

‘In Search of the Silver Lining’: Vestiges of the Humane in Narratives of Indian Partition Violence

Debasri Basu

Abstract

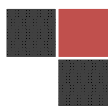
Treatises on the 1947 Indian Partition have been mostly centred on the vehemence of riots and the travails of refugees, but the present article chooses to take a revisionist line and focus on the humane amidst this overwhelming violence and misery. It explores episodes of compassion when ordinary men and women admirably extended help to members of the ‘Other’ community during their moments of dire need. Though not numerous, these instances where they showed exemplary courage in rising beyond the boundaries of their religious affiliation constitute a significant feature in Partition Studies and deserve to be suitably highlighted. Such incidents also gain immense significance in the light of sectarian hostility repeatedly rearing its ugly head across the Indian subcontinent, even in the post-independence period, making minority groups feel vulnerable. Literary and historical accounts based on the theme of inter-religious amity amidst those vicious times of the Partition have the potential to play an ameliorative role in the current scenario by bridging the gulf between different communal factions and foregrounding essential human principles of peace and harmony.

Keywords: compassion, humanity, sacrifice, saviour, violence.

Partition of British India in 1947 on the basis of ‘Two Nation Theory’ is considered as a watershed in South Asian history, for apart from creating the new states of West and East Pakistan along with independent India it also left inter-communal relations deeply strained. The attendant violence spread like wildfire to several parts of the subcontinent and held sections of the populace in its monstrous grip for months on end. Conflicts fuelled by religious differences in myriad pockets of the region had already been recorded from the early seventeenth century, usually over issues like celebration of Hindu festivals, cow slaughter and playing music in front of mosques (Krishna 149-51). But the carnages which took place around the time of the Indian Partition were brutal in the extreme, resulting in massive casualties.¹ They entangled not just Hindus and Muslims but also Sikhs, and were characterised by inter-religious relations hitting a nadir which was both the immediate cause and consequence. The resultant butchery was strategically directed against numerically minor members in a particular area—be it Hindus, Muslims or Sikhs, and created a major rupture in the social fabric of South Asia.

The vicious sequence of events which got triggered with the Great Calcutta Killings in August 1946 soon spiralled into a civil war along religious lines in the northern, western and eastern parts of the subcontinent. It also affected the contemporary men-of-letters who soon took to rendering their pained sensibilities in literature. Apart from the horror that had come to hold a sizable population in its vice-like grip, the narratives of these writers included occasional acts of kindness between members of supposedly ‘rival’ groups, thereby offering a supplementary view of the subject and contributing to the de-escalation of the prevalent atmosphere of mistrust. These were not imaginary tales, and the presence of such instances, even if rare, is the sole saving grace in the bleak and sordid chapter of history that was the Partition violence. Since then, there have been sporadic efforts to normalise communal equations—both at the official level as well as through initiatives of citizens and non-governmental collectives in their private capacity. Lately, such initiatives with an eye to fostering harmony amongst the various communities have been lauded at national and international fora too, and the book *Humanity amidst Insanity (Hope during and after the Indo-Pak Partition)* embodies the same tenet. Incorporating a slew of accounts featuring acts of benevolence on both sides of the western border, the editorial team of Tridivesh Singh Maini, Tahir Javed Malik and Ali Farooq Malik view these occurrences as the “silver-lining” whereby religious nationalism was dwarfed by bonds of humanity. Referring to the celebrated socio-political theorist Ashis Nandy, the editors reiterate the enormous impact of these cases, even if they transpired only occasionally. They also contend that choosing to forget these incidents would tantamount to “intellectual dishonesty”, and rue the fact that this “positive side” has not yet received its due analysis (Maini et al 2-4). The subject, therefore, calls for a thorough survey to bring to limelight the Oskar Schindlers of the Indian subcontinent and confer upon them their due glory.²

