden bullock. He circled around the Sheesham, he saw a four or five feet deep pit dug at the place where the tree had stood before it was felled. He circled the pit once and more time to examine it, then he walked into his field. He collected more bricks of the tomb, lying looking at the pile for a while. The thought of the tomb suddenly made him feel sick as though something was rushing out of his stomach. He started reconstructing his father's tomb in the west corner of his yard, he realized that he did not have the ceremonial ashes of his father; he paused a little but decided to go ahead nonetheless. Dharam Singh directly went to the fields instead of his home, he inquired about everything about the tree to the workers revealed everything about Bhanta's dealing with Tahli Shah; he did not argue with the workers and quietly returned. He took piece of a bunch of jute canes from his home and went to his barn. He was shocked of his son's activity, he could not free himself of there and could not sleep till the bewildering thoughts and could not sleep till the midnight. Dhano's harsh words stabled him like a glass splinters scattered on the bed.

Dalits are very sentimentalists, Jagseer was a sentimentalist. He brings the bricks of his father's tomb, thought the night he constructed his father Thola's Tomb. Nandi saw her husband's tomb, she said with a hoarse voice wiping her tears. She blamed the jat community, it is a cruel community, the most of the dalits sacrifice their life for the upper caste in India. She blamed the Jat community, "There sinners skinned him like an onion all his life, when he died he gave our son to them. My son still works for them, day and night. But look at what they have done to us! If I knew, my daughter, I won't let my son enter their cursed door" (Singh 93). She abused Dharam Singh and his family but she is helpless, nobody is supporting dalits in India. Jagseer and Sooti consoled her but Nandi asked Jagseer, "Why did you lay to me, my son? I knew these skunks would do this to use one day. What good can you expect from these Jat-boors who keep us at a distance, who throw us a morsel whenever they please as if we were dogs? It was only in olden days that people sacrificed their blood for others, Now" (Singh 94).

The Dalits, the Tribes and the Minorities do not have freedom in India before the independence and after the independence. Indian Constitution Article 19 has given Religious rights to citizen of India but it is only in Constitution but not in practical. When Jagseer constructed his father's tomb, the news spreads in the ghetto and then in the entire village.

The society talked about the tomb, “Some wiser women and men took it more seriously, To them it was a bad omen a symptom of God’s wrath” (Singh 95). They discussed about the tomb but nobody is coming forward with any concrete suggestion. One night Nandi woke up went near the tomb and speaks painfully to Jagseer, she expresses her real pain and the worst condition of dalits, “To me., to me, no shame now. I don’t care if you don’t why Should I? If you had powers you’d have done something before you died. No salvation now! Not for you, not for me, this life all gone for nothing why were we born, damn it, what did the world lack without us!” (Singh 96). Nandi was unconsciousness, she could not regain, she passed away, and he could not save her from death. Jagseer opposed the Hindu tradition; he was not willing to pour Ganga water in her mouth before leaving the world. He painfully speaks, “Alright mother, you go, without a touch of the holy Ganga water, I’ll follow you soon!” (Singh 96). He sat beside Nandi’s dead body and stared at the wall in front. When the morning light came through the slits of the door, he went outside and informed one or two elderly women in ghetto and he went to Dharam Singh’s barn and informed about her death. Villagers talked about rites of death ceremony, he did all the rituals accordingly. Dharam Singh has attended the ceremony, he express the great philosophy, nothing in the life, he became a sadhu he refuse the barn, he remembered a great words, “Man proposes but it is God who disposes” (Singh 99). Dharam Singh tried to console him like a child Jagseer found it hard to stop, as if he wanted to cry out all his life long pain that day.

