

11th Standard- English

Snapshots-The Summer of the Beautiful White Horse Summary

This story revolves around two poor Armenian boys Mourad and Aram. They are members of the Garoghlanian family. The hallmarks of their tribe are trust and honesty.

The story begins in a mood of nostalgia. Aram, the narrator was then a boy of nine and his cousin, Mourad, a more adventurous but slightly crazy fellow, was thirteen.

The narrator remembers vividly the day when Mourad came to his house at four in the morning and woke him up by tapping on the window of his room. Aram jumped out of bed and when he looked out of the window, he couldn't believe what he saw. His cousin Mourad was sitting on a beautiful white horse. Mourad asked him to be quick if he wanted to ride. The narrator had a longing to ride, but his whole Garoghlanian family was poor though well-known for their trust and honesty.

The narrator knew that his cousin Mourad couldn't have bought the horse, and if he couldn't have bought it, he must have stolen it. The narrator refused to believe he had stolen it because no member of the Garoghlanian family could be a thief.

The narrator, Aram, asked Mourad where he had stolen that horse. Mourad did not reply but asked him to leap out of the window if he wanted to ride. He knew that Mourad was crazy regarding horses. Stealing a horse for a ride was not the same thing as stealing money or selling a stolen horse.

The narrator leaped into his clothes. He jumped down to the yard from the window and leaped up onto the horse behind his cousin Mourad. From their house in Walnut Avenue, they reached Olive Avenue in less than three minutes. The horse began to trot as the air was fresh and lovely to breathe.

Mourad was considered one of the craziest members of their family. He began to sing or rather roar. They reached the open country and let the horse run as long as it felt like running. At last Mourad asked Aram to get down as he wanted to ride alone. Aram asked him if he would let him ride alone. Mourad replied that it was up to the horse.

The narrator got down and his cousin Mourad kicked his heels into the horse and shouted, "Vazire, run!" The horse stood on its hind legs, snorted and ran forward at a fast speed. Mourad raced the horse across a field of dry grass to an irrigation ditch. He crossed the ditch on the horse, and five minutes later returned. He was dripping wet.

The sun was coming up. Now the narrator leaped to the back of the horse, but the horse did not move. At the suggestion of Mourad, he kicked into the muscles of the horse. It reared, snorted and began to run.

The narrator didn't know what to do. Instead of running across the field to the irrigation ditch the horse ran down the road to the vineyard of Dikran Halabian and leaped over seven vines before Aram fell. Mourad came running down the road. He was more worried about the horse than Aram. Both of them searched the horse in different directions.

It took Mourad half an hour to find the horse and bring him back. Mourad hid the horse in a deserted vineyard belonging to farmer Fetvajian. There were some oats and dry alfalfa in the barn. It occurred to narrator that Mourad had been taking early rides for some time and had come to him that morning only. He enquired, "How long ago did you steal the horse?" Mourad did not like the question. The narrator rephrased it: "How long did you begin riding every morning?" He replied, "Not until this morning". He was, obviously, not speaking the truth, but he convinced Aram by saying so.

Mourad then told Aram that it wasn't easy to get the horse to behave so nicely. At first, it wanted to run wild but since he had a way with a horse he developed an understanding with the horse. The narrator reached home and ate a hearty breakfast.

That afternoon his uncle Khosrove came to their house for coffee and cigarettes. While he was sipping coffee and smoking in the parlour, another visitor arrived. The latter was a farmer named John Byro. He was an Assyrian who, out of loneliness, had learned to speak Armenian. He was also served coffee and tobacco. Sighing sadly, he said that his white horse which had been stolen last month was still gone. Uncle Khosrove became irritated and snubbed him for crying over a horse.

Farmer John Byro was large man with a gentle heart. He had to walk ten miles to reach there and his left leg pained him. The horse had cost him sixty dollars and his surrey was no good without a horse. As soon as the farmer went away, Aram ran over to his cousin Mourad's house and told him everything. He asked Mourad not to return it till he learnt to ride. He suggested keeping it for a year or at least six months. Mourad thought he was inviting a Garoghlanian to steal. He decided to return the horse to its true owner. Early every morning for two weeks Mourad and Aram took the horse out of the barn of the deserted vineyard where they were hiding it and rode it. Every morning, the horse would leap over grape vines and small trees and throw Aram and run away. Still Aram hoped to learn to ride as Mourad rode.

One morning on the way to Fetvajian's deserted vineyard they came across farmer John Byro who was on his way to town. Mourad greeted him. The farmer studied the horse eagerly and wished them good morning. He asked the name of their horse. Mourad replied that they called it My Heart'. John Byro called it a lovely name for a lovely horse. He was certain that it was the horse which had been stolen from him many weeks ago. He asked if he might look into the horse's mouth.

On examining the teeth of the horse, the farmer was ready to swear that it was his own horse. But since the fame of their family for honesty was well-known, he would not call it the stolen horse. Still it was the twin of his horse. Early the next morning, the boys took the horse to John Byro's vineyard and put it in the barn. Mourad put his arms around the horse, pressed his nose into the horse's nose, patted it and then they went away.

That afternoon John Byro came to their house in his surrey and showed the narrator's mother the horse that had been stolen and returned. He was surprised to find the horse stronger than ever and better tempered too. He thanked God. Uncle Khosrove, who was in the parlour, became irritated and shouted at him to be quiet. He observed that his horse had been returned and repeated his pet phrase: "Pay no attention to it".