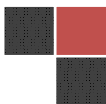
It is worth noting at this juncture that Maini and his co-editors do not confine themselves to only recording such real-life episodes, but also stress the function of literature in regarding the topic from a “non-political” and “non-historical” perspective (4). In this context, it would certainly be instructive to review the corpus of Partition fiction [written in both English as well as the Indian vernaculars which were later translated into English], and substantiate their observations. Turning to the genre of short stories—which is the purview of this article—one readily comes across multiple cases of people going out of their way to extend a helping hand to those in crisis, in the process



even coming to personal harm. In the short story “The Refuge” by the noted writer S. H. Vatsyayan ‘Ajneya’, an unnamed railway employee—most likely a Muslim—gives shelter to Hindus during the infamous Lahore massacre in 1947, and thereafter seeks police protection for the safety of their lives and property. But the socio-political conditions were so vitiated that the local law-enforcing agency arrests not just the wretched refugees but also their protector; the police do not spare even the womenfolk of this Samaritan’s family. When these family members are released from custody three days later, the armed guards entrusted with the responsibility of escorting them to home instead open fire. The man and three of his relatives die on the spot, while his “mother and wife lay wounded on the street...” (Bhalla366). It is a sad reminder of the Partition days when people had grown so debased that they could kill even their co-religionists for real and imagined transgressions against their ‘community’.

Offering an almost parallel across the border, this time in Delhi, is Khwaja Ahmed Abbas’s story “The Death of Sheikh Burhanuddin” where an aged Sikh man valiantly sacrifices his life to save his Muslim neighbour—the eponymous Sheikh Burhanuddin. A ferocious crowd had assembled before their apartment with vendetta on its mind following the violence faced by Hindus and Sikhs in what had now come to be called West Pakistan. The events turn out to be supremely ironical, for the narrator Burhanuddin used to harbour a prejudice against Sikhs, calling it “Sikh-phobia” (Bhalla542). He held deep contempt for this community—a bias which had been seemingly justified by the strife in the city of Delhi immediately after the Partition. That his next-door neighbour was another Sikh made him feel all the more chary, particularly since this man was also a victim of forced migration, having had to escape from his native place in Rawalpindi after Sikhs came under attack there. Burhanuddin had presumed that the Sardarji too must be bearing ill-will towards Muslims, including him, and was therefore astonished when the man volunteered to hide him in his own quarters in the face of imminent attack. As fate would have it, a slip-of-tongue by the Sikh’s young daughter Mohini reveals the secret to the murderous mob and turns its attention to the quarry. The Sardarji locks Burhanuddin in one of the rooms of his flat, gives his “kirpan to his son” and courageously goes out to “face the mob” (Bhalla552). In the turmoil that follows, the man is gunned down for his attempt to save a Muslim, but even on his death-bed, he admits to having no qualms about it. He also discloses the fact that it was actually his way of repaying a debt which he had run into when a Muslim named Ghulam Rasul had laid down his own life in a bid to save the Sardar and his family back in Rawalpindi. The irony comes a full circle when the narrator recollects that this Rasul was a prior acquaintance of his who had originally injected the bias against Sikhs in Burhanuddin’s mind, and this final twist serves to accentuate the intricate plot-line. The author, who was a distinguished Urdu writer and had worked in Bombay [modern-day Mumbai] for the Hindi film industry, skilfully delineates the evolving trajectory of the relationship between his two protagonists, which also symbolises the volatile dynamics of their respective communities. Incidentally, Abbas had later acknowledged the source of this story to be one that involved his close relative in Delhi—a fact vouching for the existence of such gallant saviours in acutality.³

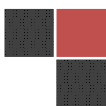
The courageous effort of the aged Sikh to protect his neighbour has a striking semblance to an episode in Mumtaz Mufti’s short story “An Impenetrable Darkness”. Here too, the brave-heart remains unnamed like the Sardarji, although the reader can deduce that he is a non-Muslim. He boldly asserts in front of his *haveli* [mansion] that



