

**Translation of *Adhunik Robin Hood* as *The Modern Robin Hood* by
Hemendra Kumar Roy**



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Summer 2024

Translation of *Adhunik Robin Hood* as *The Modern Robin Hood* by Hemendra Kumar Roy

A Thesis Submitted to
The Department of English and Humanities
University of Liberal Arts Bangladesh

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree of
MA in English

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Summer 2024

CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL

I hereby declare that this thesis is the student's own work and effort. All sources of information incorporated here have been duly acknowledged. This thesis has been submitted with my approval.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Kaiser Haq', is displayed within a light gray rectangular box.

Kaiser Md. Hamidul Haq, PhD

Professor and Dean, School of Arts and Humanities

Department of English and Humanities

DECLARATION

This thesis is a presentation of my original research work. Wherever contributions of others are involved, every effort is made to indicate this clearly, with due reference to the literature, and acknowledgement of collaborative research and discussions.



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Dedication

This thesis is dedicated to everyone who has provided me with the opportunity to come so far, at the cost of their valuable time amidst their busy schedules. I would like to express my gratitude to my parents, my elder brother and sister-in law, my relatives who did indeed provide their support for me and my family during the most crucial hours, my friends who have shaped my mindset, and of course, my teachers who still continue to help me grow as a human being.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my mother for being the most sacrificial of all my friends during all my journeys. Without her social, mental, and financial support, writing this thesis paper would have been far from reality. I would like to thank my brother for the same reasons, as well as for providing me with the technical support required to complete this thesis. I would like to thank my sister-in law for distracting me, and bringing me back to track every time while I have written this thesis. I would like to thank my respected faculty members at the University of Liberal Arts Bangladesh (ULAB), particularly Dr. Kaiser Md. Hamidul Haq, for encouraging me to explore the field of Translation as a form of Creative Writing, consenting to be my supervisor, and of course, for his valuable time; Ms. Arifa Ghani Rahman, for her moral support for each student of the Department and for her valuable advise as a literary translator; Dr. Sohana Manzoor for allowing me audit the Translation Studies course, from where I have found my theoretical lens and the available theories of translation; Ms. Nadia Rahman for literally goading us so affectionately and sternly simultaneously; former faculty members Ms. Qazi Mustabeen Noor, Dr. Syeda Farzana Sultana Hafsa, and Ms. Nishat Atiya Shoilee for their valuable time during their respective timelines at the University. Finally, I would like to thank our former Teaching Assistant and Peer Mentor, Shahriyer Hossain Shetu from batch 182/ M.A. batch 223, also known as “Fahim Bhaia” among all the students of the Department, and my elder sister at DEH, Mahzabin Montaha Tamim from batch 201, for always energising me.

I would like to thank you all for bearing with me, irrespective of all my faults and flaws.

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Abstract

In recent times, translation has become a popular practice in literature around the world, precisely within the fields of creative writing. Although the concept of translation emerged during the early third century, it has been included as an interdisciplinary field of studies only in the mid-eighteenth century. Calcutta-based Indian author Hemendra Kumar Roy, a prolific translator and short story writer in his lifetime during the colonial period, not only has demonstrated a profound influence of the West in his own works, but also has produced the type of literary works that has contributed into making a space for Bengali Literature within the realms of World Literature. However, not much of Roy's works has been able to transcend the boundaries of Bengali Literature, due to the language-barrier created for Bengali as a result of the postcolonial effect. It is out of this concern that the translator has attempted to translate Roy's short story collection, *Adhunik Robin Hood* as *The Modern Robin Hood* by approaching the process through Roman Jakobson's essay, "On Linguistic Aspects of Translation", in order to display the quality of Bengali literature to the international readers, who find the literature inaccessible because of the language-barrier.

Introduction

Translation is often understood as conveying the meaning of something by changing its language. It can be done either in oral form, or in the written form. At least this is how the concept of translation has been accepted in a country like Bangladesh and the Indian-subcontinent, which has undergone the process of colonization substantially, and is yet to recover from the effects of colonization. The conventional idea could make a room for it, as Bengali, the vernacular language of Bengal, had to be translated, commonly into English, for the British colonizers. Such an action transformed translation into a natural phenomenon. Bengali, unlike the European languages, or perhaps, the language of the ‘White’ people, suffers a world-wide reach, as a result of the postcolonial effect. Non-Bengali readers around the world, often underestimate Bengali Literature, which is largely the consequence of the postcolonial effect. In an attempt to uphold the richness of Bengali literature, the translator has attempted to translate *Adhunik Robin Hood* (1940), a collection of short stories, written by Hemendra Kumar Roy, by referring to the definitions and theories of translation, and the available literature on this interdisciplinary field of study. In order to see translation as an academic activity and a form of creative writing, the translator mostly adhered to the concepts of Interlingual translation and the Equivalence effect, which have been theorised and explored by the Russian-American linguist and literary theorist, Roman Jakobson (1896-1982), and the Italian cultural critic and literary theorist, Umberto Eco (1932-2016), respectively, while Jeremy Munday’s book, *Introducing Translation Studies: Theories and Application*, has been used as a source of the available theoretical frameworks in translation studies.

Hemendra Kumar Roy (1888-1963) was an Indian author and a translator, who predominantly wrote and produced his works in the Bengali language. Best known for writing detective fictions for children and adolescents, Roy is one of the four translators of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* in the Bengali language, along with his Bengali translation of Lewis Carroll's famous children's novel, *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) as *Ajab Deshe Amala* (1934). Roy has translated works of various languages from various parts of the world, which includes the works of Alexander Dumas, Bram Stoker, H. G. Wells, Leslie Charteris, and Sheridan Le Fanu. Besides, his detective fictions, all in Bengali, include *Jawker Dhan* (1930), *Jayantar Kirti* (1937), *Manusher Gora Doityo* (1944), which is loosely translated from *Frankenstein*, written by Mary Shelley, and the text in subject. *The Modern Robin Hood* consists of ten short stories, originally. However, due to time constraints, the translator was able to translate five short stories, and the "preface", which played a crucial role in the translation.

In a paper by Dr. Md Siddique Hossain, titled "Evolution of Detective Fiction in Bengali Literature: From Mystery to Mastery," the author mentioned:

"Hemendra Kumar Roy was a Renaissance Man of Bengali Literature, publishing his first article in Vasudha magazine in 1903 and later writing non-stop for children. His life was filled with numerous intriguing events, and he wrote many stories under the pseudonym Meghnad Gupta." (5)

The author further mentions:

“Hemendra Kumar Roy was a favorite writer for children and adults alike. His works are based on the shadow of foreign stories, such as 'Invisible Man', 'Ajab Desh Amla', 'Man Made Demon', and 'King Kong'”. (Hossain 5)

In the story “Real Demon-demoness”, the writer showed the criminal mindset of a greedy doctor, who indulges into immoral activities, which included providing the patients with improper treatments, infidelity, and finally he attempts to murder his fiancée, who also aided him previously but realizes the consequences of her actions, and is able to redeem for it later. The historical short story “The Bengali Boy in the French Revolution”, Roy looks at the case of a Bengali boy named Zamor, who is believed to be belonging to the Siddi tribe of Africa, who used to live in the region that is currently known as Bangladesh. Roy narrates how the boy was abducted by European pirates and sold to the royal kingdom of France during the reign of Louis XV. In “The Adventures of the Famous Thief”, Roy explores an incident that took place when the English playwright, William Shakespeare, was young. Roy not only explored the single incident of poaching, but he also alluded to Shakespeare’s tendency of plagiarism through the short story’s title. In the eponymous short story, “The Modern Robin Hood”, Roy draws reference from the mythological English figure, Robin Hood, and connects it to the actions of a real Asutrian robber, who shared the traits of Robin Hood. Finally, in “The First Detective Story of the World”, Roy refers to Biblical stories that displayed the characteristics of detective stories, and also refers to Voltaire’s philosophical novella, *Zadig; or, The Book of Fate*, which manifested the qualities of detective fiction. Roy adds some fable-like qualities to the short stories by adding morals to most of them at the end. Roy places particular emphasis on the goodwill and good intentions of people who did the right thing, but in the wrong procedure. For example, Roy states at the end of “The Bengali Boy in the French Revolution”, “After captivating

the bird of the forests in a golden cage, do not think you are favouring it. What you think is the bird's joyful chirping, is actually its unbearable curses" (Roy 49).

