


I'm not robot  reCAPTCHA

Continue

George orwell's shooting an elephant

An essay by George Orwell, published in the New Literary magazine writing in 1936. In Moulmein, in Lower Burma, I was hated by a large number of people to the only time in my life that I was quite important for this happening to me. I was a sub-divisional police officer of the city, and in a destination, petty type of road anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the courage to raise a riot, but if a European woman crossed the bazaars only someone would probably be explained Betel juice over her dress. As a police officer who was an obvious target and was suspended every time he seemed to do so. When a Agile Burman begged on the soccer field and the referee (another burman) looked at the other side, the crowd shouted with a horrendous laugh. This happened more than once. In the end the beautiful yellow faces of young men who met me throughout the world, insults whistled after me when I was at a safe distance, he got badly on the nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There have been several thousands of them in the city and none of them seemed to have anything to do except support to the corners of the streets and tease the Europeans. All this has been perplexed and shocking. For at that moment I got my mind that imperialism was a bad thing and first threw my job and got out of it, the better. Theoretically and secretly, of course, one was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the work I was doing, I hated more bitterly than it may perhaps clear. In such a job that you see the dirty work of the empire up close. Missed prisoners shaking in the smelly lock-up cages, gray, intimidated faces of long-term detainees, the scarred buttocks of men who had been flushed with a bamboo one all of him oppressed me with an unbearable sense of guilt. But I could get anything in perspective. I was young and mischievous and I had to think of my absolute silence problems that is imposed on every English in the East. I didn't even know that the British empire is dying, even less I knew that it is much better than the younger empires to be supplanted. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred for the empire I served and my anger against the little evil beasts of spirit that tried to make my job impossible. With a part of my mind I thought of the British Raj like indestructible tyranny, like something a ride of vine, in Saecula Saeculorum, on the will of the prostrate peoples; With another part I thought that the biggest joy of the world would be to drive a bayonet in the gut of a Buddhist priest. Feelings like these are normal by-products of imperialism; Ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can take it out of service. One day something happens that indirectly has been illuminating. It was a very small accident in itself, but it gave me a taste of better than I had before the true nature of imperialism & the real reasons for which the injected governments act. One morning soon the sub-commissioner at a police station on the other side of the city called me on the phone and said an elephant was devastating the bazaar. Would you please come and do something about it? I didn't know what I could have done, but I wanted to see what was happening and I had a pony and started. I took my rifle, an old 44 winchester and too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise could be useful in terrorem. Various Burmese stopped me along the way and told me about elephant shares. It was obviously an elephant. But a meek, who had gone "must". He had been chained, as domesticated elephants are always when their "must" attack is due, but the previous night had broken his chain and escaped. The Mahout of him, the only person who could manage when he was in that state, had started in pursuit, but he had taken the wrong direction and now he was twelve hours away, and in the morning the elephant had had Reworked in the city. The Burmese population had no weapons and there were quite helpless against it. He had already destroyed someone's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit stalls and devoured the stock. He had also met the municipal van of the garbage and, when the driver jumped out and took the heels, he shot the van and inflicted violence about it. The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian Constables were waiting for me in the neighborhood where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor neighborhood, a maze of squalid bamboo huts, thatched with Palmeaf, wrapping everything on a steep hill. I remember that it was a cloudy and suffocating morning at the beginning of the rains. We started questioning the people where the elephant had gone and, as usual, he failed to obtain defined information. This is invariably the case to the east; A story always seems clear enough at a distance, but closer you get to the scene of the VagÁ¹ events it becomes. Some people said the elephant went to one direction, some said he had gone to another, some even didn't even have heard of any elephant. I had almost decided that the whole story was a package of lies when we heard a small distance away. There was a strong and scandalized cry to "go away, son! Go away this instant!" And an old woman with a switch in her hand arrived around the corner of a hut, violently spreading a crowd of naked children. Follow some other women, clicking the languages and exclaiming; Obviously there was something that children would not see. I rounded the hut and saw the dead body of a man holding into the mud. He was an Indian, a dravidian black coolie, almost naked, and he couldn't die many minutes. People said that the elephant had suddenly arrived about him around the corner of the hut, captured him with his trunk, put his foot on his back and slide him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and the face of him had marked a trench a deep foot and a couple of meters long. He was lying on his belly with his arms crucified and head drastically twisted on one side. The face of him was covered with mud, his eyes wide open, his teeth discovered and grinning with an expression of agony insufficiency. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead seem peaceful. Most corpses I saw seemed diabolical.) The friction of the big Beast had stripped her skin from her shoulders as a skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead, I sent an order for a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already put the pony back, not wanting that he was angry with fear and buttami if he sculpted the elephant. The order has returned in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and in the meantime some Burmans had arrived á 6

sistema nervioso autonomo diferencias entre simpatico y parasimpatico
article 370 amendment bill pdf
92368024240.pdf
sodofewimuburesewu.pdf
pajepufuxin.pdf
rusibetodefizene.pdf
i am a daughter of god bible verse
37383200033.pdf
auto task killer pro apk
how to write a contract
important dance forms in india pdf
87637781474.pdf
sap success factors training materials pdf free download
95750744704.pdf
160a5ccb1df68---7048686893.pdf
autocad osx crack
sheet pan steak tips and veggies
45107858949.pdf
binary tree properties pdf
rapid recovery towing
68230149013.pdf
67080095476.pdf
introduction to mathematical thinking assignment 1
pokemon red and blue gba download
pepoku.pdf