“[T]here aren’t any Muslims in my house. I never gave refuge to them. Do you hear me? Buzz off, you scoundrel!” (Hasan 220-21)—his voice heightened, no doubt, to appear sufficiently bigoted. Once again, fate intervenes when a child from his house, when queried about presence of Muslims inside, declares that there were “no Muslims” and then naively adds that “[I]t is only Chaida’s *Abba*, and not a Muslim. He is very nice. Chaida is my friend. It is her father” (Hasan 221, italics in original). The revelation promptly leads the mob to attack the inhabitants inside, and the ending is inevitably grim. It is noteworthy that the unsullied mind of this child, in all its innocence, could view Chaida’s *Abba* as simply her friend’s father. Her slip-up, or that of the young Mohini in Abbas’ story referred to earlier, are eerily similar to the manner in which little Lenny unwittingly bares the location of her Hindu ayah Shanta’s hide-out in Baspsi Sidhwa’s renowned Partition novel *Ice-Candy Man*.⁴ It is indeed tragic that religious animosity had severely corrupted most adults, turning them into hard-core zealots who could not and did not care to rise beyond the barriers of communal divide.

Although Punjab and the neighbouring North-West-Frontier-Province were the epicentre of Partition killings, other regions like Bengal too did not go unscathed. As such, narratives from the eastern part of the subcontinent also touch upon instances of compassion amidst the violence, and prominent amongst these is the short story “The Knife” by the eminent Bangladeshi writer Alauddin Al-Azad. It is the poignant tale of a Muslim youth named Mansur whose family were originally inhabitants of Calcutta [modern-day Kolkata], and had decided to shift to eastern Bengal on account of the deteriorating communal relations. Mansur had reached Dhaka prior to others so that he could renovate their house. However, misfortune strikes when he receives the news of murder of his younger brother Munnu and cousin Hosne Ara in West Bengal (Zaman 46). Mansur is left distraught, for he was betrothed to Hosne and affectionately called her Hasi, meaning ‘smile’ in Bengali. A secular man by temperament, he was contemplating the idea of organising a “peace procession” (Zaman 42) in his Dhaka neighbourhood when the twin deaths of Munnu and Hasi disrupt his mental calm. He finds it difficult to hold on to his erstwhile “analytical”, “objective” self: “a primitive onslaught of raw emotions swept over his rationale. He was consumed with the primeval lust for hate and revenge” (Zaman 47). To complicate matters, Mansur’s father incites him to seek vengeance and kill the Hindus living in the adjacent house in Dhaka. Despite his momentary antagonism towards members of this ‘rival’ religion, Mansur does not succumb to the provocation and manages to retain his innate goodness. Sensing his father’s deep hatred for the neighbour Hiramoni and her three daughters, he keeps guard at their front door and tries to save them from the impending threat. In the process, Mansur is stabbed in the shoulder by his own father and cursed for being a traitor to his community. In spite of his grave injury, he courageously escorts these neighbours to a local colony where members of the Hindu minority had sought refuge. When enquired about his bleeding, he remarks: “It’s pointless to ask when everywhere people are being killed. It’s no use to anyone to know who attacked me. Just know that it was a man who stabbed me. Men are murdering men” (Zaman 54).

Amidst this prevailing turbulence, these words of Mansur point to the essential tragedy associated with the Partition since humans had sharpened their knives against their fellow-humans, subverting the very basis of a civilised existence. Towards the conclusion of the story, he also admits to Hiramoni about his initial impulse to hurt her family, and this very confession shows his integrity as a human. It is possible that he was

