

Chapter 1 : Brick Lane - Chapter 2 Summary & Analysis

Nazneen waved at the tattoo lady. The tattoo lady was always there when Nazneen looked out across the dead grass and broken paving stones to the block opposite. Most of the flats that closed three sides of a square had net curtains and the life behind was all shapes and shadows. But the tattoo lady.

Summary Analysis Dinnertime has arrived, and Dr. Azad and Chanu are at the table where Nazneen waits to serve them. Azad tells them both a story about two young men from their community who have made themselves sick by overindulging in alcohol. Chanu says he plans to take any children he and Nazneen have home before they can pick up such bad habits. Azad disagrees with such a strategy. Embarrassed, she is unable to reply. Azad and Chanu continue to talk of the pull of home, with Chanu claiming that the peasants are drawn more to the land than to their own blood. Azad addressed Nazneen suggests that he is more open-minded and progressive in his views of gender dynamics than Chanu, who speaks as if his wife were not there. Active Themes Chanu changes the subject to his many qualifications for promotion. He mentions his degrees and the fact that he has missed very few days of work, even when he was sick with an ulcer. Azad casually reassures him that a promotion is probably in his future, and Chanu presses the point, asking Dr. Azad if he came to such information from Mr. Azad says he knows no such man. Watching her husband pathetically attempt to curry favor, Nazneen is torn between disgust and pity. Now she sees that Dr. Active Themes Chanu goes on to tell Dr. Azad about when he first arrived in London. Unlike the peasants who traveled to the country in boats, stowed away like rats, he came in a plane with his degree certificate in his suitcase, hoping to become a private secretary to the Prime Minister. Instead, he was treated like any other immigrant and he had to work hard to get where he is. He burned all the letters from home in which family, friends, and servants begged for him to send them money, and he made two promises to himself: Chanu buries himself even deeper by bragging about his qualifications and his superiority to the other immigrants living in and around Tower Hamlets. His attitude is not unlike the racist opinions of British whites who automatically write off immigrants as ignorant and unskilled. Azad to dinner in the first place. Azad and Nazneen exchange looks. Nazneen is keenly aware that it is a look she, as a loyal wife, should not exchange with a stranger. When Chanu is finally finished speaking, Dr. Azad declines a second helping and dessert, saying he must go home. He then advises Chanu to eat more slowly and cut down on his meat consumption or he is sure to see him in his office again with another ulcer. Still, the look she shares with Dr. Later, Nazneen is drawn to the television screen while she is cleaning up. She watches while a man in very tight clothing and a woman in a dress that barely conceals her bottom spin around an arena to thunderous applause. Nazneen, though, is eager to learn, and picks up on bits and pieces of English as Chanu talks to her about work, where he sometimes feels undervalued. It is difficult to know if his dismissal of the idea that Nazneen might learn English is prompted merely by his underestimation of her intelligence or his desire that she remain dependent on him as translator. Either way, he is always more concerned with his problems than hers. Active Themes Chanu is particularly annoyed by a coworker named Wilkie who, Chanu argues, is always trying to get on the right side of Mr. Dalloway by going to the pub with him. They are also misplaced; he is a mid-level civil servant, making his knowledge of British literature tangential at best, and his tendency to quote long passages to Nazneen shows that he wants to impress her rather than get to know her as a thinking, feeling human being. Active Themes Chanu then goes on to explain to Nazneen that it is the white underclass that is most threatened by men like him. Members of the white underclass, he says, need someone below them in the pecking order. When immigrants begin to out-perform underclass whites, they are motivated to form right-wing populist groups like the National Front. Nazneen wants only to be able to put the dishes away, but Chanu is blocking the cabinets. Eventually, she gives up and leaves them for the morning. As long-winded and misinformed as Chanu often is, this theory has the ring of truth. Still, he is talking at Nazneen rather than to her. As a young woman groomed for marriage, she has never heard of the National Front and, instead, is focused on household chores. Her role is to serve others, not think for herself. Azad does not know Mr. At one point, Nazneen cuts him too closely and he thinks she has drawn blood. They get into bed, and Chanu is soon

