



Chapter- 1(SNAPSHOTS)

Chapter Name:- THE SUMMER OF THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE HORSE

By:-William Saroyan

Introduction to the Lesson

The Summer of the Beautiful White Horse is written by William Saroyan. The story is about two Armenian boys – Aram and Mourad who belong to the Garoghlanian family. Their tribe is known for its honesty. They are poor and can hardly earn money for food. They both long to ride a horse. Mourad had stolen a horse from a farmer a month ago. One early morning, he brought it to the window of Aram and asked him to come along for a ride. They rode the horse for many days. When Aram gets to know the horse is stolen, he gets shocked but discounts the stealing in his mind. One day the owner of the horse, John Byro, comes to his house to complain about his missing horse to Uncle Khosrove.

One day on their way back to hide the horse in the deserted vineyard, they meet the owner and feel guilty at the end. The next morning, they returned the horseback to the owner's barn.

Lesson Continuation with Explanation

"I jumped out of bed and looked out of the window. I couldn't believe what I saw.

It wasn't morning yet, but it was summer and with daybreak not many minutes around the corner of the world it was light enough for me to know I wasn't dreaming."



One day nine-year-old Aram was asleep and was in a world of extremely beautiful imagination. His life was pleasant and kind of, a mysterious dream. His cousin Mourad showed up at the window of his room at 4 in the morning. He called Aram, who jumped out of his bed and still couldn't believe what he saw out of the window. It was dawn and there was light enough outside to make him see outside which made him believe he wasn't dreaming.

"I knew my cousin Mourad enjoyed being alive more than anybody else who had ever fallen into the world by mistake, but this was more than even I could believe. In the first place, my earliest memories had been memories of horses and my first longings had been longings to ride. This was a wonderful part."

Mourad was sitting on a white horse. Aram rubbed his eyes and stuck out his head out of the window. Mourad assured him it was not a dream. He asked if he wanted a ride, he must make it quick. Mourad was the type of person who enjoyed being alive but he couldn't believe that he was seeing a horse in front of him. Aram's earliest memory was of horses and he always wanted to ride one. This was the wonderful part that he was actually going to ride a horse for real.

"We were poor. We had no money. Our whole tribe was poverty-stricken. Every branch of the Garoghlanian family was living in the most amazing and comical poverty in the world. Nobody could understand where we ever got money enough to keep us with food in our bellies, not even the old men of the family. Most important of all, though, we were famous for our honesty."

Aram was so excited that he was seeing a horse that was so pleasant and beautiful. He could smell it and hear it breathing and still couldn't believe that Mourad or anyone in the family could afford a horse. He was thinking if Mourad had stolen the horse but he didn't believe it as he thought no one in his family could be a thief. He stared at his cousin and then at the horse. There was religious motionlessness and wittiness in both Mourad and the horse as one charmed him and the other scared him.

"Every family has a crazy streak in it somewhere, and my cousin Mourad was considered the natural descendant of the crazy streak in our tribe. Before he was our uncle Khosrove, an enormous man with a powerful head of black hair and the largest mustache in the San



Joaquin Valley², a man so furious in temper, so irritable, so impatient that he stopped anyone from talking by roaring, It is no harm; pay no attention to it”

Word Drills

d in winemaking

Orchards – a piece of land for the plantation of fruits

Irrigation ditches – man-made channels used to deliver water to homes, industries, and other uses

Trot – proceed with something

Descendant – a system that develops from an earlier simple version

Streak – race

Enormous - huge

San Joaquin Valley – one of the long interior valleys of California

Aram lived at the edge of the town on Walnut Avenue. There were orchards, vineyards, irrigation ditches, and country roads behind his house. They were on Olive Avenue within three minutes and the horse started to proceed. The air felt new and lovely to breathe. Aram felt wonderful sitting on the horse which was running. Mourad started singing loudly who was considered one of the craziest members of the family. There is one crazy person in every family and Mourad was the one natural descendant of a crazy race in their tribe. Before Mourad was Uncle Khosrove was the one huge man with black hair and the largest mustache in the valley. He had an energetic temper and was impatient which was irritating. He used to make anyone stop talking by roaring and say ‘it is no harm, pay no attention to it.’

“I kicked into the muscles of the horse. Once again it reared and snorted. Then it began to run. I didn’t know what to do.

Instead of running across the field to the irrigation ditch, the horse ran down the road to the vineyard of Dikran Halabian where it began to leap over vines. The horse leaped over seven vines before I fell. Then it continued running.



My cousin Mourad came running down the road.

I'm not worried about you, he shouted. We've got to get that horse. You go this way and I'll go this way. If you come upon him, be kindly. I'll be near."

The horse began to run and Aram didn't know what to do next. The horse started going towards the road that leads to the vineyard of Dikran Halabian. It began to move over vines and Aram fell down. The horse continued to run and Mourad came running down the road towards him. Mourad told him that he is not worried about him but they need to find the horse. They both went in different ways to find him. He instructed Aram to be kind if he saw him anywhere.

"It took him half an hour to find the horse and bring him back.