In a chapter by Stella Chitralkha Biswas, titled "Assertive Heroes and Male Heterotopia", the author comments about the author in subject in the following lines:

"Scholars have agreed upon the fact that it was Roy who initiated the cult of the perfectly "Bengali" detective within this prevailing mode of writing in the twentieth century, perceivably in both attire and ideology of his protagonists even though there were certain obvious traces of Doyle's or Poe's influences in the investigative methods that they adopted." (Biswas 159)

A text built via the employment of Intertextuality, Allusion, Reference, and other similar literary devices, Roy shows his capability of commenting on the history and literature of Europe, both explicitly and implicitly. for not only shows the extensive research work that Roy as an author undertook, it also shatters the superiority of Europe and the accompanying racism. In Harish Trivedi's paper, titled "Colonial Influence, Postcolonial Intertextuality: Western Literature and Indian Literature," the author comments:

"The influence of English literature on Indian literature may be one of the most extensive and profound influences ever exerted by one literature over another, but it still remains only a very small part of the larger master narrative, if one may so call it, of the impact of British colonial rule on India, and is inextricably entwined with it. It was not merely, or even mainly, a literary and cultural influence; it was a more comprehensively hegemonic oppression." (124)

The translator observed that Roy adopted the tone of addressing children. In regards to this matter, Isabel Pascua Febles in the paper “Translating Cultural Intertextuality in Children’s Literature” states:

“On centring our attention on the translation of children’s texts, a number of fundamental elements should be considered closely: on the one hand, the focal point must, beyond any doubt, be the child as the reader; and on the other, there is the acceptability, meaning that the TT reads naturally and that it contains the characteristics we would expect of a tale written in the target language.” (126)

Hemendra Kumar Roy, belonging to colonised India, has chosen European stories, most of them from countries like Austria and England, where the commitment of crimes has become unimaginable, at least after the twentieth century. It can be assumed from the writer’s choice of the literature’s location, how implicitly ironic the stories appear to the colonised readers, who have suffered the consequences of colonization themselves, if one looks back at its history. The author, while documenting the true crime stories, mentioned how the traits of mystery could be found in an “oriental text” in terms of the Palestinian-American literary critic Edward Said, like the *Ramayana* in the “preface” of this text:

“The value of *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* would decrease to what extent without criminals like Ravana and Duryodhana, intellectuals can try to imagine it. And even the traits of detective stories can be detected in many places of these two mythological stories. Let me give a small instance. When Ravana travelled on Kubera’s chariot to Lanka after kidnapping Sita, Sita kept wearing her jewellery off her body and spread them one by one along the trail she travelled by as she left. This is because she knew,

Ramachandra would be able to follow her through this clue. This one clue, is very the source of a detective story!” (Roy 13)

Also Tejaswini Niranjana remarked, “Translation as a practice shapes, and takes shape within, the asymmetrical relations of power that operate under colonialism.” (2)

Having made mentions of the postcolonial effect, the translator found it intriguing, how things can appear unbelievable to the readers worldwide, irrespective of them being colonizers and the colonised. This is because, until the twentieth century, gender has played a dominant role in narratives. A small instance can be found in *The Modern Robin Hood*: “A patient acquainted with Dr. Schmitz informed, he saw the doctor catching the train to Summerlin is hilly-area within Austria, where people go for a change of air” (Roy 8). The author originally used a neutral pronoun as “*shey*” in the original Bengali text in order to record the statement of a patient, who plays a minor yet an important role, to catch the offender, Dr. Schmitz in the “Real Demon-demoness.” To convey the quintessentially patriarchal essence of the twentieth century, the translator attributed the pronoun “he” to the patient. This is because, even though the patient’s gender has been left as a neuter one in the original text, a statement made by a male character appears to be highly reliable and authentic to both the readers and the writer. The situation can be explained using the words of Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak: “The task of the feminist translator is to consider language as a clue to the workings of gendered agency” (179).

A formal definition of Translation has been provided by Jeremy Munday, where the author explores the emergence of the term and its possible meanings:

“The English term translation, first attested in around 1340,2 derives either from Old French translation or more directly from the Latin translation (‘transporting’), itself coming from the participle of the verb transferred (‘to carry over’). In the field of languages, translation today has several meanings: (1) the general subject field or phenomenon (‘I studied translation at university’) (2) the product – that is, the text that has been translated (‘they published the Arabic translation of the report’) (3) the process of producing the translation, otherwise known as translating (‘translation service’). (Munday 8)

Translation is also now considered as a form of creative writing. In a paper by Nicholas Jose, the following remarks could be found:

“In the creative practice that seeks to express and critique the world in new ways, illuminating its better potential, there is almost always a process of translation, where translators are called on to be collaborators and commentators, interpreting and exposing others and self.” (6)

In a chapter by Juan G. Ramírez Giraldo, the author comments:

“In the re-presentation of difference that is literary translation, relations of hegemony and subordination are made visible; however, acts intended to further a privileged position may end up becoming a creative act of resistance.” (Giraldo 18)

Roman Jakobson, in his 1959 essay, “On Linguistic Aspects of Translation”, conceptualized Interlingual Translation in the following lines: “Interlingual translation or

translation proper is an interpretation of verbal signs by means of some other language” (233).

It is in the same essay that Jakobson wrote:

“Likewise, on the level of interlingual translation, there is ordinarily no full equivalence between code-units, while messages may serve as adequate interpretations of alien code-units or messages.” (233)

A similar explanation could be found in Umberto Eco’s book, *Experiences in Translation*, where the author wrote:

“Equivalence in meaning cannot be taken as a satisfactory criterion for a correct translation, first of all because in order to define the still undefined notion of translation one would have to employ a notion as obscure as equivalence of meaning, and some people think that meaning is that which remains unchanged in the process of translation. We cannot even accept the naïve idea that equivalence in meaning is provided by synonymy, since it is commonly accepted that there are no complete synonyms in language.” (9)

From the above lines, the translator could see that achieving totality in terms of equivalence was naturally impossible, during the process of the translation of Roy’s *Adhunik Robin Hood*, as well as “*referential equivalence*”, due to the distorted historical narrative (Eco 57). The challenge was to convey the dramatic effect that Hemendra Kumar Roy employed while building the suspense and the climax in each of the stories. The distorted narrative led the translator to assume that Roy’s work can be considered as a work of creative nonfiction, at least, in terms of creative writing, if not a proper historical fiction. For example, the real identity of the

eponymous modern Robin Hood could be found in a paper by Egbert Klautke, titled “Anarchy and Noise: New Perspectives on the History of Fin-de-Siècle Vienna”. The author writes:

“Instead of a conclusion, the last chapters of the study introduce remarkable individuals: the Viennese ‘Robin Hood’ Johann Breitwieser, a self-educated master-thief who became a popular hero because of his philanthropy and thus defied the contemporary stereotype of the criminal as an ‘evil degenerate’”. (Klatke 4)

Regarding translation as creative nonfiction, Steven Harvey, in a chapter, comments:

“With “Creative Nonfiction” we are tempted to capitalize and court the grandiose. “This is just not a fiction,” the term announces. “Its real! This is not just nonfiction. Its creative!” You open a book of Creative Nonfiction ready for the best of all possible literary experiences-nothing ahead except disappointment. But with the lowly personal essay, the reader, expecting some dull tract, can be surprised.” (Harvey 53)

In conclusion, it can be said that Roy’s work not only showed his own contribution to Bengali literature, it also helped to show the discrepancy that colonial narratives can create between the colonizers and the colonised, where the former considered themselves superior to the colonised. In the process, Roy also managed to show that Bengali literature is no less richer than its counterpart.

Preface

“The Modern Robin Hood” is a story book; but its main attribute is that none of the stories written about these detectives and criminals are imaginary. Whatever has really happened has found its place here. One must keep it in their mind while reading the stories. Only in “The Annex” has it been shown, how the actions of detectives found its place in ancient and modern fictitious literature.