snoring. While he sleeps, Nazneen studies his face. It is not a handsome face by any means, but it is kind. Eventually, she gets up and eats leftovers from the dinner she prepared for him and Dr. She eats at the window, looking out and thinking about the woman who, according to Mrs. Islam, jumped to her death. Meanwhile, the tattoo lady is still in her kitchen, drinking. Nazneen serves her husband, performing the unappealing task of cutting his corns without complaint and experiencing pleasure only when left alone. Trapped in a loveless marriage, she finds comfort in food and in the idea that the young wife who killed herself might have done so happily because, unlike Nazneen, that woman had the courage to defy tradition. She cooks and cleans, cleans and cooks. The problem comes when she turns off the television and must return to her old self. For a brief time, she is angry and discontented, unhappy with her lot as a housewife. Active Themes Nazneen is grateful when ice skating is no longer on the television. His reverence seems reserved for his certificates on the wall. Some are genuine diplomas. The majority, though, are worthless. Chanu grows worried his promotion is in jeopardy, thanks in part to austerity measures put in place by Margaret Thatcher. In this way, his religious practice is a lot like his work ethic: Nazneen is looking for material for a new sari. She asks Chanu if he thinks a pink and yellow material is nice. He illustrates his point by arguing that saying the sun will not rise tomorrow is no less intelligible than the idea that it will. When his mind is occupied with such weighty matters, he says, how can Nazneen expect him to have an opinion on a particular sari fabric? Still, he goes into the shop and buys it for her. Chanu is again talking down to Nazneen, whose education almost certainly did not include the works of David Hume. He is splitting hairs and mocking her interest in clothes, but she simply wants a new sari. The fact that he buys the fabric for her proves that he is, as Nazneen has said, kind-hearted. He might lecture her and condescend to her in a maddening way, but he feels affection for her. Active Themes That night in bed, Nazneen wonders what Chanu does all day at work. Does he spend his time discussing whether or not the sun will rise with his colleagues? She drifts off to sleep and soon she is dreaming of her home in Gouripur where she and Hasina are girls again, playing together and being doted on and scolded by their parents. Nazneen is again dreaming of home. In this case, though, home is not a spot on the map but a moment in time. She wants to be young again, a girl living alongside her sister and being taken care of by her parents. Marriage has made Nazneen lonely and nostalgic. The company of a kindhearted man does nothing to alleviate her suffering. Active Themes Nazneen rarely ventures out of her apartment. This is mostly because Chanu does not want her to. He prides himself on providing well for her, and besides, he says, the people they live among are ignorant and would judge them both harshly if she were seen too often on the street. Nazneen does not protest her near confinement. She accepts her fate and waits for time to pass. Like Rupban, she adopts an air of saintly patience, and while she waits, she thinks of how her mother died. She fell on a spear in a store back in Gouripur. The spear pierced her through the heart. Hamid soon brought home a new wife, but the woman only stayed a month. Mumtaz rarely acknowledged Hamid after that. She saved all her love for his daughters and for Rupban, who died while wearing her best sari. This suggests that what Nazneen is going through is, in a way, a living death. Nazneen is suffering from the side effects of that system. She trusted her fate to her father and Chanu, and she is now miserable as a result. Active Themes When Razia moves to a different block of the Tower Hamlets, Nazneen has more reason to leave her apartment. In it, Hasina wrote only that she hoped Nazneen and her husband were happy and that, while she, Hasina, was not necessarily a good wife, she was trying her best to please her husband.

Chapter 2 : Dinner with doctor azad Essay Example | Graduateway

Dr A.P.J. Abdul Kalam is the undisputed father of India's missile program. He has breathed life into ballistic missiles like the Agni and Prithvi, which put China and Pakistan well under India.