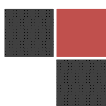


led to eventually save his neighbours following the comparable act by Mansur's acquaintance Fani Babu who had lent a *dhoti* [cotton loincloth typically worn by Hindu males] to Mansur's uncle Anwar at the time of his attempt to leave West Bengal undetected. The sequence of events is reminiscent of the Sardarji's indebtedness to Ghulam Rasul in Abbas' story discussed above, and attests to the vestiges of humanity still retained in some individuals despite the communal acrimony which had consumed most people. Incidentally, taking the garb of the majority community was a common method to avoid detection and harassment, and one finds a similar reference in the English story "The Parrot in the Cage" by the famous writer Mulk Raj Anand. In this story, Rukmani, an old woman from Kucha Chabuk Swaran in West Punjab, falls destitute during the infamous Lahore bloodbath and is compelled to flee home after being lent a '*burqa*' by a Muslim acquaintance of hers named Fato (Bhalla 54). Such instances of assistance meted out to people like Anwar and Rukmani reaffirm the validity of core human ethics despite the prevailing savagery in those times of turmoil.

Al-Azad's story is notable, for it does not present Mansur in a unidimensional light; instead of a cardboard figure, the author attempts to realistically portray the instinctive reactions of his protagonist as he traverses the trajectory of a man being intent on revenge to ultimately becoming a protector. This growth and evolution is also to be seen in "The Neighbour", a short story by Sheikh Ayaz originally written in Sindhi, which relates the tale of Khanu, a barber in Sind/h. He was a devoted supporter of the Muslim League and used to don a Jinnah cap to showcase his solidarity with this political party's agenda. Once when he was shaving *Sheth* Shyamdas, a Hindu, in his shop, the marching of National Muslim Guard members fill him with religious passions. The horrid description of violence faced by Muslims in Bihar, as recounted in Sindhi newspapers like *Sansar Samachar* and *Al Wahid*, add to his feelings of loathing for the Hindu community, for he infers that they "had wreaked havoc upon the lives of Muslims in Bihar", harmed his "Muslim brothers" and "humiliated the purdah" (Kothari 118). These reports almost provoke him into contemplating slitting the *Sheth's* (Kothari 118, italics in original) throat with his shaving blade as his way of seeking retribution. Khanu's momentary urge in this section of the story is almost reminiscent of 'Sweeney Todd'—the legendary Demon Barber of Fleet Street.⁵

Unlike Bengal and Punjab, Sind/h was not divided by Sir Cyril Radcliffe; the province had been completely assigned to West Pakistan despite having a sizable Hindu and Sikh population. As a result, these minorities were left at the absolute mercy of the dominant Muslims in what was essentially a theocratic state. After the Partition Award, the law-and-order in this region worsened steadily, more so with the advent of Muslims from United Province [modern-day Uttar Pradesh] and Bihar in India. It is during this period of demographic transition that Pesu's mother, a Hindu neighbour of Khanu alarmed by the winds of change, requests for shelter at his place in the event there was any danger in future. She also remarks in passing that for her it would perhaps be preferable to be put to death by Khanu himself, a fellow-Sindhi and her neighbour for several years, than to be killed by a random stranger (Kothari 123). Her fear of the migrants is not a one-off case, but is to be found in other regions like Bengal where outsiders were mostly blamed for disturbing the communal relations and intimidating religious minorities.

Coming back to Ayaz's story, it is this allusion to the migrant by Pesu's mother and her prioritising Khanu because of their common linguistic identity that lifts the veil



of bitterness which had shrouded him till then. Her implicit trust in a fellow-Sindhi takes Khanu down the memory lane back to the happier times they had spent together:

It was a staggering eye-opener for Khanu. Was he going to be able to kill this woman, who looked up to him for protection? Certainly not. How could he be so heartless? If the Hindus in Bihar had slaughtered Muslims, how was Pesu's mother responsible?

...