Detectives and criminals among the entire human race, both of their lifestyles are very different and for this reason even in religious literatures such as the Bible, the Ramayana and even in the Mahabharata as well as it impossible to exclude them. The value of Ramayana and the Mahabharata would decrease to what extent without criminals like Ravana and Duryodhana, intellectuals can try to imagine it. And even the traits of detective stories can be detected in many places of these two mythological stories. Let me give a small instance. When Ravana travelled on Kubera’s chariot¹ to Lanka after kidnapping Sita, Sita kept wearing her jewelleries off her body and spread them one by one along the trail she travelled by as she left. This is because she knew, Ramachandra would be able to follow her through this clue. This one clue, is very the source of a detective story! The detective story of the Bible can be found in “The Annex”.

The emergence of detectives occurred with the immediate creation of crimes in the primitive age, that can be guessed easily, although professional detectives were not born at that time. The aboriginal natives of America and Australia could catch criminals in hiding after crossing miles after miles across the deep jungles and forests using silly clues in such manners, seeing which even the renowned Sherlock Holmes’s expertise from the detective novels would not seem much worthy of mention!

Not only humans, at times even low class animals can also display the characteristics of detectives! If someone steals a tigress's cub from the jungle without her knowledge and runs far away, it has often been seen, the tigress has still been able to arrive at the correct location and did not give up without finding her baby! Setting dogs upon jackals, is a game of amusement in Britain or 'sport'! Fleeing Jackals would adopt such peculiar tactics to mislead pursuing dogs and humans which are absolutely prodigious. Suppose, a jackal has come on the edge of a river. But he does not cross the river directly out of anxiety for the fear of losing life. For he knows, dogs guided by man can directly go to the other side of the river and detect his 'odour' by their common sense. So the jackal jumps into the water and swims far away either on the right or left side of the river at first and then it crosses the river! The value of this sort of a logical strategy is no less than any human detective or criminal!

The actions of criminals and detectives are extremely fascinating to ordinary men and it is for this reason a vast, fictitious and famous literature has been created. When people like these very imaginary stories so much, then true stories on this subject shall satisfy the Bengali readers a hundred times more, "The Modern Robin Hood" has been published from this belief. Yours truly,

Sree Hemendra Kumar Roy

Real Demon-demoness

I often tell you stories of ghosts or adventures. But today I will tell you a detective story.

Do not think this is some rubbish chit-chat. This true incident happened in the European country of Austria. We shall find it from the own diary of the police.

Let me also tell you, there is a huge difference between the police of Austria and the police of the other countries around the world. Police of the other countries usually do not tend to take help from any external groups to search for clues in cases of theft-robbery-murder. But when the police of Austria face any complicated case, they often take the help of the professors of the universities.

You must be surprised at hearing that the professors assist the police? But there is nothing to be surprised about. For there is a department of criminology at the universities of Austria. Those professors teach students at that department. Each of the professors over there are so erudite in criminology, that the best detectives in the world would accept defeat to them. Listening to the incident below can give you some proof of the professors' skillfulness.

The famous city of Vienna is Austria's capital, you must be aware of it. One day a parcel came to the chief of the police of that city of Vienna via courier.

The chief was astounded after unwrapping the parcel. It was wrapped with an old newspaper. Inside it was a customary packet of cigarettes, and inside the packet was an index

finger chopped off from someone's left hand! It can be understood from seeing, that the finger has been cut from a woman's hand!

Another parcel arrived after five days. Inside it was a middle finger cut from the right hand of a woman. There was also a wedding ring on the finger!

The chief officer was nonplussed! What a terrifying deed! He has encountered many serious matters in life being the chief of police, but this horrible incident was even beyond his imagination! Ordinary killers would try to escape as much stealthily as is possible for them somehow, but the one who sent the two parcels is so rash, that he did not even cower to drop the samples of his nefarious deeds to the reach of the police's chief repeatedly!

A wrapper made with ordinary newspapers, inside an ordinary packet of cigarettes and even the address on the parcel has been written with the help of a new typewriter. The stamp of the post office is also of the city of Vienna.

There are more people living in the city of Vienna than Calcutta, its population is almost around eighteen lakh. In such a big city among the millions of dwellers which mischief must be doing such a heinous joke with the chief of the police, no clue for that can be found from the parcels. Nevertheless if this criminal cannot be caught soon then there will be no limit to the reproach against the police!

Seeing no other way the chief immediately rushed to an acquainted professor of the university.

Hearing everything at his science laboratory the professor said, “Let me see the two fingers!”

The chief brought out the wrapping paper, the packet of cigarettes, the two severed fingers and the ring and put them on the table.

After examining for a while attentively the professor began, “Hmm, it can be well understood from the condition of the fingers, that when the middle finger was severed after the index finger, the unlucky woman has still been alive. Fingers severed from a corpse are never like that. Maybe she is still alive. Two fingers have been severed from a living woman, maybe she is being murdered by tormenting her little by little.

The chief shivered and said, “Horrible professor! Terrible! You do the tests quickly, maybe we can still save the unlucky woman!

The professor fixed his eyes at the fingers and said, “It can be said from seeing the fingers, these are not the fingers of some ordinary poor woman. Also the way the two fingers have been severed so delicately, it seems like, —”

The chief asked curiously, “What do you think professor, what does it seem like?”

“It seems like, the killer is quite habituated with dissecting dead bodies, and the instruments for the dissection must be with him! Chief, I believe, the killer is either a general physician, or a surgeon, or he works at the morgue, because unprofessional people can never dissect fingers so skillfully!”

The chief became excited after finding such a significant clue after such a long time.

The professor said, “Someone who commits homicide like this, he must be a fan of tyranny. Why is that thread tied around the ring?”

The chief scoffed and said, “Professor, there is no need to see that string with the magnifying glass so carefully. I did not want to touch and lift the ring with my hands and so I tied the string around it.”

The professor remarked while looking at the colourful string with the flint-glass, “You may have tied the string, but the part of the thread which was tied around the ring, why did it get so discoloured? Okay, let us see.”

After doing some chemical tests on the thread the professor said, “There is indigotin disulphonic acid in the string.”

The chief said astonishedly, “That acid was not mine! In what purposes is that acid used?”

The professor began, “In this case maybe that acid was used to remove a tattoo. Hmm, just as I thought! Look over here, a tattoo has been attempted to be removed from the top of the severed middle finger! Although the skin was eroded by the acid it can still be understood from the scar, a little snake was tattooed on the finger!”

The chief exclaimed, “A little snake!”

– “Yes, Chief! The killer must have drawn a snake on some lady’s finger forcefully! Maybe he wanted to say– “You are treacherous as a cobra, that is why I am sealing this mark on your finger!” But still the woman probably threatened him about the police. The killer then must

have said– ‘Are you scaring me of the police? Well, the finger with which you will direct the police at me, I shall sever that very finger of yours and send it to the police!’ But the careful killer tried to remove that tattoo at the time of sending the finger!”

The chief of the police remarked, “Professor, now you are seeking the assistance of imaginations like poets! These are not normal statements!”

The professor chortled and said, “Yes, my conjecture may turn out to be false. But remember, we are not dealing with the actions of any ordinary killer; but anyway, I have dropped you with a real clue and maybe you can trace the killer among surgeons.”

At the orders of the police’s chief teams of detectives and spies immediately rushed to different morgues and the houses of the surgeons and set a keen eye on the movements of each doctor. As if the police had just found shelter like an island among Vienna’s vast sea of people, the detectives did not have to drown in bafflement. Many fake doctors did indeed get caught as a result of this quest, but the real criminal still remained traceless.

Then one day a young surgeon came to the chief of the police and said the following things:

I indeed do not know who the real criminal is, but a doubt has arisen in my mind.

A few days ago a new female doctor named Anna Weisz came to our hospital to work. All the patients Anna attended, she would tell all of them, to go to Dr. Schmitz and their surgeries done. But Dr. Schmitz was not attached to our hospital. Later it was known that Anna was supposed to get married to Dr. Schmitz.

