


# Puspa Shrestha

Best Quality Resource Site for Class 11 And 12 Students  
(Based on Updated Curriculum 2077)

**Puspa Shrestha**

Best Quality Resource Site for Class 11 And 12  
Students (Based on Updated Curriculum 2077)

 [puspas.com.np](https://puspas.com.np)



**PDF Collections**

Notes

Books

Model Questions

This PDF was downloaded from  
**[puspas.com.np](https://puspas.com.np)**

Visit our website for more  
materials.



[puspas.com.np](https://puspas.com.np)

Follow us on:



AR Dinesh



[puspas.com.np](https://puspas.com.np)



Puspa Shrestha

**Before reading**

Answer the following questions.

- Which animal do you like most? Why?
- How do you take care of your domestic animal or pet?
- How do you feel when your domestic animal or pet dies?

**Bhimnidhi Tiwari** (1911-1973) is a well-known poet, story writer and dramatist from Nepal. An ardent social reformer, Tiwari established Nepal Natak Sangh (Nepal Drama Society) in 1949. Through this organization, he promoted the Nepali plays by staging plays and encouraging the Nepali writers to write plays. In order to sustain this organization, he also wrote plays like *Matoko Maya*, *Shilanyas* and *Sahansheela Sushila*, among others. Tiwari won Madan Puraskar for literature in 1970.



It was the late eighteenth century. Ranabahadur Shah, the grandson of Prithvi Narayan Shah, was the king of Nepal. Ranabahadur Shah was fond of bulls. In his one act play “The Bull,” Bhimnidhi Tiwari dramatizes an incident related to Ranabahadur Shah’s craze for bulls to make a biting satire on the feudal system, which dehumanizes human beings to such an extent that their existence depends on their deferential treatment towards the four-footed animals like bulls.

**A preceding history**

(King Ranabahadur Shah was fond of rearing four-footed animals. Among the four-footed animals, too, he was especially avid about rearing bulls. He was the very person to start a custom of releasing a bull with a burnt mark every month at Pashupatinath Temple. He was the one, who had maintained Thulo Gauchar (a large cow pasture), where an airport has been built now). Among many bulls reared by him, a bull named 'Male' fell sick. 'You would get shaved if you came to tell me that a bull died', he had threatened the bull doctor. The bull died. Taking the events following the bull's death, this One Act Play has been written. –Playwright)

**Characters**

**Ranabahadur Shah**- The king, 23 years

**Laxminarayan Dahal (Jaisi)**- Subedar with Samarjug Company, *bichari* of the Ita

Chapali court, and bull doctor, around 40 years

**Jitman-** Cowherd

**Gore-** Cowherd

## Scene I

**Place-** Yard

**Time-** Dawn

**Month-** Ashwin (V.S. 1854)

**[Birds are chirping in the trees. The red sun shines on the yard and the body of Laxminarayan. He is squatting on the carpet.]**

**Laxmi-** (*Looking towards the backstage*) How immoral and carefree have you all become? I could not be happy even after having seven wives. I am waiting for having a puff of hookah. Nobody brings it. (*Shouting*) Hey, flat-nosed one! Hey, beautiful one! Hey, butterfly! Hey, swallow! The eldest one! Hey, the one with ugly face! May you all die at once! All pretend as if they have not heard even after hearing. There is nothing else except rivalry in each and everything.

(*Jitman and Gore arrive there, running out of breath.*)

What's the matter? How is the bull?

**Gore-** (*Greeting*) He died, *baje*! The bull died.

**Laxmi-** (*Startled*) Huh?

**Jitman-** (*Greeting*) He has just died.

**Laxmi-** Has he already died?

**Jitman-** He stretched body and his eyes have grown still.

**Gore-** His tail has gone loose.

**Laxmi-** Now your father will kill us. He will get me shaved. You both will be beheaded. We are doomed!

**Jitman-** (*Frightened*) What should we do, *baje*? Should I run away to my home at Dhunibesi? I love my younger son.

**Gore-** (*Frightened*) What should we do, *baje*? You should save our life. Life is a big deal.

**Laxmi-** How will your life be saved? He got my mouth burnt for speaking in a loud voice. A black patch is still visible. No moustache grows on this side. Now the bull has died. How will life be saved?