Buy Brick Lane at Amazon. Rupban squatted on a low three-legged stool outside the kitchen hut. And tomorrow I will have only boiled rice, no parathas. For seven months she had been ripening, like a mango on a tree. She put those things that had occurred to her aside. The shadows of the children playing marbles and thumping each other grew long and spiky. The scent of fried cumin and cardamom drifted over the compound. The goats bleated high and thin. Rupban screamed white heat, red blood. Hamid ran from the latrine, although his business was unfinished. He ran across the vegetable plot, past the towers of rice stalk taller than the tallest building, over the dirt track that bounded the village, back to the compound and grabbed a club to kill the man who was killing his wife. He knew it was her. Who else could break glass with one screech? Rupban was in the sleeping quarters. The bed was unrolled, though she was still standing. Mumtaz waved Hamid away. Are you waiting for a rickshaw? Go on, use your legs. Some people, who think too much about how to save a few takas, do not call a midwife. Banesa claimed to be one hundred and twenty years old, and had made this claim consistently for the past decade or so. Since no one in the village remembered her birth, and since Banesa was more desiccated than an old coconut, no one cared to dispute it. She claimed, too, one thousand babies of which only three were cripples, two were mutants a hermaphrodite and a humpback, one a stillbirth and another a monkey-lizard-hybrid-sin-against-God-that-was-buried-alive-in-the-faraway-forest-and-the-mother-sent-hence-to-who-cares-where. Nazneen, though dead, could not be counted among these failures, having been born shortly before Banesa creaked inside the hut. All she lacked was someone to ease her path to this world. It was many months since she had tasted meat, now that two young girls she should have strangled them at birth had set up in competition. Maybe just that chicken there for my trouble. I see it is old and stringy. Mumtaz took hold of Nazneen, who was still dangling by the ankle, and felt the small, slick torso slide through her fingers to plop with a yowl onto the bloodstained mattress. Rupban scooped her up and named her before she could die nameless again. Banesa made little explosions with her lips. She used the corner of her yellowing sari to wipe some spittle from her chin. The three women put their faces close to the child. Nazneen flailed her arms and yelled, as if she could see this terrifying sight. She began to lose the blueness and turned slowly to brown and purple. Do you think He changes His mind every second? They will put wires on her and give medicines. This is very expensive. You will have to sell your jewellery. Or you can just see what Fate will do. But Rupban, who could not stop crying, held her daughter to her breast and shook her head. Whatever happens, I accept it. And my child must not waste any energy fighting against Fate. That way, she will be stronger. She hovered for a moment or two because she was hungry enough, almost, to eat the baby but after a look from Mumtaz she shuffled away back to her hovel. Hamid came to look at Nazneen. She was wrapped in cheesecloth and laid on an old jute sack on top of the bedroll. Her eyes were closed and puffed as though she had taken two hard punches. Mumtaz came in with a tin plate of rice, dal and chicken curry. Probably it is her Fate to starve to death. Or you are destined to die of hunger too. But Nazneen did not feed in the morning. Nor the next day. The day after she turned her face away from the nipple and made gagging noises. The midwife dragged her bent feet across the hard mud floor of the hut and peered at the infant. Sometimes, or perhaps most times, it can be fatal. Hamid said - he always looked away as he spoke - your mother is naturally a saint. She comes from a family of saints. So when Rupban advised her to be still in her heart and mind, to accept the Grace of God, to treat life with the same indifference with which it would treat her, Nazneen listened closely with her large head tilted back and her cheeks slack with equanimity. She was a comically solemn child. Still glad you came back to life? And since nothing could be changed, everything had to be borne. This principle ruled her life. It was mantra, fettle and challenge. So that when, at the age of thirty-four, after she had been given three children and had one taken away, when she had a futile husband and had been fated a young and demanding lover, when for the first time she could not wait for the future to be revealed but had to make it for herself, she was as startled by her own agency as an infant who waves a