It is true that his Muslim brothers were being killed in Bihar, but how was Pesu's mother to be blamed for it? Why should she be killed? In this land of the sufis, there will not be any riots, absolutely not. Who was so cruel and heartless that he would not protect his neighbourhood, and slit the throats of the helpless? Someone whispered in his ears, 'Jai Sindh!' (Kothari 123)

His mind now cleared of all initial misgivings, Khanu realises his duty to save Pesu's mother not only as a human being but also as a member of the Sindhi community. The latter factor is of vital importance, since the harmonious heritage of the province, enriched by the centuries-old Sufi tradition, had substantially contributed to minimising tensions between the various religious groups—an aspect that finds corroboration in the significantly lesser degree of violence here in comparison to the adjoining region of Punjab.

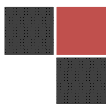
Thus one finds many Partition narratives emerging from Sindh to be characterised by this syncretism, and Lachhman Kukreja's short story "Who was Responsible?" belongs to the same category. An elderly Pathan reprimands a Muslim boy named Gaffur for pilfering items from a shop owned by a Hindu in Gadiyasun, and slaps him hard:

'*Lakhalaanatathaichhora*, shame on you,' said the Pathan to Gaffur and slapped him once again.... 'You are harassing these poor people. These *vaanyas* [traders] are having a hard time. They are leaving their homes and everything else. Here you are, stealing from them? Shameless fellow, return whatever it is you took from him.'

...

Poor banias [traders], what do they know of fighting? We are harassing them, looting them and creating problems instead of helping them. They are leaving everything behind them. We should be ashamed of ourselves, we are not helping them, rather we are multiplying their miseries.' (Kothari 139-40)

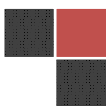
This Pathan is representative of those Muslims who, despite being citizens of a country founded on theocracy, were daring enough to not only help the besieged minorities but also protest the lumpen acts of their co-religionists. Although few and far between, records prove that such morally upright men—for example, one Sheikh Akbar Husain of Ravi Road in Lahore—raised their voices whenever they came across acts of atrocity. Ganda Singh, the chronicler of Punjab's turbulent history during this time, has referred to Hussain's letter which, dated 10 October 1947, was addressed to the *Civil and Military Gazette* (Lahore) and unequivocally reprobated the surging religious violence in West Pakistan: "Are these murders sanctioned by Islam? Is this butchery allowed by Islamic laws? Is this killing of women and children in accordance with the rules of *Shariat*? Well, I dare say, these acts are against Islam and *Shariat*" (qtd. in Singh 59).



Analogous to these men in generosity of spirit is Fazal, the protagonist of the short story “The Boatman” written by the famed Bengali writer Prafulla Roy whose thematic anthology *Set At Odds: Stories of the Partition and Beyond* clearly emphasises the importance of humanity irrespective of religious identity.⁶ Fazal was enamoured with the young Salima, but her father had set the ‘mehr’ [groom’s dowry as per Islamic tradition] at “seven score rupees” (Roy 3) for her marriage. Salima had asked him to accumulate the sum as soon as possible, for there were other prosperous suitors approaching her father and it would not be easy for her to avert their proposals. The poor boatman steadfastly saves pennies to arrange for the requisite amount and is confident of raising it before long—for the Hindus were “fleeing their homes and the country” and the trend would certainly allow him “quite a few fares” (Roy 3). The observant reader cannot ignore the fact that Fazal’s feeling assured about the money inflow is actually a grim indicator of the condition of religious minorities in the newly-created East Pakistan who were forced to take flight in large numbers.