(*Thinking for a while*) But wait. I will try my best to save you both. How am I going to save myself? How did that young bull die?

**Gore-** It's not good to utter big words with this small mouth. How can the kind which lives on grass digest the fine rice and the lentil soup of split red gram? Prices have risen because of this. The price of one *pathi* rice has reached one rupee. The price of one *dharni* ghee has reached ten *ana*. Humans don't get to have the snacks of maize. He would have guavas, bananas, and sticks of sugarcane in snacks. Not just one or two days.

**Jitman-** That's true. We have to sleep on the straw in the winter. Mattress, quilt, mosquito net for that beast. Oh God!

**Laxmi-** You're right. Go and stay in the cowshed. Don't utter 'The bull is dead' from your mouth in any case. Keep taking care of it. I go to the palace right now. Let's see what happens.

If I don't go, I have many enemies. If somebody reported to the king about it, no hope for survival would be left.

Go! (*Looking towards the backstage*) Hey, Khatri! Get the horse ready.

(*The cowherds go away. One wife fills hookah and brings it with a pipe*)

I am about to lose my property. I am about to get shaved. How can I have hookah in such a situation? (*Scolding*) Take it back.

(*He goes. The wife keeps standing there, bewildered.*)

## Scene II

**Place-** A courtyard of Basantapur Palace

**Time/Month-** Same (After a while)

(**After arriving there, Laxminarayan reverently keeps standing looking up towards the window**)

**Ranabahadur-** (*In a commanding voice from the backstage*) What's the matter?

**Laxmi-** (*Bowing down quite low*) Swosti! Swosti! Swosti! Your Majesty!

**Ranabahdur-** Why have you come here, Dahal? Hey, Lachchhe! Why are you here so early in the morning?

**Laxmi-** (*In a very polite way, joining two hands*) If I don't ask for Your Majesty's favour, the issue is such that I must beg for your favour, Your Majesty. If I ask for Your Majesty's favour, I feel intolerable burning pain within. I don't know what has happened to the bull sir. The sun has already gone high in the sky. He does not wake up. We served him breakfast. He didn't eat either. He does not move or speak. He is sleeping as if he is relaxed.

**Ranabahadur-** Huh? What did you say? Has he died?

**Laxmi-** He is staring with his still eyes.

**Ranabahadur-** Wait. Wait. I will come down right there.

**Laxmi-** (*Wiping tears from forehead; taking deep breath*) Hey Ram! Hey Krishna!!  
(*After a while*)

(*Laxminarayan stands more reverently. Entry of Raabahadur*)

**Ranabahadur-** Huh? What did you say? Has he died?

**Laxmi-** He has not passed away yet.

**Ranabahadur-** What do you say now?

**Laxmi-** Your Majesty! In spite of being human beings, all people are not alike. Your Majesty is a human being. So is a beggar. Your Majesty's name, fame and deeds! Worshipped all over the nation! What generosity! And this lowly beggar Brahmin! Likewise, in spite of being bulls, all are not alike. Male Sir's solid body! That beauty! That style of walking! That valiant fighting! Other bulls are not comparable to him at all. I am anxious about his health. Shall I move him to the hill comfortably for a change of climate before the temperature rises? I will act as per Your Majesty's order.

**Ranabahdur-** Okay. Take him immediately. Do you need the supporting soldiers?

**Laxmi-** He will have more comfort with the cowherds rather than the soldiers. The cowherds have understood all of his desires. They know how and what will make him feel comfortable.

**Ranabahadur-** Go. You should also accompany them.

**Laxmi-** Your Majesty! This beggar will also go-I have to take pulse and administer medicine from time to time. Shall I take leave now?

**Ranabahadur-** Go. Take him away with a great care.

**Laxmi-** (*Cheerfully*) His Majesty! Swosti! Swosti!Swosti!

(*Whereas Ranabahadur goes inside, Laxminarayan goes outside*)

**Ranabahadur-** (*Entering again*) Dahal! Dahal! Dahal! Lachchhe! Look here! Look at this side!

**Laxmi-** (*Entering*) His Majesty!

**Ranabahdur-** I will go to see him. If he gets better after treating here, why should we take him to the hill? Why should we give him a trouble without any reason?