Then rumours spread amongst the doctors, that Dr. Schmitz carries surgeries repeatedly on the same patient unnecessarily and charges them double the fees each time. As if he wanted to become rich very easily very quickly!

A few days later we heard that Anna's relationship with Dr. Schmitz has been broken, he wants to marry another female doctor named Bertha.

It had been a few days since Anna quitted her job at our hospital and left. Dr. Schmitz was also out of the city now and Bertha also could not be found anywhere.

The detectives now began looking for Dr. Schmitz.

A patient acquainted with Dr. Schmitz informed, he saw the doctor catching the train to Summerlin is hilly-area within Austria, where people go for a change of air.

There was a house at some desolate place on the hills. The detectives discovered Dr. Schmitz over there.

It was late at night then, the piercing cold wind blew penetrating the silence. Not even a star is peeping from the dark skies. Just as the detectives tiptoed and reached the entrance of the house quietly they heard fearfully, the silent jolted at the shrill and keen cry of a feminine voice! Someone screamed out of unbearable pain and became silent again immediately!

In half darkness an enormous tall and wide figure opened the front door slowly and came outside — a woman came behind following him.

A detective quickly came forward and said, "Doctor, you are under arrest!"

The doctor hopped behind and tried to close the house's door again, but the detectives surrounded him from all the sides before he could even do it. Then ensued a severe brawl. But seeing that it was not easy to weaken the gigantic muscular doctor, a detective hit on his head with the revolver's stock so hard, that he immediately fell unconscious. The female accompanying him was also caught. She was Bertha, the doctor's new wife.

At a room inside the house, on the surgery table Anna was discovered in a half-unconscious state. Both of her arms were wrapped with bandages, and the whole room smelled of ether.

A few hours later Anna began, "Yes, I would advise the patients to get their surgeries done by Dr. Schmitz because he said he would marry me. The doctor used to earn extra money by illegally operating on the same patient repeatedly.

Then the doctor left me and wanted to marry Bertha. So I said that I would tell the police about his illegal earnings out of anger. The doctor also became furious and he caught me and forcefully drew a tattoo of a snake on my finger one day.

Then hearing that I wanted to inform the police, he begged forgiveness to me and said repentantly, "Alright I will marry you only. But I want to go to Summerlin for a couple of weeks to change the air, you also come along with me."

I became very happy and came here with the doctor like a fool. Then this miserable condition happened to me. Bertha and the doctor severed two fingers from both of my hands together. The doctor said to me after cutting the fingers, "You Cobra! I have tattooed a cobra on

your finger, still you did not become aware. Well, slowly I will cut your whole hand slowly and then gift it to your very friend the police.”

Have you not arrived this demon and the demoness would cut my body into pieces and kill me.”

Dr. Schmitz could not be testified, as his skull got fractured by the hit of the revolver and he succumbed to his injuries. Bertha went to jail.

Have you seen the expertise of the professor of Vienna? As if by magical forces he discovered the clues from the void and everything he said from conjecture, none of his words were false and the police could never approach this case if he was not there.

The Bengali Boy in the French Revolution

A

It happened some time less than two hundred years ago.

The robbers crowded the lands of the earth and the pirates frequented the seas.

The slavery business was going well in different countries around the world. The pirates would rob travelers off their life and wealth and get down on the banks of Africa to abduct the black men. The white men would drop from the moon and settle down permanently on the American land of the Red men and bought the Black men so that they could make them work like slaves and labourers.

Black men generally meant the African Negroes. Poor Negroes! Ever since history began developing, it seems like these Negroes always did the toilsome tasks while being held captive in the developed countries! In Rome, Middle-East – even in India also the emperors and the rich men had the practice of keeping the Negroes as their slaves.

Beautiful wealthy women from the aristocrat society in countries like France and England would tame the Negro slave as a hobby in the eighteenth century. The slaves were not considered as humans as the colour of their skin was not white. Just like we tame dogs, cats, and birds affectionately, yet we do not consider them as any nobler being, the beautiful european wealthy women also saw those Negro slaves in the same way. World-conqueror emperor Napoleon's younger sister Pauline stated very clearly, "Why should I shy away in front of those Negroes? Are they even human?"

Let me share with you another information. The highest recipient of the affections of the European beautiful women, used to be the child slaves of the African-negroes.

B

The colour of the Bengalis' skin was not as black as the Africans, but brownish. The Europeans saw no difference between the brownish and the black colour. They cursed the people assuming that they are the same colour. But many Europeans from Portugal and Spain have a much darker complexion than many Indians. Just because they were born in Europe exempts them from being considered as Black!

Bengal used to be under the unbearable tyranny of the European pirates around two hundred years ago.

The pirates easier to torment the people as East Bengal is a riverine country. They would enter the country by travelling across the rivers on boats and small ships. Sometimes they would escape after arriving on the banks and looting some village or city. East Bengal was perturbed by the actions of the pirates.

One day a black child of the green Bengal was probably dancing and playing around by himself either on a rural track or a river bank; or maybe he was dreaming of playing around while sleeping securedly on the lap of his loving mother. Maybe his name was Kalu or Bhulu, Kanai or Bolai. Maybe he was the son of a Bengali Muslim – his name was Karim or the like. I cannot quite say anything about these issues. Because History is silent regarding such matters. History only says, that unnamed child was from Bengal.

The evil eyes of the European pirates suddenly fell on that child when they came to raid a village. They remembered, dark complexioned child-slaves are taken good care of at the houses of the European elegant ladies. This is not an African-boy indeed, but someone whose complexion is not white, they cannot be called anything other than a Negro.

The pirates escaped after abducting the little boy of Bengal.

History did not describe that day, when that child wailed after losing his mother and the mother wept after losing her small baby, but we still can apprehend it. We can also imagine, the tears still remained in her wounded heart. Those who perpetuated her tears, and that she could never forgive them, we shall get to know about that soon.

C

Come, let me take you to a new country that is several centuries old, on the other side of so many seas and so many rivers.

The country's name is France. France was incomparable to any other place in Europe around two hundred years ago. The whole of Europe loved to eat, whatever the French people ate; the whole of Europe loved to copy and adorned themselves with dresses, the French would wear.

Louis the Fifteenth was the great emperor of this famous country back then. It is not like, Louis was a heartless man; but the capabilities required in order to be a king, Louis the Fifteenth did not possess them. He never looked after the royal duties, he always remained busy regarding the petty delights and entertainments. As a result France became like an anarchic land

and the conditions of his servants became miserable. For this reason the people became rebellious out of rage after the death of Louis the Fifteenth and killed all the kings and the queens along with the princes and noblemen during the reign of Louis the Sixteenth. Those incidents are known as the French Revolution in History.

Louis the Fifteenth shared an extremely close friendship with Count du'Barry's wife – she is better known as Madame du'Barry.

du'Barry was very elegant and intelligent. The king loved to hear her tales, and listened to her instructions thoroughly. Many great nobles had been deprived from their positions at du'Barry's wish, and many wretched would become officials at her beckoning! Everyone awaited her favours. For the King would not be happy if she was not happy at first.

du'Barry used to live at one of the residences at the palace. The king would regularly send expensive gifts to her. The King built her the furniture for her 'dressing table' out of a nine manunds gold palm! Each piece of porcelain coffee cups would cost thousands of livres. It is impossible to count, how many lacs her clothes would cost. An entire kingdom could be purchased in exchange for her jewelleries! The King would spend the money of the people with his hands to keep du'Barry satisfied. There would be the cries of poverty across the Kingdom, but du'Barry's recreation-room was decorated well with the money forcefully taken away from the people! Hearing du'Barry's name infuriated the people!

Seeing an ordinary woman having more power than the King made the nobles extremely angry at du'Barry.

du'Barry once desired to tame a Negro child-slave. Immediately a slave was purchased from the shop – just like a monkey or a dog is bought.

He was that unnamed boy of ours from Bengal kidnapped by the Europeans.