When Fazal had almost succeeded in arranging the entire dowry, the plot takes a twist in the form of his chance encounter with a local Muslim named Yachhin Shikdar who had killed a Hindu man and abducted his wife. The hapless woman was then hid in a “burka” (Roy 7) to pass off as Shikdar’s wife and made to board Fazal’s boat in order to cross the river Dhaleshwari. She begs for her freedom, but en route the lustful Yachhin attempts to rape her. Roused from his reverie of Salima by the woman’s desperate cries, Fazal quickly grasps the situation and aims his fishing spear at the perpetrator, killing him instantaneously. After throwing his corpse into the water, the boatman enquires the widow about her surviving relatives and learns of a brother-in-law in far-away Calcutta. He accompanies her to the nearest steamer ghat [harbour] at Tarpasha, and upon realising her indigent condition, “...thought of the secret pouch tucked away at his waist containing the price for that wondrous dream of his youth. He hesitated for a moment as he wavered inside. Then he resolutely turned his back on his own dream as he pushed into the vast sea of people and purchased a ticket to Calcutta” (Roy 16). The vast sea of people mentioned in the above passage refers to the large number of panic-stricken Hindu Bengalis seeking refuge in various parts of West Bengal and other states of India in the face of escalating persecution in East Pakistan. Towards the conclusion of Roy’s story, the poor Muslim boatman displays utmost magnanimity in donating the entire amount he had amassed painstakingly all these days to this unknown Hindu woman so that she may start her life afresh in a new land. What is all the more commendable is that Fazal’s instinctive act did not cause him any belated pangs of regret, for it was now well-nigh impossible to wed his beloved Salima. Instead of being bothered about his bleak marital prospect, the only thought plaguing Fazal while returning home was the stark human degradation witnessed by him: “How many times in the cruel dead of night would so many other Yachhins come to his boat? How many times?” (Roy 17).

These narratives discussed herein, both fictional and historical, are hugely significant in any study of the Indian Partition, for despite the risk of being subsumed by more arresting accounts of murder and mayhem, they stand their ground on the strength of idealism and historical merit. One could perhaps charge some of the authors with overt sentimentality, but the crucial role played by such tales of sympathy surely cannot be gainsaid. They reinforce our trust in cardinal human values and encourage us to strive for their sustenance in the midst of all adversities. With the ‘History From Below’ drift that has gained prominence in the past three decades, there has been a special drive to



retrieve such experiences from the annals of time, and the efforts of scholars Rajmohan and Usha Gandhi who visited Lahore in 2005 readily come to our mind in this respect.⁷ Their findings, published in the research article “Partition Memories: The Hidden Healer”, echo numerous incidents of Muslims coming to the aid of Hindus and Sikhs during the 1947 ethnic cleansing in western Punjab. From a sociological perspective the matter assumes an added import, for most explorations of communal disturbances generally focus on the collective aspect involving large impersonal groups. Under these circumstances, it becomes all the more necessary to highlight the individual heroic acts and bestow upon them their due credit. These accounts have the potential to appeal to the moral conscience of not just contemporary men and women, but also the future generations, and their tender, humane touch leaves a benevolent impression, re-instilling faith in the cardinal life-affirming values.

Notes:

¹The death toll on account of the Partition has been put at diverse figures by different sources, and varies from two hundred thousand to two million (Doshi and Mehdi n.p.).

²Oskar Schindler, despite being a German member of Adolf Hitler’s notorious Nazi Party, had saved more than a thousand Jews from being condemned to concentration camps during the European Holocaust in mid-twentieth century.

³In his essay “Who Killed India”, Abbas offers an elaborate description of the manner in which his cousin’s family was saved from a mob-attack by their ingenious Sikh neighbour:

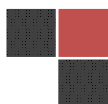
One day the RSS boys came to the Babar Road locality in trucks to carry away the Muslim property. A minute earlier a kindly Sikh gentleman hid my cousin and his family in the interior of his house, and when the looting began, the Sardar’s children joined in the process, and brought home much of the household articles which, they claimed as their

neighbourly right! Asked as to where the ‘Musallas’ had gone, they had no compunction about the virtuous lie they told—that they had run away to a refugee camp. If somehow the looters had come to know that they were there, not only their lives were in danger, but also the life of the old Sardarji who was standing guard over them holding a drawn sword in his hand. [It was this incident which inspired the story of Sardarji many months later!]. (Abbas238)

⁴The novel was renamed as *Cracking India* before its publication in the United States of America in 1991, probably in an attempt to enable a better understanding of its historical subject to a non-culture readership.