**Laxmi-** (*Bowing and joining two hands*) The medicine administered here has relieved him a bit but it has not cured him. Perhaps, he needs a change in climate.

**Ranabahadur-** I will see him once. (*Looking towards the backstage*) We are undertaking a convoy. Get the palanquin ready. Dahal, understood? We have to go together. Wait for me outside the door.

**Laxmi-** Your Majesty!

(*Both go.*)

### Scene III

**Place-** A cowshed at ThuloGauchar

**Time-** Morning

**Month-** Same

**(The bull is lying dead on a thick mattress. Jitman and Gore are squatting.)**

**Jitman-** We have been two brothers till today. Now we are going to be four brothers.

**Gore-** Will he behead us?

**Jitman-** How will we get to survive?

**Gore-** Dahalbaje has gone to see the king. Let's see what decision he brings.

**Jitman-** He is such a cunning man. He has access to the king. He will survive. We will be victims. We'd better escape.

**Gore-** Where could the wethers of the pen escape? They will bring us back and behead us. *(Look far)* Look! Look, Jite! The king seems to be on his convoy.

**Jitman-** *(Looking)* Yes. The palanquin at the front. Baje is following on foot. After baje, Khatri is walking the horse.

**Gore-** What to do? We will get killed today.

**Jitman-** This stupid bull. He died and he will get us killed now.

**Gore-** Look. The palanquin has stopped. Look, the convoy has come out in the meadow. *(Alarmed)* Look, look! How fast the convoy is moving! See, I don't know why but Dahalbaje is running towards us, ahead of others.

**Jitman-** What will he say now?

*(Entering and speaking in a hurry)* You massage the hind feet. You wave the fan from the front. Bow down. Don't look up. Don't utter the bull died from your mouth. Get started. There is no guarantee whether you will die or live.

*(Jitman starts massaging the hind legs of the bull. Gore starts waving a fan from the front. Nearby Laxminarayan starts grinding medicine fast.)*

**Ranabahadur-** *(Entering, and in a commanding voice)* Male! Eh, Male! What happened to you? Get up! Get up!

**Laxmi-** Since midnight, Your Majesty! Till now *(Pointing towards Jitman)*, he is massaging the feet. *(Pointing towards Gore)* He is waving the fan. I have been preparing and administering medicine. Bull sir swallows medicine. Neither does he get up, nor does he move. Neither does he bellow, nor does he eat anything. He is only listening to us. He keeps staring.

**Ranabahdur-** Huh? What happened to him? Male? Get up! Are there any fruits? Bring them, Dahal!

*(Going out, Laxminarayan brings a hand of bananas immediately.)*

**Laxmi-** Bananas, Your Majesty!

**Ranabahadur-** *(Extending bananas to the mouth of the bull)* Eat! Dahal, what happened to him? He does not breathe. He does not eat either. He seems to have died.

**Laxmi-** He has been looking so well with his eyes.

**Ranabahadur-** Look, his ears have drooped down. His tail has loosened. He has died. What climate do you make him change? He has died.

*(Right after hearing that the bull has died, Jitman starts crying, placing his head on the thigh of the bull. Seeing that, Gore also stops waving the fan. He falls down on the horns of the bull and starts crying.)*

**Jitman-** *(Crying)* I took care of you so much from your childhood. I brushed you and massaged your feet so much. Today you have gone, leaving me an orphan, bull sir. Where have you gone? *(To Ranabahadur, drumming his chest)* His Majesty! What should I do now? I am burning within.

**Ranabahadur-** Hey cowherd! Why do you cry? It has died. What can we do about that?

**Jitman-** My heart doesn't accept it, Your Majesty! No, it doesn't. My Male! What should I do? What sort of fate do I have?

**Ranabahadur-** Hey Dahal! Console him.

**Laxmi-** How would he accept? How would he be consoled? He has been immensely hurt.

**Ranabahadur-** Don't cry. You have received a tip of four hundred rupees. Shut up now. *(Right after hearing that Jitman has received a tip of four hundred rupees, Gore also starts sobbing, falling at the feet of the bull.)*

**Gore-** For the sake of your care, I didn't think of anything- home, mother, father, wife and children. Bull sir, I will go with you. Either will I hang myself to death or I will get buried with you. I can't leave you. *(Drumming his chest)* I can't. I can't.