D

Does the bird of the forest like it when it becomes caged inside a cage of gold? Having been removed from that country upon losing his loving parents was the boy from Bengal happy in getting to do the European kingdom's slavery? We will get to know about it after a while.

du'Barry liked the slave very much. A tamed dog needed a name, what could they call the new slave?

Everyone enquired, “Ye, what is your name?”

A Bengali boy, he does not know the French language, so he keeps quiet.

A prince then named him “Zamar”. The Bengali boy became well known by this name in History.

Zamaor got to wear valuable dresses with designs made of pure gold at du'Barry's kindness. Delicious meals were arranged for him. du'Barry's favourite boy would laugh and dance and play around the rooms of the palace. Zamaor could even get inside those places, where the nobles were forbidden to enter! The nobles were busy with keeping Zamaor happy, as he was du'Barry's favourite! du'Barry could not let keep him away from her sight even for a minute – she loved him so much!

But could Zamor the boy of Bengal not understand, du'Barry did not love her pet dog any less than him?

Ordinary people knew Zamor as an African. But the historians clearly described him as a “native of Bengal”. Famous French painter Decrenze drew a portrait of du'Barry with Zamor. du'Barry is drinking coffee from the cup, and young Zamor is standing and looking at his mistress's face just like a pet dog with the “tray” in his hands. His complexion was black indeed, but there was no sign of being an ‘African’ in his nose and eyes and face. The royal painter saw Zamor with his own eyes and drew his portrait.

Renowned French writer Goncourt gave Zamor's description in the following terms: “Something like a human chimera, to carry the trays with refreshments, to hold the parasol and to roll himself on the carpets. He was one of those pretty little monsters whom that age of grotesques loved so much, a two-legged pug.²”

Zamor the boy of Bengal must have learnt French while staying in France. And whenever he heard, he was seen as a peculiar African and a two-legged animal would his heart fill with gratitude for his mistress at that time? Did all that kind prosperity and splendour not sting his entire body like poisonous thorns at that time? The answers shall be found soon.

Bengalis are negroes. Bengalis are two-legged animals. For their skin is not white.

E

The King of France had many palaces and each palace had a governor in its omnipotent master's role. Nobody else could be placed at the governor's position other than any noble men

with a title. One day du'Barry requested the King, "Your Highness, the governor's position at your Luciennes palace has become vacant. I want to place my Zamor in that position!"

Louis the Fifteenth jolted and said, "What are you saying! No one gets that position other than the noble men. What will happen to the image of the other governors if Zamor becomes the governor? What will the people of the Kingdom think?"

du'Barry said, "I do not care what the people of the Kingdom think. The noblemen of this place are my enemy. I want to show them, they are not greater than Zamor in my eyes!"

The King simpered and said, "Well, let your wish be fulfilled! Come Zamor, you are the governor from today! Your salary is 400 livres!"

The value of 400 livres was much higher in those times than today.

In the county of Zamor's birth, some human-monkeys are spending lacs and lacs of money in the wedding of animal-monkeys! He is also a living toy like pet cats and dogs, placing him at the governor's position did not honour his humanity, his inferiority was accentuated in order to insult the exalted noblemen, Zamor from Bengal was incapable to understand that, one could not really say that.

Probably for this reason Goncourt had said, "The palace was like Governor Zamor's cage for the bird of the forest!"

"Hideous man", "two-legged pug" Zamor probably displayed a mouthful smile at being the honourable Governor, but whether the fire of revenge kindled in his heart, we shall see it in the next scene!

F

I have raised the curtains of the next scene around twenty years later.

Meanwhile Louis the Fifteenth has died, the Sixteenth Louis lost his life along with his queen in the hands of the rebellious servants from the sins of his ancestors after ruling for a few years despite being innocent.

The entire French nation has become crazy with blood-thirstiness, everyone had this statement in their lips– “Those who have sucked on the blood of the servants all these days, has starved us and bought luxurious toys with our own hard-earned money, we want their blood today!”

Zamor was not at the Palace that day – he was with the armed rebellious servants! He is an adult man, no more a child. He was not anybody's slave that day, but as free as the deep blue skies of Bengal. That day he understood it very well, who underestimated his humanity by mocking him as a “two-legged pug”!

On the dock of the court of justice the captive du’Barry saw with fearfully stupefied eyes, Zamor the model of a peculiar human being, the domesticated living toy of the Palace, stood up to testify against her! There is no childlike submissive smile on Zamor’s face today, the fire of revenge of the watchful independent people of Bangladesh blazed in his eyes!

Zamor revealed everything about du’Barry one by one.

G

Final scene.

There were so many people around. Everyone is chanting – “Kill, kill. Those who did not honour humanity, did not consider the poor as human beings, kill all of them.”

Beneath the guillotine the pitiable du’Barry cried out in a miserly voice distressfully, “Help me, save me. Spare me. I will distribute all my possessions.”

Some said rudely from amongst the crowd, “All of your possessions are the people’s possessions.”

The falchion of the guillotine came down. du’Barry’s severed head did not speak anymore.

It was an unbearable sight. Was Zamor also there in the crowd?

I do not know.

History did not bother him anymore.

Zamor the shackled Bengali slave has become immortal in the paintings and literature of the French. But where did the free Zamor go after unshackling himself, no one can tell that.

After captivating the bird of the forests in a golden cage, do not think you are favouring it. What you think is the bird’s joyful chirping, is actually its unbearable curses.

The Adventures of the Famous Thief

The true story of the world famous thief's adventures!

Some time less than four-hundred years ago was this thief born in England. But people of all the countries in the world treat him like their own family members. Not only do they adore him, they respect him too. No other thief has ever received as much respect, as much love from this world. The name of this most renowned thief is not unknown to you either. See if you can guess his name while listening to this story!

There is a district named Warwickshire in England. The beautiful river Avon soaks and flows over its parched bosom. On its banks stands an estate named Charlecote. The landowner's name is Sir Thomas Lucy.

A huge estate it is- there are villages inside it, as well as forests. Bevvies of deer graze around the forests. The deer are counted within Sir Thomas's property. Strict punishment is given to anyone who steals a deer. There are many people appointed to guard these deer. But still many deer are going missing nowadays.

So Sir Thomas has been becoming increasingly enraged. He yelled at the steward, "Tell me what is the matter? I see that a deer is going missing every week! The thieves are running away with the fawns! This poaching must be stopped! Arrange for strict monitoring everywhere! I believe, this is not the work of a man or two, there are many others involved here!"

The steward said fearfully, “Master, I have set guards everywhere. Yesterday a gang of poachers were able to escape the moment they were about to get caught! The guards did run after them, but sadly, they could not catch anyone!”

Sir Thomas inquired, “Do you not suspect anybody?”

The steward replied, “I have been to the villages and looked for them. I have found some young boys, who spread rumours about you! They sniggered everytime I mentioned the deer-thefts. But it is hard to tell, who is innocent and who is guilty among them.”

Sir Thomas pulled a face and said, “If I can catch those wretches for once, then no one will snigger among them! Repeated thefts! Steward, this poaching must be stopped!”

Suddenly there has risen an uproar outside—counter—arguments, hustle and bustle! Then someone entered the room and greeted the landlord and said, “Your honour, a poacher got caught last night!”

Sir Thomas inquired curiously, “Where is that scoundrel?”

—“We struggled a lot to keep him locked inside one of the rooms of the court-house.”

—“Do you know him?”

—“No Your honour! But everyone in the village knows him. Impudent lad, he did get caught once or twice after doing illegal things.”

—“How did you catch him?”

—“He tried to escape from the forest with the deer on his shoulder after killing it. Our men noticed him and ran after him. If he had dropped the deer and ran at that time, no one would have been able to catch him.”

Sir Thomas said in terrific delight, “bring him here— bring him here right now, let him enjoy the consequences of stealing other’s property! Steward, you may leave now. But beware! Remember, a lot of other poachers trespass into my forests, all of them should be taught a lesson one by one!”

Sir Thomas is not only a landowner. He is a member of the Parliament, a judge of the court. So he dressed up quickly in fancy attires as is suitable for his position. Then with heavy footsteps, he entered the colossal hallroom making a gloomy face like the owl. He looks after his estate, hears the requests of his subjects, punishes the offenders in this room. All the other members of Sir Thomas’s family congregated here at the news of catching the deer-poacher.