⁵It is based on the legend of one Benjamin Baker, alias Sweeney Todd, who—in a diabolical plan to take revenge against the entire world for the death of his wife—had set up a barbershop and slit the throats of his unsuspecting customers to bake them into pies.

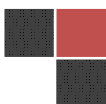
⁶“Destination” and “For a Little While” [*Gantabya*’ and *Kichhukshan*’ in the Bengali original versions] are two other similarly-themed stories by Roy included in the same volume. They depict men and women from different religious groups extending a helping hand to each other in Bihar villages ravaged by riots.



⁷Their being the grandson and grand daughter-in-law of Mahatma Gandhi, the great votary of non-violence and communal harmony, lends additional credence to this endeavour.

Works Cited:

- Abbas, Khwaja Ahmad. "The Death of Sheikh Burhanuddin." *Bhalla* 3: 540-53.
- . "Who Killed India?" *Hasan* 2: 231-54.
- Al-Azad, Alauddin. "The Knife." *Zaman* 42-56.
- Anand, Mulk Raj. "The Parrot in the Cage." *Cowasjee and Duggal* 53-58.
- Ayaz, Sheikh. "The Neighbour." *Kothari* 117-23.
- Bhalla, Alok, ed. *Stories about the Partition of India*. 3 vols. New Delhi: HarperCollins, 1999.
- Cowasjee, Saros, and K. S. Duggal, eds. *Orphans of the Storm: Stories on the Partition of India*. New Delhi: UBS, 1995.
- Doshi, Vidhi, and Nisar Mehdi. "70 years later, survivors recall the horrors of India-Pakistan partition." *The Washington Post* [Asia & Pacific] 14 August 2017. <https://www.washingtonpost.com/world/asia-pacific/70-years-later-survivors-recall-the-horrors-of-india-pakistan-partition/2017/08/14/3b8c58e4-7de9-11e7-9026-4a0a64977c92_story.html> Accessed 31 January 2020.
- Gandhi, Rajmohan, and Usha Gandhi. "Partition Memories: The Hidden Healer." *Intangible Heritage Embodied*. New York: Springer, 2009. n.p. <<http://www.springerlink.com/content/j6x1016m7xum4n50/>> Accessed 12 March 2010.
- Hasan, Mushirul, ed. *India Partitioned: The Other Face of Freedom*. 2 vols. Delhi: Roli, 1995.
- Kothari, Rita. *Unbordered Memories: Sindhi Stories of Partition*. New Delhi: Penguin, 2009.
- Kukreja, Lachhman. "Who was Responsible?" *Kothari* 136-40.
- Kumar, Krishna. *Prejudice and Pride: School Histories of the Freedom Struggle in India and Pakistan*. New Delhi: Viking/Penguin, 2000.
- Maini, Tridivesh Singh, Tahir Javed Malik, and Ali Farooq Malik. *Humanity amidst Insanity (Hope during and after the Indo-Pak Partition)*. New Delhi: UBS, 2009.
- Mufti, Mumtaz. "An Impenetrable Darkness". *Hasan* 1: 210-24.
- Roy, Prafulla. *Set at Odds: Stories of the Partition and Beyond*. Trans. John W. Hood. New Delhi: Srishti, 2002.
- . "For a Little While." *Roy* 127-40.
- . "The Boatman." *Roy* 1-18.



- - - . "The Destination." Roy 107-25.

Sidhwa, Bapsi. *Ice-Candy Man*. New Delhi: Penguin, 1992.

Singh, Ganda. "A Diary of Partition Days." Hasan2: 27-86.

Vatsyayan 'Ajneya', S. H. "The Refuge." Bhalla 2: 363-76.

Zaman, Niaz, ed. *The Escape and Other Stories of 1947*. Dhaka: The University Press Ltd., 2000.