**Ranabahadur-** Hey, Dahal. Console him, too.

**Laxmi-** You will receive a favour from His Majesty. He has suffered to the limit, Your Majesty. Don't cry. He would not let even a single fly sit on the bull's body. He would wave the fan day and night. He would take care of the bull all the time. Right after waking up, he would bow to all the four feet of the bull, saying 'This is my father'. He has become an orphan, a helpless one.

**Gore-** *(Crying inconsolably)* Your Majesty! What should I do? Instead of him, I should have died.

**Ranabahadur-** Shut up. You will also receive a tip of five hundred rupees. Don't cry.

**Laxmi-** *(Acting as if the agony has come out from the navel itself, and in a choked throat)* For the sake of the bull sir, I also didn't think of hunger, thirst and sleep. Even by compromising my *chakari* to Your Majesty, I took care of him night and morning.



If he was living till today, what facilities I would receive! Whom to say? My own fate is broken. I administered all types of syrups and medicines. His body had grown really strong and healthy. At such tender age, he had already grown into a valiant fighter, defeating all other bulls. At such a rising youth, right in front of my eyes . . . (*Failing to control himself, he sobs.*)

**Ranabahadur-** (*Scolding*) A weakling who has become Subedar of the company and a *bichari*. Why do you cry? Can't you console yourself? Shut up! (*Leaving*) Bury him with your own hand. You perform its funeral rites. Make all the offerings to the priest on your own. I will take care of your worries. (*He goes away.*)

(Laxminarayan also follows him.)

(After a while)

**Jitman-** God! We survived. (*Wiping out sweat with his cap*) This carrion almost got us killed!

**Gore-** I thought I was done for. (*Waving the fan at himself, taking a deep breath*) Thank God, we survived!

### (THE CURTAIN FALLS)

## Glossary

avid (adj.): passionate, obsessive, keen

bichari (n.): a legal officer in the court

baje (n.): (In Nepal) a grandfather; a Brahman, out of respect, is also called *baje* (grandpa) regardless of age

pathi (n.): a unit of measuring grains, a pot to measure grains (one pathi is approximately equal to 3.2 kg.)

dharni (n.) : a unit of measuring weight (one dharni is approximately equal to 2.5 kg)

ana (n.): twenty five paisa, one fourth of a rupee

swosti (n.): a way of greeting, especially made by the subjects to their masters and mistresses in the feudal Hindu society

convoy (n.): a procession of horses or vehicles

wethers (n.): castrated male goats

palanquin (n.): (in the Asian countries like Nepal) a covered litter for one passenger, consisting of a large box carried on two horizontal poles by four or six bearers

chakari (n.): a service rendered to a person of higher rank with an expectation of receiving favour, an effort to appeal to a person of high rank by demonstrating one's poverty or distress, sycophancy

carrion (n.): the dead body of an animal or a human being



## Understanding the text

Answer the following questions.

- Why have Gore and Jitman come to see Laxminarayan?
- What, according to cowherds, is the reason behind the death of Male?
- Why does Ranabahadur want to see the bull himself?
- Why does Laxminarayan run ahead of the convoy at Thulo Gauchar?
- Why do Gore and Jitman cry when the king declares that Male is dead?
- How do we learn that the bull is dead?
- How does the play make a satire on the feudal system?
- Write down the plot of the play in a paragraph.

## Reference to the context

- Discuss the late eighteenth-century Nepali society as portrayed in terms of the relation between the king and his subjects as portrayed in the play.
- What does the relation between Laxminarayan and his wives tell us about the society of that time? To what extent has the Nepali society changed since then?
- Shed light on the practice of *chakari* as portrayed in the play. Have you noticed this practice in your society?
- How does Laxminarayan outsmart Ranabahadur?
- Sketch the character of Laxminarayan.

## Reference beyond the text

- Write an essay in about 300 words on “The Nepali Society: Past, Present and Future”.
- In his “Satire 9”, Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux says:  
But satire, ever moral, ever new  
Delights the reader and instructs him, too.  
She, if good sense, refine her sterling page,  
Oft shakes some rooted folly of the age.

Do you agree with the poet? Discuss the lines with reference to Bhimnidhi Tiwari’s play “The Bull”.