

# **11th Standard- English**

## **Snapshots-The Address Summary**

This is a moving story of a daughter who goes in search of her mother's belongings after the War, in Holland. The narrator is the daughter of Mrs S., who died during the war. The narrator went to number 46, Marconi Street to see Mrs Dorling who was an old acquaintance of her mother, and who had removed almost all the belongings of her mother during the war to this place. All this was done with Mrs S's silent consent as Mrs Dorling wanted to save her things, which they would lose if they had to leave the place.

The narrator had seen Mrs Dorling for the first time during the first half of the war. She had come home for a few days and noticed the change in the rooms. She missed various things. Her mother informed her that Mrs Dorling had moved these things to safety and gave her the address 46, Marconi Street. After the war, the narrator visited the address her mother had given her. She remembered Mrs Dorling clearly. She was woman with a broad back. Mrs Dorling looked at the narrator searchingly and showed no sign of recognition. She kept staring in silence. She saw that the narrator, who had recognised her mother's green knitted cardigan, was looking at it. She half hid herself behind the door and refused to see her. She was surprised to see the narrator who had survived from the war.

The narrator returned to the station and boarded the train. While in train she remembered the first time she had seen Mrs Dorling and how her mother had introduced her to her old acquaintance and given the address.

After the first fruitless visit to Mrs Dorling's house, the narrator visited the place a second time. This time, a girl of about fifteen opened the door to her. She asked the girl if her mother was at home. Since she was away, the narrator decided to wait for her.

She followed the girl along the passage. The first thing that struck her was an old-fashioned iron Hanukkah candle-holder hung next to a mirror. Then they went into the living room. The narrator was horrified as she was in a room she knew and did not know. She found herself in the midst of things she had so wanted to see again, but which oppressed her in the strange atmosphere. The tasteless way of arrangement, ugly furniture and the muggy smell all contributed to arouse this feeling. She didn't have the courage to look around her. She sat down and stared at the woollen table-cloth. As she followed the lines of the pattern, she remembered that it was their table-cloth, which had a burn mark that had never been repaired. Soon she found the hole.

The girl poured her tea from a white pot which had a gold border on the lid. She opened the box and took out some spoons. The narrator praised the box. Mrs Dorling's daughter said that it was an antique. They had got lots more and she pointed round the room. The narrator knew very well which things she meant. She remarked that the cutlery-spoons, forks and knives was silver. The girl laughed. She walked to the side board and wanted to open a drawer.

The narrator fell perturbed. The objects linked with her mother, aroused memories of her former life. At first she was eager to see them, but now they had lost their value since they were severed from her mother and were stored in strange surroundings. Moreover, they were useless to her in her present state. She lived in a small rented room with space for no more than a handful of cutlery fitted in the narrow table drawer.

She resolved to forget the address. She wanted to leave the memories of her mother and the war behind her and decided to move on.