Everyone heard, a distant chaos is gradually approaching the house. Then a lot of men’s footsteps stopped in front of the house. Then two guards goaded a young lad from his two sides and presented him in the hallroom. A healthy deer laid dead on the shoulders of a man behind him. Another man carried an arrow—the poacher killed the deer with the spear of this arrow. Behind everyone else has trailed

another group of people, who has come to enjoy the scene. The sight of an offender being punished, is always a delightful one in the world.

The poacher's age is within twenty years of age. A handsome lad, with wavy hair on his head, big eyes, a thin line of mustache, and medium height. No one can doubt him as a thief from his looks.

Sir Thomas called the boy loudly and pointed at him sharply, "Come forward boy!"

The poacher stepped forward.

—"What is your name?"

The thief said his own name.

No changes occurred in Sir Thomas's expressions at hearing the poacher's name. The name had no value back then, although the world bows its head at this very name today.

Sir Thomas began louting both of his eyes, "There is an objection of poaching under your name. Those who have testified against you, there is no way to doubt them. You have been caught red handed along with the stolen goods. Your offence is serious. Therefore your punishment shall not be extenuated either. I have news of some other wretched bandits like you in this area. So I shall give you such a punishment, that everyone should rectify themselves while there is still time."

The poacher replied softly, "Well, I shall pay the penalty for it."

Sir Thomas said in a stern voice, "No!"

—“Then send me away to jail.”

Sir Thomas retorted in his stern voice, “No, no! Neither shall you be penalised, nor shall you be sent to jail! You shall be caned thirty times at your back!”

Caning has been a contumelious punishment back then. The offender's face became sanguineous after hearing this. Never has he imagined about such a punishment, and he quickly cried aloud painfully, “penalise me— send me to jail, but please do not order them for caning me!”

Sir Thomas said solemnly, “Take the criminal away from here! He shall be caned thirty times at his back in a swish!”

Everyone has pulled the poacher outside. Then he has been made to stand in front of the public in an open space with his hands tied behind him and got struck by the cane each time.

When the thief has returned with his head bowed down and his back all bloody that day, he has been overpowered by the pain inside his mind rather than the pain at his back. His soul has become restless by the thought of taking revenge, but can he really avenge that wealth and powerful landlord Sir Thomas Lucy? Neither has he the power, nor has he the wealth! Should he poach the deer in the forests again? No, there is strict surveillance all around the forest, it will become perpetually humiliating if he gets caught this time!

But vengeance— vengeance— by hook or crook revenge must be taken— that wealthy Sir Thomas must know, the poor can take revenge

as well. The poacher mapped out the heaven and the earth. Suddenly he remembered his days of childhood at school. The boys of his class almost drove a villainous master crazy by composing a poem about him. Yes, this can be an easy way of taking revenge. but he has never written a poem in his life. He does not know how to write poetry. Well, what does it matter to try for it?

The thief has taken a paper, a pen, and sat down to write a poem against Sir Thomas with full concentration. To his surprise he discovered while writing, it is not at all tough for him to write poems. The way the poem has turned out at last, Sir Thomas shall never be flattered by this upon its recitation, and this realization gave immense satisfaction in the heart of the thief. There is no time to put forward the entire poem here, you will be able to make some idea of it from the lines below.

“A parliament member, a justice of peace,

At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass,

Is lousy is Lucy as some folks miscall it

Then Lucy is lousy whatever befall it...”³

Etcetera.

Our poet ran with his poem right away to his friends in the village and enthusiastically read it aloud in front of them. They all found the poem so fantastic, that they memorised it

immediately. Among them was a singer, he gave a tune to the lyrics and began singing it like a song. Within two days all the villagers either recited it or began singing it merrily. Nobody liked Sir Thomas in that area.

But still it could not satisfy the new poet. For probably Sir Thomas has not heard such a valuable poem with his own ears. Therefore he quietly has gone to the estate of the landowner and pasted the poem at the front gate of it.

The next morning when Sir Thomas has sat down to eat with his son-daughter-wife, all of a sudden a servant handed over that page of the poem to the landowner and said, “Master, this was hanging on the gate. We do not know how to read, could you please see if this is something important?”

Sir Thomas inspected the paper and got whipped into fury and said, “You rascal, you must know how to read. You have come to show me this paper after reading it. Get out, get lost from here. I can slap your life out of you, do you know?”

The servant found relief after running away in an instance,— he really did not know how to read.

Sir Thomas yelled after thinking for a while, “Got it, this is the work of that rascal-wretched-brattish thief! I will chop his ear off— I shall chop off his ear!”

Although the ears of his poacher-poet could not be chopped off, but he had to escape from the village from the torments of Sir Thomas. But he did return to the village after many years, by that time he was a famous poet and playwright.

It has been a long time since Sir Thomas has died. Nobody has known him in those days. But because the greatest poet and the playwright in the world has composed his first poem on him that is why no one could forget his name. Do you want to hear the name of that four hundred-year-old ancient deer-poacher? He is William Shakespeare.

The Modern Robin Hood

One

You must be acquainted with the kind robber Robin Hood of Britain either by going to the cinema or by reading books. Robin Hood lived in the Sherwood forest and looted the money of the rich and distributed them amongst the poor.

But the name of another Robin Hood of this era could not spread all around the world yet. Whether there was really anybody called Robin Hood in the past, a lot of people express their doubts about it. But there is no doubt about the Robin Hood of the present. He is a real man.

His real name is Hugo Breitwieser. He is from Austria and the sphere of his actions is in the city of Vienna.

Hugo was from a thoroughly elegant family. He was educated and an engineer. But his mind was so clear that, he became educated in many other literacies by his own efforts and perseverance.

All the iron and other metals used for making locks and keys, chest, box and bars, he knew all the details about their properties. How the power of any acid would have an impact on iron and steel respectively, he even learned that as well by studying Chemistry. The way to create holes using oxyacetylene torch, it was not unknown to him as well.

He could make different kinds of strange machines with his own hands. The scientific techniques that the police of this generation adopt to catch thieves and robbers, he had all of

them in the face of his finger nail. He read all the stories of the intelligence of famous detectives. He would exercise regularly. He learned all the moves Jujutsu, wrestling and boxing very well.

When all his lessons were over, he suddenly went into hiding from his home completely. People at his home got to know, Hugo had left the country and went to America.

But he was hiding in the city of Vienna actually. He rented a room in the slum of the poor people. He would study alone in that room all day and night and quitted shaving his beard and mustache. His face got so covered by the mustache and beard a few days later that even no scope was left for his acquaintances to recognise him easily.

Two

That year the winter fell so severely in the face of Christmas, that no one has ever seen such a cold weather.

Austria is a cold country, and one is going to die from the cold if they do not light the fire with coal. This extreme winter added to the trouble.

The coal traders found a chance to raise the prices highly. The rich never complained about it, they have the affordability to burn so much coal in the equally extreme weather. But the unfortunate poor people have all the problems! They can afford to buy coal with such high prices— despite the snow falling everywhere, the blood is freezing in their bodies! Unable to warm themselves with the fire a lot of them went to sleep while shaking in the cold, but that sleep never broke again in this life!

Only two days left for Christmas to arrive. A big businessman was about to shut down his shop on a cold evening. All of a sudden a well-dressed lad entered his shop.

The lad said, "I am the secretary of a very big and kind businessman. My master is not willing to tell his name. He wants to donate coal to a thousand poor families. But all the coals must be sent by tonight. I am giving you the address of the ones to those it has to be sent immediately. But will you be able to send all that coal by tonight?"

The business man said, "Why not? But so much coal will cost thousands of bucks!"

The lad scornfully proffered bundles of notes and said, "You do not have to worry about the cost."

The businessman made arrangements for delivering the coal. The lad paid all the price and went away.

The businessman could not deposit the money in the bank as it got late at night. He kept the notes in his metal chest and shut his shop down. He could not contain his smile at such an unexpected profit in one day.