clenched fist and strikes itself upon the eye. Her sister Hasina, born only three days after Banesa passed away one hundred and twenty years old then and for evermore, listened to no one. At the age of sixteen when her beauty was becoming almost unbearable to own or even to look at, she eloped to Khulna with the nephew of the saw-mill owner. Hamid ground his teeth and an axe besides. For sixteen hot days and cool nights he sat between the two lemon trees that marked the entrance to the compound. For that time his only occupation was throwing stones at the piebald dogs that scavenged in the dump just beyond, and cursing his whore-pig daughter whose head would be severed the moment she came crawling back. Those nights, Nazneen lay awake listening to the rattling of the corrugated tin roof, starting at the owl calls that no longer sounded like owls but more like a girl felled by an axe on the back of her neck. Hasina did not come. Hamid went back to supervising the labourers in the paddy fields. But for a couple of thrashings given on only the slightest of provocation, you would not know he had lost a daughter. I hope I can be a good wife, like Amma. She just happened to see it. She carried the image around in her mind as she walked beneath the banyans with her cousins. The man she would marry was old. At least forty years old. He had a face like a frog. They would marry and he would take her back to England with him. She looked across the fields, glittering green and gold in the brief evening light. In the distance a hawk circled and fell like a stone, came up again and flew against the sky until it shrank to nothing. There was a hut in the middle of the paddy. The tornado that had flattened half the neighbouring village had selected this hut to be saved, but had relocated it. In the village they were still burying their dead and looking for bodies. Dark spots moved through the far fields. Men, doing whatever they could in this world. Tower Hamlets, London, Nazneen waved at the tattoo lady. The tattoo lady was always there when Nazneen looked out across the dead grass and broken paving stones to the block opposite. Most of the flats that closed three sides of a square had net curtains and the life behind was all shapes and shadows. But the tattoo lady had no curtains at all. Morning and afternoon she sat with her big thighs spilling over the sides of her chair, tipping forward to drop ash in a bowl, tipping back to slug from her can. She drank now, and tossed the can out of the window. It was the middle of the day. Nazneen had finished the housework. Soon she would start preparing the evening meal, but for a while she would let the time pass. It was hot and the sun fell flat on the metal window frames and glared off the glass. A red and gold sari hung out of a top-floor flat in Rosemead block. The sign screwed to the brickwork was in stiff English capitals and the curlicues beneath were Bengali.

Chapter 3 : Brick Lane Chapter 2 Summary & Analysis from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes

- It is a working class area, kind of a ghetto, and probably one of the poorest areas in London. - It is Dr. Azad, the tattoo lady, Chanu (dad), Nazneen (mum) Nazneen - Nazneen is about 35 years old, she is shy and quiet. She is being suppressed by her husband and it comes to expression when he.

Page Number and Citation: Plus so much more Azad appears in Brick Lane. The colored dots and icons indicate which themes are associated with that appearance. Chapter 2 Dinnertime has arrived, and Dr. Azad and Chanu are at the table where Nazneen waits to serve them. Azad casually reassures him that a promotion is probably in his future, and Chanu presses the Azad about when he first arrived in London. Unlike the peasants who traveled to the country Azad and Nazneen exchange looks. Nazneen is keenly aware that it is a look she, as Azad does not know Mr. At one point, Nazneen cuts him too closely and he Islam took her to Dr. Azad and had it confirmed. One day, in the midst of her mutiny, Mrs. Islam takes her to Dr. Islam offers Nazneen one of the many handkerchiefs she keeps up her Azad is as prim in his professional demeanor as he is in his personal. The library was the reason he took a petition to Dr. Azad , who has yet to invite them to his home. Chanu thinks he might be Chanu comments, quietly at first and then more loudly, on the size of Chanu decides he will tell Dr. Azad they were just passing through, and it dawns on Nazneen that they are going to Azad , and assuming they have the wrong address. Tiger figurines snarl in front of a gas fire place. Azad sits strangely still in a straight-backed chair, squeezing the arms as if he hopes to Azad comes to visit her and Chanu not to get away from his family but to Azad to her home for dinner. She knows that Nazneen is bored with her routine, but Azad is once again having dinner with Chanu and Nazneen. Age has not been kind to Azad is preoccupied with heroin abuse among the Muslim community. Chanu worries about the tragedy of In his office, Bibi had been transfixed by his snow globes. On the way home, Nazneen mentions that Dr. Azad is worried about local kids using heroin. Azad comes to visit, she finally opens her eyes. Chanu, when he sees Razia wants his help getting Tariq off drugs. Azad is, as usual, Islam says she knows that Chanu ran crying to Dr. Azad for money for his escape. Nazneen is shocked and angry and wants to flee. Chanu tells her not to worry. He went to Dr. Azad mostly for help with the ulcer. The money was a side benefit. Azad arrives to give Tariq medicine for withdrawal. He has a helper with him in case Azad , who has just been to see Tariq. Azad , who has sway with Mr. Retrieved November 9,

Chapter 4 : Reader's Guide for Story-Wallah published by Houghton Mifflin Company

At the age of 18, Nazneen prepares her first dinner party for Dr. Azad, a friend of her husband, Chanu, a Bengali immigrant who has lived in London for decades. She is distracted from her preparations by a letter from Hasina, who has news of her passionate marriage to her teenage boyfriend, with whom she fled the village.