Jagseer has completed rites of his mother, he praised his mother repeatedly. He visits regular to Raunaki. Raunaki treats Jagseer like a child. He gave some chapattis to eat; he shared many matters with him. They have been sharing many things he expresses his pain, “What can I tell you about Santo, Jagsia? She ruined me, murdered me Whore! Her absence burns me; I’m nothing without her, nothing, Jagsia, nothing” (Singh 108). Raunaki speaks about man’s destiny; he says that only rich man’s destiny charges not poor men’s. He narrates many moral stories and nothing can change without effort, there was a small oilman, he spent all his lie driving the bullock around his little oil mill. He had heard from his elders that man’s destiny changes ten times in his life time. But the poor bastard had a fate like ours. Jagsia is around fifty, he would routinely sing these lines and he circled around his crusher,

“Man, you were destined

For ten turns of fate

in your life time

The first one came and consumed you

What happened to the other nine?” (Singh 109). Raunaki talked many things of the Indian society.

Gurdial Singh portrays the modern world's nature through Raunaki, there is no value for human being, truth and goodness. In the modern day the money makes a big role, it would change a fate of a man, he said, “Money has great power, Jagssir, it can give a turn to you fate, it can mean a rebirth in one's life and as they say, even an idiot becomes smart and witty if his granary is full. The world, Jagshir is after money, without money” (Singh 109). He was reading some episodes and explained its meaning. Jagseer had eaten at Raunaki's house and decided to visit his own field, the wheat plants were place and hardly one foot high and he sat on the corner desk. He was so unhappy, he was back to his village with a little bundle on his head, Vasakha talked with him but he did not respond to him. Vasakha scolded him, “Fucking nigger! Full of hot air! No use talking to a darky! Huh, rites of the old hag! Big deal!. King shit” (Singh 114). Jagseer heard every word but he did not reply him. He reached Dharama Singh's house and talked with him, he noticed his physical and mental weakness but he did not reply anything, he shared something and reached his home. Days have passed away Jagseer weakened, he was sitting alone in his house. Raunaki visits to his house, they shared many matters and there was a rumor about Dharam Singh, he said, “Some say she and Bhanta beat Dharam Singh and kicked him out of the house; others say he was fed up and left the house himself a whole lot of shifty talk, who knows what really happened?” (Singh 119). Jagseer had paid no attention to him, he was suffering from cough and his body temperature rose and the head became so heavy. Slowly he gave up eating and survival only on tea, he did not talk very much. Raunaka was reading some episodes but Jagseer asked him to skip tragic incidents, he could understand his problems and he skipped tragic incidents. Jagseer asked many philosophical questions,

“Raunaka, if man had nothing- home, children, parents, how would he survive?”

“Those who have had nice homes, wives, children; did they do better karma than us, Raunaka?”

“*Karma, Kama, Karma*, what are these God damned Karma? Raunaka? Are they what we did in the previous life? Or they then and product of our deeds in this life?” (Singh 121). The Hindus were believed the *Dharmaraj*, who is the god of the death, he *will* give punishment. In the absence of Raunaki he kept thinking about such question in his state of loneliness, such strange and baseless ideas occurred to him that sometime he himself felt surprised. He had a small mud hut, it was built when he was born. It was leaking its ceiling had printed

grotesque figures on its walls. Jagseer looked at the ceiling for a while and then he request him, “Raunaka, do ask Nikka’s wife to paint my tomb; you construct if of course” (Singh 122). Raunaki did not reply, gradually things have changed.

The tragic end of Jagseer, a dalit poor farmer, his lips was dried, his eyes could not move away from the ceiling. He kept lying rigidly on his back. His eyes stayed open and then on the fifth day their glow dimmed disappeared. His eye balls turned into stone, his ash was remaining in the holy water. Raunaki had constructed Jagseer’s tomb as he had wished, but he did not dare to ask Bhoni to paint the tomb after she returned from her brother’s marriage. When day has passed away, he was passing by the cremation ground; he stopped and noticed, “A little earthen lamp lit on the reconstructed and freshly daubed tomb. For a long while he kept looking at its red flame. The flame trembled in the wind, flick red into two and merged into one again, becoming ever steadier and taller” (Singh 123). Raunaki murmured something to himself and wiping his tears with one end of his turban and followed the woman to the village. Most of dalits are suffering like Jagseer in India. The society cannot tolerate their progress and their peaceful life.

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