That night a pomp of happiness fell among the one thousand poor families of Vienna as well. The coal is burning in each house for the donation of the donor, there is no fear of life due to the extreme cold.

Three

The smile on the businessman's face faded away in the next morning.

With astounded eyes he saw, his metal chest was unlocked, and not only those notes earned from the last night were not there, a lot of money along with those have vanished as well! He immediately rushed to inform the police.

A great tension emerged throughout the entire city. stories of the unknown donor and his weird donation and this unknown thief's weird theft spread from paper to paper and people would only talk about this.

Who is this donor? Who is this thief?

The police of Vienna had high reputation in Europe. But there were no fruits of that reputation today. This marvellous thief is so cunning and cautious that, he did not even leave any clue for getting caught!

Within less than two-four days there were new tensions amidst the existing ones. This letter was published in hundreds of newspapers of Vienna:

“What I have taken from the businessman's metal chest, was my own money. that mean businessman raised the prices of coal in this cold weather and tortured the poor without any reason. That is why it resulted in this punishment for him.

The rest of the businessman's money that I have taken, is my remuneration. Sincerely—

Robin Hood.”

Not to mention, this modern Robin Hood is none other than our previously acquainted Hugo Breiwieser.

Then a pomp of major thefts began falling on the city of Vienna often! The secured edifices of the rich, the metal door of the miser, the impenetrable iron chests, all of them seemed to have become flimsy to the thief!

Even the police force of Vienna became thoroughly tired of country-wide complaints and frequent rampages. The thief did not leave even the slightest clue in any of the thefts. How did the thieves suddenly become so unbelievably cunning?

After some time the police discovered after many searches that, immediately after every big theft, the poor people of the city receive huge amounts of money from the unknown donor!

The police realized after racking their brains that, all these thefts are not the work of several other thieves, definitely that weird Robin Hood must be at the root of all the thefts!

But nothing worked in this discovery either. Who is this Robin Hood? Where does he live?

Four

When the address of Robin Hood could not be found by any means, the police then found a new way to trap him.

The story of a suddenly-wealthy butcher was published in different newspapers. There is no limit to his money, his jewelleryes! He is said to have left the meat-business and has come to the city to do *nawabi* like the fancy wealthy people!

He could be seen with his wife and children often at various theatres and festive ceremonies frequently. There would be so many ornaments on his wife's and daughters' body that, it would burn the eye.

But they used to go to sleep very early after returning home and their lights would go out before it was too late at night.

One night all the lights were turned off and everyone went to sleep.

Some kind of an indistinct sound was heard from the room where the chest of ornaments were. As if the mice were cutting something with their teeth!

Suddenly the light turned on in the dark and four detectives rushed to see that, a lad was sitting in front of the metal chest. Robin Hood has stepped in the police's trap!

But Hugo was a lot more cunning than the police!

The revolver in his hand roared repeatedly and the lights broke into pieces because of the bullets in a moment!

After the lights were turned on again, one detective was seen lying injured and another one lying dead on the floor of the room and Robin Hood had disappeared!

But Hugo could not escape despite so much effort.

A group of police came and surrounded him as soon as he climbed down the window with a rope and descended on the street in the dark!

The mighty Hugo fought like a beast, weakened one enemy after another several times, but he still could not save himself! The police's group was a really large one, he indeed had to go to the jail with handcuffs on his hands after so many days!

Five

The next evening the imprisoned Hugo called his guard of his prison-cell and enquired, "Hey the story of my deeds must have been published in all the newspapers of today?"

"– Certainly it has!"

"Can you let me read them? I will definitely pay for it, I will give you tips as well."

The guard saw nothing wrong with it. He bought him sacks of newspapers after a while. The city of Vienna is not like Calcutta, around nineteen lakh people live there, and most of them have the habit of reading newspapers in the morning daily. Therefore hundreds of newspapers are printed everyday in Vienna. All these newspapers piled so high that, Hugo's stature almost got covered within them.

All the armed guards of the prison were strolling outside the cell and peeped through the gaps of the window's rail to see Hugo after fifteen minutes each time. Every time they saw, Hugo was reading his own actions in the newspaper with rapt attention as if he was swollen with pride!

Hugo was not reading the paper actually. Whenever the guards left, he would stand up immediately. And he would go near the window on the other side and got out a very small rasp and kept rubbing it on the rail. This rasp which was so thin yet had foils of hard metal was made

with his own hands. The police searched through his clothes and confiscated all his belongings, but this rasp was hidden in the 'sole' of his shoes!

He called the guard at midnight and said, "Hey brother, my eyes are already weak, that is why this cell's light is too weak for me. The letters in this newspaper here have been printed in very small sizes. Can you come closer to the window and read this part aloud to me?"

The guard agreed and went closer to those rails, Hugo immediately hit him and made him unconscious with the metal of the rail cut-with-his-own rasp. Then he extended his hand and got the key to open the door out of the guard's pocket.

* * *

The time came for the guards' shift at the end of the night. The new guard informed the higher authorities after coming and not seeing the previous guard.

After searching through the cells the dead body of the previous guard was found in Hugo's cell. But where is Hugo? His prisoner's uniform was in the guard's attire, but where is the guard's uniform?

Many newspapers were rolled up and laid down on the floor of the cell. The mattress of the prisoner's bed was cut into pieces. What did all these mean?

Then it was discovered, a rail of a window was missing. And a rolled news paper was hanging from another rail!

How peculiar was that rope! It was first rolled using five to six newspapers together. Then lest the knot got loose, that is why the cut cloth of the mattress was wrapped around it and

tightened out of that fear. Then one rolled paper was tied with another rolled paper. Then Hugo escaped by climbing down using that rope!

That peculiar rope still remained well protected in the museum of Vienna's police till date!

Six

That time the whole of Europe raged in war against Austria and Germany. and the story of Hugo got lost amidst the worldwide tumult of that modern *Kurukshetra*.

When the death stream came to a halt after four years, the state and strength of Austria was poor. Even the police could not be concerned about Hugo's case at such a time of degeneration.

The butcher whom the police employed and caught Hugo, he now had unlimited wealth indeed! He would often invite the high-ranking nobles and throw feasts!

One day he met an eminent man named Count Richard at a big hotel and it was not late for that acquaintance to transform into friendship eventually.

the count said one day, "My friend, it is of no use to throw such small feasts. arrange for such a big feast and ball-dance, which will continue the whole night. Invite all the wealthy lads and ladies of the country. Then there will be no limit to your fame."

The butcher wants to buy his fame in the high-society today after becoming rich today. He agreed to it right away and handed the responsibility of this huge feast over Count Richard himself.

All the noble men and women came to the house of the butcher on the night of the feast. The jewelleries are flashing everywhere.

The Count called his friend at a corner and said, “Hey, often expensive ornaments are stolen during the dance. tell your guests, to keep the most expensive ornaments for some time in your chest for the time being. Again return those to them after the dance is over.”

Everything was done according to those words!

At late night the guests wanted their ornaments back after the ball-dance.

But after the metal chest was opened, it was seen that there was not a single piece of jewellery amounting four lakh bucks! No trace of Count Richard also could not be found anywhere!

An uproar fell throughout the country! No one ever heard of such a burglary! Everyone is shocked! The police are bewildered as well!

Some of the newspapers then reminded that, Robin Hood got caught at the house of that very butcher! After four years Robin Hood took revenge today.

The statement struck the police’s thoughts. Groups of detectives rushed in all four sides, but no trace of Robihood could be found in the long two years.

Seven

After two years it was heard from the mouths of spies, a lad lives alone in a small city, twenty miles far from Vienna. He is rich, but he does not socialise with anybody. He studies at home, and goes out on his bicycle sometimes.

The police kept wondering– who is he? Why does he live alone? How does he lead his domestic life? He needs to be seen at least for once!

A group of armed police were sent with people, who knew Hugo.

It could be seen from the distance, someone was coming closer with his bicycle!

Yes! It was Hugo Robin Hood there!

The police raised their guns, Hugo also raised his revolver!

But Hugo could not be caught, he surrendered to the police's bullets in the face of death!