These stories explore universal themes of identity, culture, and home. Story-Wallah includes a rich array of experiences: As Shyam Selvadurai writes in his introduction, "The stories jostle up against each other. The effect is a marvelous cacophony that reminds me of. In "Karima," the family of the title character flees to Pakistan during the war for Bengali independence. And how does Karima deal with this double alienation? What do they reveal about his attitude toward the current regime? And in what ways does this attitude change by the end of the story? Hanif Kureishi and Aamer Hussein also write about people who face political and religious changes at home. What do you see as the risks of staying in such adverse circumstances? Anita Desai, Farida Karodia, and Ginu Kamani all write about pairs of siblings who are almost polar opposites. How, after sharing so many experiences and facing similar parental pressures, do the brothers and sisters in these stories emerge with such different attitudes, opinions, and lifestyles? How do some siblings bond with each other despite their dissimilarities, and how do others let the differences drive a wedge between them? He notes that a person is defined not only by nationality, but by numerous other affiliations, including social class, religion, and sexuality. Does she come to a firmer sense of herself by the end of the story? After her interaction with the Greek hotdog vendor, she laughs and says, "This is what I came for, this is what brought me here" What do you think she means? What other characters do you see struggling with issues of identity? As some of them move away from their homelands, how do they form a new sense of themselves in their adopted countries? What problems do they encounter in the process of self-construction? Desai writes, "To them, he was still. How does food, for many of the immigrant characters, serve as a link to childhood and their homeland? In "Chokra," the plight of two homeless children takes center stage; In "Karima," the title character says, "And Lord, your floods and storms, they respect no one, but love us poor best of all" What do their struggles reveal about the societies in which they live? What role does the threat of poverty or financial collapse play in the lives of the better-off characters in the stories? Does this final story alter your perception of them? What value do the characters in "The Marble Dome" and "The Collectors" find in their respective communities? And how are those communities constructed? For those characters arriving in new countries, how do their new social worlds differ from the ones "back home"? How do immigrants like Nanzeen in "Dinner with Dr. Azad" cope with the absence of a strong community? In "The Celebration," a mother-in-law gives some marriage advice: How do other characters handle such forced partnerships? What did you discover about the nature of relationships between masters and servants in these stories? How does social class figure into the relationships in the stories? For some of the recent immigrants in the stories, what are the advantages and disadvantages of being able to visit "home"? What sorts of pressures do the characters in "Auld Lang Syne" and "Crossmatch" face when visiting their parents? But like most of the Indians in the country districts, half her desires and emotions were never given a chance to live" What does this passage reveal about the society in which Rookmin lives? What other characters in the stories do you see stuck in particular situations or modes of thought? Do you think she will actually make the move for good?

Chapter 5 : What is the plot in Dinner with Dr Azad

Dinner with doctor azad Essay. Facts - The text takes place in Brick Lane, London - It is a working class area, kind of a ghetto, and probably one of the poorest areas in London - Dinner with doctor azad Essay introduction.

Chapter 6 : Dr. Atefeh Azad MD - Internist in Brooklyn, NY | CareDash

- She doesn't think that she is allowed to sit at the table before she has served the dinner, when Dr. Azad visits them. -

DOWNLOAD PDF DINNER WITH DR AZAD

She is brought up to be quiet when men speaks and that means that she can't tell anyone how she feels and what she wants if she is not being asked.

Chapter 7 : Extract: Brick Lane by Monica Ali | Books | The Guardian

-Dr. Azad, who is Chanus' doctor, is a very religious and well educated man. - He is well expressed and polite. - He is very strict about the Qur'an, especially when it comes to young Muslims boozing.

Chapter 8 : The character of Dr. Azad in Brick Lane from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes

The fact that Dr. Azad typically drinks two glasses of water and uses his fork and knife with surgical precision also points to this. KĀ, b adgang for at IĀ'se mere Allerede medlem? Log ind.

Chapter 9 : Dr. Jack Azad MD - General Practitioner in Los Angeles, CA | CareDash

Brick Lane by Monica Ali Chanu might flap about and squawk because Dr Azad was coming for dinner. Let him flap. To God belongs all that the heavens and the earth contain. How would it sound in.