All right, he said, jump on. The whole world is awake now.

What will we do? I said.

Well, he said, we'll either take him back or hide him until tomorrow morning.

He didn't sound worried and I knew he'd hide him and not take him back. Not for a while, at any rate."

Aram looked for the horse down the road and Mourad went towards the irrigation ditch. He came back after thirty minutes with the horse. He told him to jump over as the whole world was awake by then. Aram asked what would they do now to which Mourad told him about two options – take him back or hide him until tomorrow. Mourad was not worried and Aram knew that Mourad would hide him somewhere and not take him back for a while. Aram asked him where Mourad would hide him, Mourad told him about a place he knew which would be perfect as a hidden spot. Aram eagerly asked him when he stole the horse. It appeared to him that Mourad had been taking the horse for morning rides for quite some time and he showed up this morning to ask Aram to ride along because he knew he was longing to ride one.

"That afternoon my uncle Khosrove came to our house for coffee and cigarettes. He sat in the parlour, sipping and smoking and remembering the old country. Then another visitor arrived, a farmer named John Byro, an Assyrian who, out of loneliness, had learned to speak Armenian. My mother brought the lonely visitor coffee and tobacco and he rolled a cigarette and sipped and smoked, and then, at last, sighing sadly, he said," My white horse which was

stolen last month is still gone — I cannot understand it.”



My uncle Khosrove became very irritated and shouted, It's no harm. What is the loss of a horse? Haven't we all lost our homeland? What is this crying over a horse?"

That day, his uncle Khosrove visited his house for coffee and cigarettes. He sat in the parlour and was remembering the old country when a person came to visit him. He was John Byro, a farmer, who learned to speak Armenian because of loneliness. His mother bought Byro some coffee and tobacco. He sipped and smoked and told them about his missing white horse who was stolen last month and he is not able to find it. Khosrove roared again that it was no harm and shouted that why he was crying over a lost horse when they had lost their homeland.

“The farmer went away and I ran over to my cousin Mourad's house.

He was sitting under a peach tree, trying to repair the hurt wing of a young robin that could not fly. He was talking to the bird.

What is it? he said.

The farmer, John Byro, I said. He visited our house. He wants his horse. You've had it for a month. I want you to promise not to take it back until I learn to ride.”

Aram went to Mourad, he was sitting under a peach tree talking to a robin bird. He was repairing the wing that was hurt. Aram told him about John Byro and how he visited their house and he wanted his horse. Aram asked him not to return the horse until he learns to ride it.

“Early every morning for two weeks my cousin Mourad and I took the horse out of the barn of the deserted vineyard where we were hiding it and rode it, and every morning the horse, when it was my turn to ride alone, leaped over grapevines and small trees and threw me and ran away. Nevertheless, I hoped in time to learn to ride the way my cousin Mourad rode.

One morning on the way to Fetvajian's deserted vineyard we ran into the farmer John Byro who was on his way to town.

Let me do the talking, my cousin Mourad said. I have a way with farmers.”

For the next two weeks, they both would take the horse out of the barn and ride it. But every morning the horse would throw Aram and run away whenever he tried to ride it. He still hoped



he would learn to ride it the way his cousin did. Once on the way to the deserted vineyard to hide the horse again, they met John Byro who was on his way to town. Mourad insisted on talking to him as he had a way with farmers.

“The farmer looked into the mouth of the horse.

Tooth for tooth, he said. I would swear it is my horse if I didn’t know your parents. The fame of your family for honesty is well known to me. Yet the horse is the twin of my horse. A suspicious man would believe his eyes instead of his heart. Good day, my young friends.”

Mourad wished him Good Morning and Byro saw the horse carefully. Byro wished them back and asked the name of the horse. Mourad said ‘My Heart’ in the Armenian language. Byro complimented that it was a lovely name for a lovely horse. He swore that it was his horse that was stolen weeks ago. He asked if he could look into his mouth. After looking from tooth to tooth, it said it was his horse if he didn’t know his parents. He said the horse was a twin of his horse. He further said that his family is all for honesty but the horse looks just like the one he lost. A suspicious man would easily believe his eyes and not his heart. He wished them and went away.

“That afternoon John Byro came to our house in his surrey and showed my mother the horse that had been stolen and returned.

I do not know what to think, he said. The horse is stronger than ever. Better-tempered, too. I thank God. My uncle Khosrove, who was in the parlour, became irritated and shouted, Quiet, man, quiet. Your horse has been returned. Pay no attention to it.”

Mourad wished him back. The next morning, they took the horse back to John Byro’s vineyard and put it in his barn. The dogs followed them around without making any sound. Mourad replied they would not bark at them since he had a way with dogs. Mourad put his arms around the horse, then pressed his nose into the horse’s nose. He patted him and then they went away. That same afternoon, John came to Aram’s house in his surrey and showed his mother his horse that returned. He said he didn’t know what to think as the horse is much stronger now with a better temper. He thanked god. Uncle Khosrove who was in the Parlour again shouted irritated, ‘Quiet, man, quiet. Your horse has been returned. Pay no attention to it.’