Wonderful was the life of this modern Robin Hood! Hugo stole the money of the rich and gave it to the poor. But there is no value of doing honest work in dishonest ways, the untimely demise of Hugo has proven that!

The intelligence, talent, and courage that Hugo had, he could have been a memorable immortal person in different countries today if he was on the right track.

If you want to do good work, you have to be on the right path.

The First Detective Story of the World

You all perhaps love to hear detective stories. why only you, there is love for stories of this class in all the countries of the world. Many writers have become immortal just by writing detective stories. Light traces of detective stories can be found in the folktales and the fairytales of Bangladesh.

Modern good detective stories does not mean collection of some exhilarating cases; because its main objective is, to show the power of men's acuity and intelligence. The American writer Edgar Allan Poe's name is considered to be the creator of modern detective stories in the western countries. He has written only about three short detective stories, but all of them are amazing! Real detectives can learn from those stories despite being imaginary, such proofs have been found as well.

Once a girl was murdered in America. That caused a lot of sensation everywhere. But the police could not catch the murder despite so much effort. At that time Mr. Poe wrote a short story based on that murder. Everyone took it as a fiction at first. but a few days later it was later known from the information revealed by several people involved in the real murder that, the doubts and guesses of the fictitious detective created by Mr. Poe were true indeed!

Who does not know the name of the English writer Sir Arthur Conan Doyle today? Stories of Sherlock Holmes written by him have spread in all the countries of the world. But had Edgar Allan Poe not written detective stories, there are doubts whether anyone would have heard the name of Sherlock Holmes today!

But modern detective-stories actually originated in the eighteenth century in the French country. Probably you must have not read Voltaire's books yet? Voltaire's essays sufficiently worked in the roots of the French Revolution with another French writer called Rousseau. This Voltaire wrote a novel, and its name is "Zadig". It was seen in that novel that, the queen's dog and the king's horse got lost, but Zadig could tell just by looking at their footprints, whether the dog was male or female, of which breed it was, whether it had any offspring and how long its tail was and how tall the horse was, whether its limbs were lame and many other peculiar information like that.

How the King found an honest treasurer by this Zadig's intelligence and tactics, that is also a tale to hear.

One day the king said sadly, "Zadig, I could find an honest treasurer till today. whoever i place in the treasurer's position, that person always steals money himself in handfuls. You are so intelligent, how to find an honest treasurer, can you tell?

Zadig replied, "I can Your Highness. the person who can show you the best dance, he will be the honest treasurer."

The King remarked, "What nonsense you are saying, like a fool! Only a good dancer will become the treasurer? Inappropriate things always!"

Zadig said, "Why do you not test whether my words are true or not! Listen to what I say and make the arrangements."

—"What arrangement?"

–“Keep heaps of diamond-ruby-emerald in a room beside the royal court. Then those who have petitioned to be your treasurer, order each of one of them to pass through that room and enter the court. Let the guards watch outside the room, but nobody should stay inside.”

The King arranged for everything according to the words of Zadig right away.

On the specific day those who wanted the treasurer’s position they all came through the jewellery house one by one and stood over the royal court.

The King began, “All of you want to be the treasurer? Great, then start dancing.”

–“What are you saying your Highness! Will we have to dance?”

–“Yes, yes, those who will not dance their petition will not be acceptable. Begin dancing!”

Zadig saw while standing behind the King’s throne, the candidates for the treasurer’s position began dancing in a disappointed face. but they could not even dance properly – their bodies recoiled and numb, heads bowing down, their hands attached to the two sides of their bodies, nobody had any flexible movement in their dance. They threw their feet and thumbed on the floor and moved wildly only in the name of dancing.

Zadig said angrily, “Gangs of mean, vile, wickeds!”

But one man was dancing superbly! There was no sign of shyness in his body at all, his head held high, pleasant delightful movements in the limbs.

Zadig remarked, “Your Highness, this man is honest. Give this man your treasurer’s position!”

The King enquired in an astonished tone, “How did you get to know, that this man is honest?”

Zadig replied, “Your Highness, this hundred men has come to be your treasurer. But the rest of the people except this one man when they came through the jewellery house one by one, at that time they picked up handfuls of diamond-ruby-emerald and put them inside their pockets being unable to control their greed. Hence lest those disperse out of their pockets and fall, they cannot even dance properly from this fear.”

The King remarked sadly, “Only one man is honest amongst the hundred men!”

Zadig said, “Your Highness, one honest man is a host in himself.”

Not to mention, that very honest man got the treasurer’s job. The stolen goods were confiscated from the rest of them obviously, most importantly they were given harsh punishments.

but the story of eighteenth century europe is ultra-modern! The creation of detective stories happened several centuries ago. When the historical era just started in the world, we have found a detective story of that time too. I firmly believe, no detective-story has ever been written before that.

The hero or the detective of this story is Daniel, who is famously known as a wise man in the Bible. The scene is in Babylon.

There was a great God in ancient Babylon named Bel. He was also called “the great-mountain”.

The gods and goddesses of the Hindus are unavaricious in one sense. No matter how delicious food you hand them over as offerings, they become satisfied by staring at them with unwinking eyes, the food would later vanish openly inside the hungry abdominal-cavities of the followers. Who knows if the Goddess Kali had the power to devour meat, then whether so many billy goats would have been slaughtered.

But Bel of Babylon was a conventionally gluttonous god. His disciples could not partake a single grain of the food if it was placed in front of him. At least that is what the Babylonians thought.

Colossal temple, as if its pinnacle would pierce the sky. In a castle adjacent to the temple lived the priests with their wives-sons-daughters.

Heaps of delicious foods were sent daily to the sanctum, to satisfy the hunger of the deity.

The Bel-god was voracious indeed, but he felt shy to eat in front of the eyes of the people. That is why everyone would go away after keeping the dishes of foods in front of him and the temple’s gate would be locked from the outside at night.

But every morning after waking up it could be seen that– how surprising! the stone god Bel had eaten away all the foods and digested them after coming to life!

The King's reverence does not stay still at seeing the power of the deity. And by whose power of charm the God is all so awoken, the influence and dignity and the income of that community of priests increased heavily.

Daniel entered the scene at such a time. He was a Jew by religion, he came to Babylon as a captive in the war. Hence he has no reverence towards Bel.

Daniel remarked one day after having seen and heard everything, "Your Highness, the insides of the stony god's stomach is utterly replete with stones, that belly cannot swell in the avarice of heaps of sweets, fruits and meats. Bel does not eat these foods."

The King said, "Whatever you say does not have any meaning. I have seen with my own eyes, the temple's door remains locked from the outside at night. Not a single person or creature stays inside, still where does the food vanish?"

Daniel replied, "You will not believe those words if you hear them from my mouth. Allow me to do my work, I will show you tomorrow morning, Bel does not eat the food."

The deity was offered foods sumptuously that night as well.

Daniel then came and spread ash all over the temple's floor properly at first and then he locked the temple's door from the outside and left.

The morning came. Daniel stood in front of the temple along with the King. the door was unlocked. but upon entering inside the temple it was seen that, the god had licked and devoured all the foods on the plates.

The King's priests and the retainers pointed at Daniel and said, "A Jewish unbeliever has come from a strange place and is questioning the power of our God. How audacious!"

The King said looking at the idol in an ecstatic voice full of reverence, "O the ancient God of Babylon, O Lord Bel! Unlimited is your glory, awake is your belly!"

But Daniel was not even perturbed slightly. He said with a smiling face, "Your Majesty, please look at the floor."

The King looked at the ash-covered floor and exclaimed with utter disbelief, "What is this! Why is so much ash here? How did so many footprints come here? I can see that these are a man's footprints, a lady's footprints, children's footprints! What is the meaning of all these?"

Daniel replied, "The meaning is very clear, your Majesty. There is a secret door behind the temple. The priests enter through that door with their wives and children escape after eating the God's meal to their fill. But I have scattered ash over here, they could not see that in the dark. That is why their footprints have caught them over!"

Then the King's eyes opened. I do not know whether his reverence towards Bel decreased, but the priests were executed.

The End

Notes

The following translations have been taken from the sources below:

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